Oct. 20, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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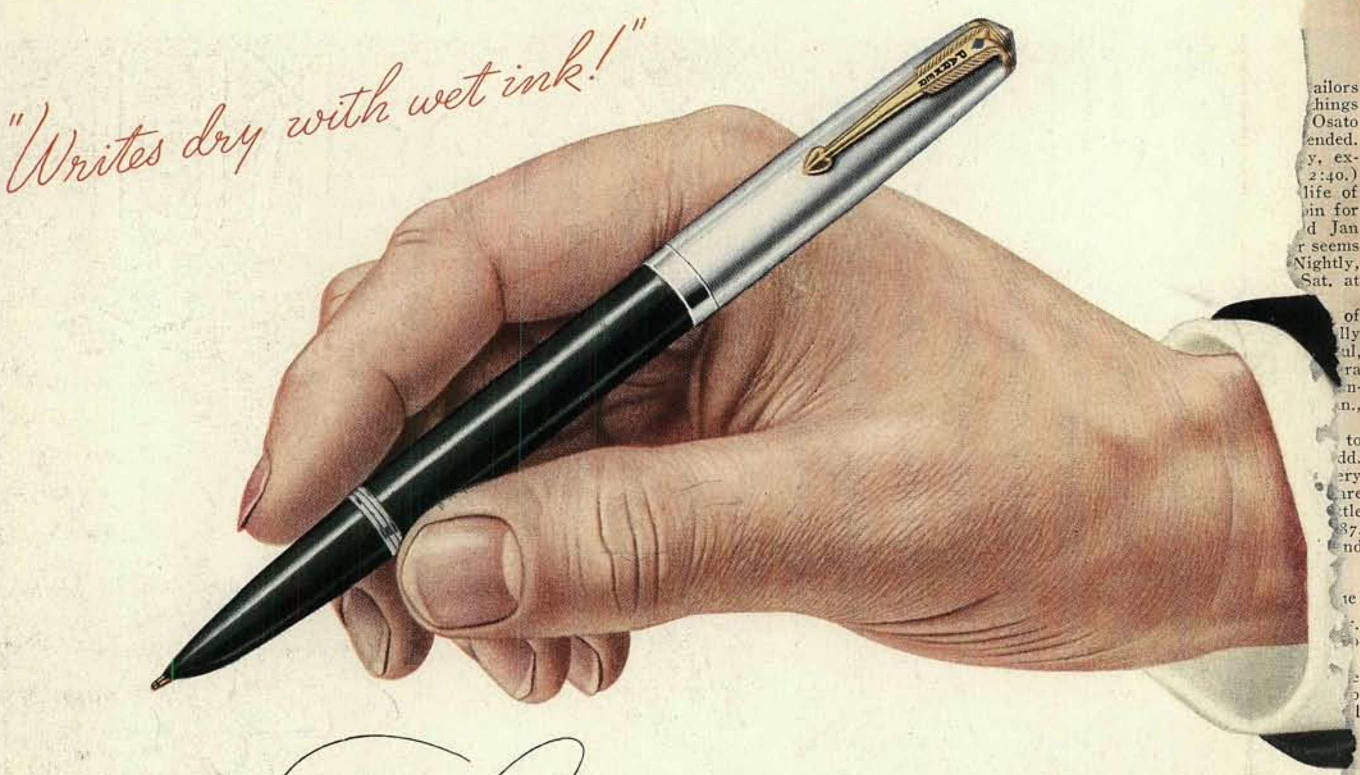
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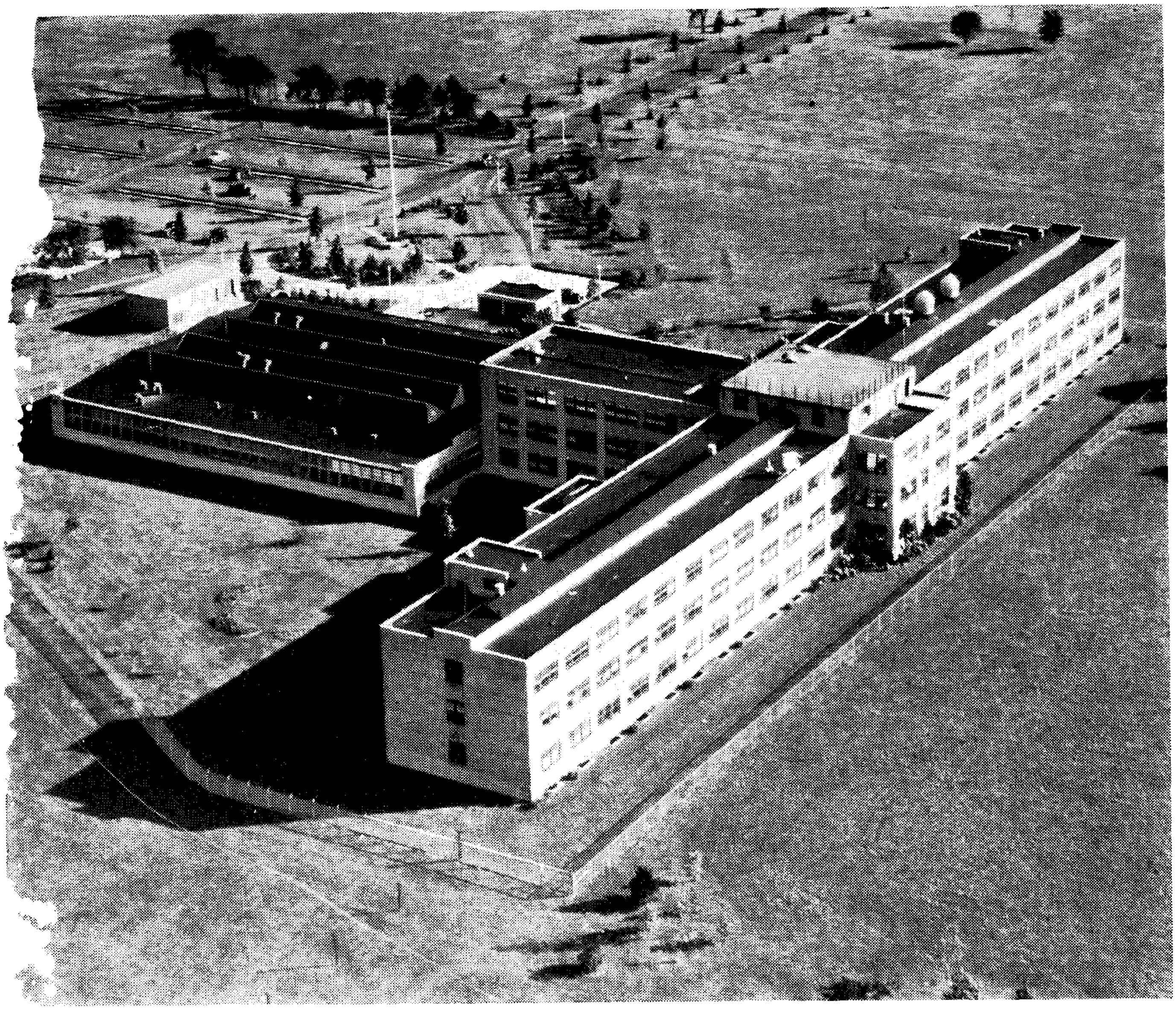

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 27.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Howard Smith, and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow's play about the Negro problem, with emphasis on miscegenation, is more successful as melodrama than social discussion, but it is worth seeing in any case. Young Barbara Bel Geddes gives a really remarkable performance and the rest of the cast, including Carol Goodner, Charles Waldron, and Gordon Heath, is very good, too. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This lively comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Thérèse—A leisurely and rather antiquated melodrama based on one of Zola's novels. Extremely professional performances by Eva Le Gallienne, Dame May Whitty, and Victor Jory help some, but not enough. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its second year. A small cast consists of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Touched Me!—This play, by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, is pretty disappointing after Mr. Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," which it somewhat resembles. Edmund Gwenn's interpolated vaudeville, however, is a great help. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Assassin—A new play by Irwin Shaw, produced by Martin Gabel, Carly Wharton, and Alfred Bloomingdale. The cast includes Frank Sundstrom, Lesley Woods, and Roger DeKoven. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical, now in its second year, about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but fair enough for a dull night. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 21, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is still probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. Now in its third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three s and their girls that may remind you of t like "The Garrick Gaities." With Sono and Nancy Walker. Heartily recomm (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightl cept Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at

Polonaise—A few unlikely episodes in the Kosciusko set to music derived from Cho no particular reason. Marta Eggerth an Kiepura sing agreeably but their love affai rather dull. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life Grieg, whose music has been very skillfu adapted. The book is sometimes rather painf but the show is otherwise a good job. With Ir Petina, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. (I perial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Su at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set music and handsomely presented by Michael To Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is v satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields responsible for the book, which may be a li laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-28 Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. a Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this iss

The Red Mill—Michael O'Shea and Eddie Foy, J in a revival of the Victor Herbert operetta, pr duced by Paula Stone and Hunt Stromberg, Jr. and directed by Billy Gilbert. (Ziegfeld, 6 Av at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:4 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and We and Sat. thereafter at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you' better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Beggars Are Coming to Town—Paul Kelly, Luthe Adler, and Dorothy Comingore in a play by Theo dore Reeves. Produced by Oscar Serlin and di rected by Harold Clurman. Opens Sat., Oct. 27 (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The cowboys and cowgirls put in their annual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"On Stage! "Undertow," "Pas de Deux" (with Eglevsk and "Interplay," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 1 "Giselle" (with Markova and Dolin), "G the Magi," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Ev 19. . . . "Princess Aurora" (with Mark Dolin), "On Stage!," and "Petrouchk Aft., Oct. 20. . . . "Swan Lake" (with and Dolin), "Interplay," "Pas de Qua Markova), and "Petrouchka," Sat. Eve . . . "On Stage!," "Spectre de la Rose, Ho," and "Fair at Sorochinsk" (with Eglevsky), Sun. Aft., Oct. 21. . . . "In "Swan Lake" (with Markova and Dolin of the Magi," and "Helen of Troy," S Oct. 21. . . . "Les Sylphides" (with "Tally-Ho," "Apollo," and "Bluebear Dolin), Mon. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "Gisel Eglevsky), "Gift of the Magi," and "On Tues. Eve., Oct. 23. . . . "Waltz Academ Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin) Ho," and "Fancy Free," Wed. Eve., Oc "The Firebird" (with Markova an "Graziana," and "Bluebeard" (w Thurs. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "Interplay, "Lilac Garden," and "Firebird" (wi and Dolin), Fri. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "In "The Firebird," "Pas de Deux," and "Gr Ball," Sat. Aft., Oct. 27. . . . "Romeo and "The Firebird" (with Markova and Doli "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Oct. 27. politan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCI

(Some places at which you'll find d and/or other entertainment. Several closed entirely or have fill-in perform Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd bet before starting out on those even

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
BOOKS 106
THE CURRENT CINEMA 79
FOOTBALL 48
LETTER FROM LONDON 104
LETTER FROM PARIS 70
MUSICAL EVENTS 100
OF ALL THINGS 78
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 88
THE RACE TRACK 68
THE THEATRE 46

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET.
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, preside vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 36, Octobe as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the conser Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Street is usually pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A comfortable evening with Cardini, who is one of our more expert magicians, Fred and Elaine Barry, and Bob Grant's merry orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Mary Lou Williams, Susan Reed, the Sans Souci Dancers, and Edmond Hall's orchestra in a show that doesn't quite live up to expectations.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca and her waspish nonsense, Benny Morton and his cheerful orchestra, Cliff Jackson and his jazz piano.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras. Better dress.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Gali-Gali dispensing his ingenious magic in the stately Cotillion Room. Music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.... A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, America's best-dressed humorist, is in the Persian Room for both dinner and supper, along with Gomez and Beatrice and the orchestras of Garwood Van and Mark Monte. On Thurs., Oct. 25, Hildegarde and a whole new show will arrive.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—In the handsome Iridium Room, a pleasant ice show and inconspicuous dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.... The Maisonette has Dorothy Shay, who sings entertainingly, and a small orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the dance music of Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Eric Correa's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on the night shift; Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—At supper in the Wedgwood Room, Edgar Bergen, with (and sometimes as) Charlie McCarthy, plus Annamary Dickey. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays all evening, alternating at supper with Mischa Borr's band.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room, or what used to be the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, and Helen Howe, all doing as nice a job as we're likely to see this season.... **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, and Garland Wilson in their reliable specialties.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (when she's in the mood) about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the activities in the floor show; dancing.... **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his bel-canto torch songs; Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band.... **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Golden Gate Quartet operating under certain environmental difficulties.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment is considerably improved by Joe E. Lewis. Joel Herron's and Noro Morales' orchestras for dancing. Upstairs, in the Copa Lounge, the King Cole Trio.... **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): rather like a boat ride to Bear Mountain, but it has Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra.... **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30; at the supper hour, Hope Emerson and other acceptable entertainment.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra (to be replaced by Johnny Long's on Mon., Oct. 22) and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Field's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Buji Centobie, and their helpmeets working at the top of their little lungs.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, and other legendary characters showing exactly how the boys used to play it down South (Tues. through Fri. Eves., and Sun. Aft.); dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but interesting cave, equipped with Joe Schirmer's trio and other entertainment; dancing.... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster's quartet.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): made fairly lively by Slam Stewart's trio, with Erroll Garner at the piano, and Don Byas's band; dancing.... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Art Tatum and his unique piano, Tiny Grimes and his guitar, the Loumel Morgan Trio, and another band for dancing.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

ART

American—At the **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: work by John James Audubon, William Harnett, Worthington Whittridge, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51: a loan exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting and sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—The "Autumn Salon," with new work by Jackson Pollock, Charles Seliger, and twenty-seven others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Darrel Austin—Recent paintings: Perls, 33 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Romare Bearden—Paintings and water colors depicting, in a semi-abstract manner, the Passion of Christ: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Book Illustrations—A small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso: New York Public Library, Room 322, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

Jean Charlot—New Mexican paintings: New York Public Library, Children's Room, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Charles Cobelle—Decorative gouaches of Paris: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 19.

Howard Cook—Journalistic paintings of the South Pacific, and domestic water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Z. Czermanski—Water colors of New York people: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Fantasia—Paintings by Ryder, Redon, Chagall, and others: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Theodore Fried—Expressionist oils with a family-life slant: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

German—Paintings and sculpture by Paul Klee, Franz Marc, George Grosz, and twenty-two others, all banned by the Nazis: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Groups—At the **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: new gouaches and water colors by Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 3.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Ary Stillman, Joseph De Martini, James Lechay, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 3.... **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Hobson Pittman, and others. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.... **NEW-AGE**, 138 W. 15: Rockwell Kent, Julian Levi, Chaim Gross, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57: a painting apiece by Marsden Hartley, Milton Avery, and ten others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Shirley Hendrick—Expressionist oils and crayons; also, paintings by Harry Shoulberg: Modernage, 16 E. 34. Thurs., 9:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and drawings by Goya (through Oct. 31); also, Islamic metalwork and jewelry from the eighth to the seventeenth century (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Peter Miller—Abstract paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Hans Moller—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Paul Mommer—Landscapes: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of Stuart Davis's paintings (through Feb. 3); a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); and work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

New York Society of Women Artists—Twenty-first annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Old Masters—Paintings by Rembrandt, Hals, Reynolds, and others: Schaeffer, 52 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Walter Quirt—New oils: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

Philip Reisman—Paintings which deal with city and factory life: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Kurt Roesch—Recent paintings and water colors: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Society of American Etchers—Thirtieth annual exhibition: National Academy, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

Still Lifes—Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, and others: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

U. S. Naval Academy—A show, in honor of Annapolis's centenary, of portraits and paintings associated with the Navy: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 20.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Forty-seven portraits by Ralph Earl, and a couple of his landscapes, covering the painting career of this eighteenth-century American artist. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will be open daily through Sun., Oct. 21, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

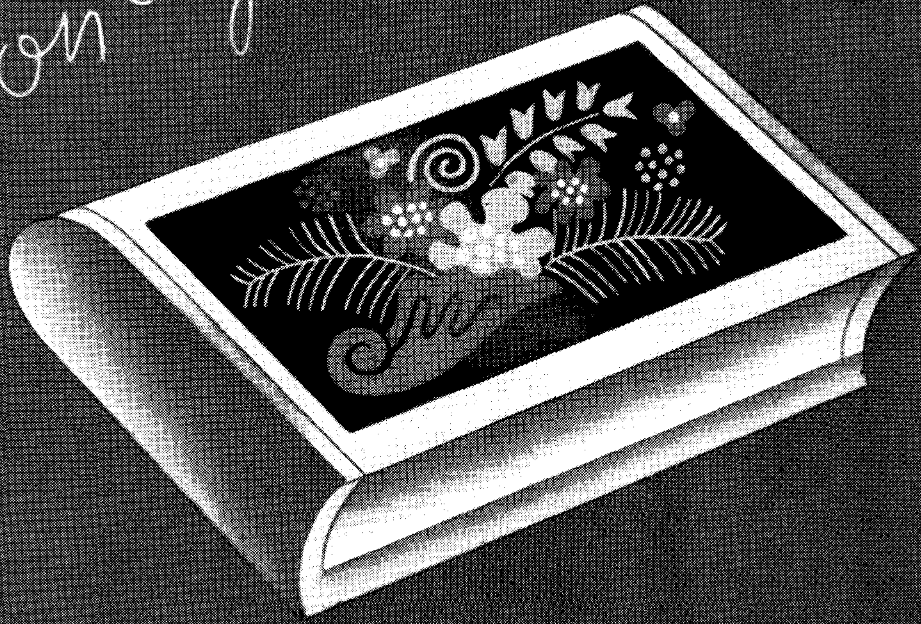
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 19, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 20, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 21, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Nathan Milstein, violin, Oct. 18, 19, and 21; Zadel Skolovsky, piano, Oct. 20; William Kapell, piano, Oct. 25-26; Joseph Fuchs, violin, Oct. 27.)

New York City Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting: Mon., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M.; Tues., Oct. 23, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

Benefit Concert—Artur Rodzinski and members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in an all-Czech program for the benefit of American Friends of Czechoslovakia. (Soloists: Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; and Rudolf Firkusny, piano.) Mon., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York City Opera Company—"Der Fliegende Holländer," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 18.... "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Oct. 19.... "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Aft., Oct. 20.... "La Tosca," Sat. Eve.,

gay flowers on crystal-clear compact



A bouquet blooming on lustrous plexiglas. Single loose powder vanity, $5.00. Double loose powder vanity, $5.50.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Oct. 20. . . . "Faust," Sun. Aft., Oct. 21. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "Carmen," Wed. Eve., Oct. 24. . . . "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Oct. 27. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Sat. Eve., Oct. 27. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

American Music—Susan Reed, folk singer; the Hargail Chorus; and Walter Hendl, composer, in the first of a series of six lecture programs of American folk music. Fri., Oct. 19, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Leon Temerson—Violin. Fri., Oct. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Antonio Brosa—Violin. Sat., Oct. 20, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. Sat., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

Fritz Kreisler—Violin. Sat., Oct. 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Brenda Miller—Soprano. Sun., Oct. 21, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Max Pollikoff—Violin. Sun., Oct. 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Carmela Ippolito—Violin. Mon., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Sascha Gorodnitzki—Piano. Tues., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. Wed., Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jean Watson—Contralto. Wed., Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

James P. Johnson—Piano; assisted by George Wettling, drums; Bud Freeman, saxophone; and others. Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Anatole Kitain—Piano. Fri., Oct. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Patricia Travers—Violin. Sat., Oct. 27, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano; a benefit for the American Committee for the Caen University Library. Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 665.)

Musical Art Quartet—Chamber music. Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

SPORTS

Football—College games: SAT., OCT. 20: Army vs. Melville Torpedo Boat T.C., at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Submarine Base, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Georgia Tech, at Baltimore, at 7:30 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M. . . . SAT., OCT. 27: Army vs. Duke, at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P.M.; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.; Syracuse vs. Dartmouth, at Syracuse, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Coast Guard Academy, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Brooklyn College, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, at the Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 21, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Daily at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 20. (Roamer Handicap, Oct. 20.) . . . Empire City meeting at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., starting Mon., Oct. 22. (Aûtumn Day Stakes, Oct. 22; New Rochelle Handicap, Oct. 23; and the Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 27.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Dog Shows—At the Fourth Regiment Armory, 93rd Ave. and 168th St., Jamaica, L.I.: Queensboro Kennel Club, Sat., Oct. 20; Staten Island Kennel Club, Sun., Oct. 21. (Both are benefits for the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps.)

OTHER EVENTS

Navy Day—On Sat., Oct. 27, President Truman will be in New York for the Navy Day celebration. His schedule includes a motor parade from the Battery to Central Park, and a review of thirty warships at anchor in the Hudson.

War Prisoners' Exhibit—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 Ave. of the Americas at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Flower Show—The second annual chrysanthemum show of the Eastern States Chrysanthemum Society: New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Zoo, Webster Ave. at 200. Sat. and Sun., Oct. 27-28, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Antiques Show—The annual New York Antiques Fair: Seventeenth Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Mon. through Fri., Oct. 22-26, from 1 to 11 P.M. (Auctions nightly at 8 P.M.)

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Memorabilia relating to Jenny Lind, including letters, music, portraits, and personal belongings: Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Berg Collection—Manuscripts by David Garrick, Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors: New York Public Library, Room 318, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Photography—The annual exhibition of the Press Photographers' Association of New York, including many examples of war photography: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 Ave. of the Americas at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Whistler, Courbet, and other nineteenth-century artists, owned by a Midwestern educational institution and others: Thurs., Oct. 18, at 8 P.M. . . . Chinese porcelains and Japanese carved ivories from various private collections: Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 18-19, at 2 P.M. . . . Eighteenth-century English furniture, Chinese porcelains, and other objects of art, from the former collection of the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert: Sat., Oct. 20, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions, maps, globes, and other library items, owned by the late Isabel Van Wie Willys, and others: Mon. and Tues., Oct. 22-23, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings by Memling, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and other old masters, from the collection of the late Isabel Van Wie Willys: Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

President Truman—Navy Day speech, Sat., Oct. 27, at 1:30 P.M., WABC, WJZ, WEAF.

Mayor LaGuardia—In his regular monthly broadcast, Thurs., Oct. 25, time to be announced, WJZ.

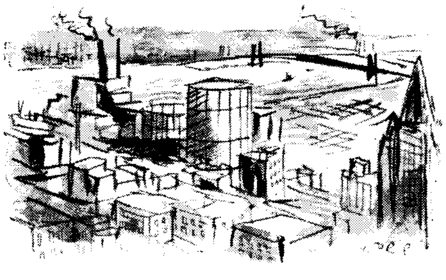
Music—New York Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 21, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 20 and 27, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 20; Pierre Monteux conducting, Sat., Oct. 27; at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Opera Company: "Carmen," Fri., Oct. 19; "The Bartered Bride," Fri., Oct. 26; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Theatre, Thurs., Oct. 18 and 25, and Sun., Oct. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Marian Anderson, contralto, Mon., Oct. 22, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Tony Janiro vs. Al Guido, Fri., Oct. 19; Artie Levine vs. Tony Ricco, Fri., Oct. 26; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: Army vs. Melville Torpedo Boat T. C., Sat., Oct. 20, at 2:25 P.M., WNYC; Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Oct. 20, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Ohio vs. Purdue, Sat., Oct. 20, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ, WABC; Colgate vs. Columbia, Sat., Oct. 20, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Brown vs. Columbia, Sat., Oct. 27, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Sat., Oct. 27, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Along Came Jones—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Oct. 19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 20. . . . Waverly, Ave. of the Americas at 3; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 19-21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

A Bell for Adano—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 19. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sat., Oct. 20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., W. of 5; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Oct. 24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 21-22.)



Blithe Spirit—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward with plenty of not entirely innocent merriment. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Constance Cummings, and Margaret Rutherford do right well by Mr. Coward. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

Love on the Dole—Life among the unemployed in an English mill town. Not a pretty film but a very solid one. In the wholly satisfactory cast, you'll find Deborah Kerr, George Carney, and Clifford Evans. (World, 49, E. of 7.)

A Medal for Benny—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carrol Naish, Arturo de Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

Mildred Pierce—Murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love as interpreted by James M. Cain. There is an excellent cast headed by Joan Crawford. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Rhapsody in Blue—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Silver Fleet—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. With Ralph Richardson. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 20.)

Story of G.I. Joe—The U.S. infantrymen in Africa and Italy probably saw a lot more excitement than you would gather from this account, but General Eisenhower has endorsed the film warmly. With Burgess Meredith. (Gotham, B'way at 47; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 18. . . . Globe, B'way at 46; continuous performances.)

The True Glory—This photographic record of the invasion of Europe includes virtually every phase of the action and has an excellent commentary by a good many of the men who did the Germans in, among them Dwight D. Eisenhower. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 24-25.)

The Unseen—Three ladies get their pretty necks broken in this first-rate adaptation of a mystery novel by Ethel Lina White. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and a remarkable child actor called Richard Lyon. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., Oct. 23. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., Oct. 24.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 18. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 19.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Oct. 19. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 21-22.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Oct. 23.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, E. of 7.)

Easy Living (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 18.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Waverly, Ave. of the Americas at 3; Thurs., Oct. 18.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 18.)

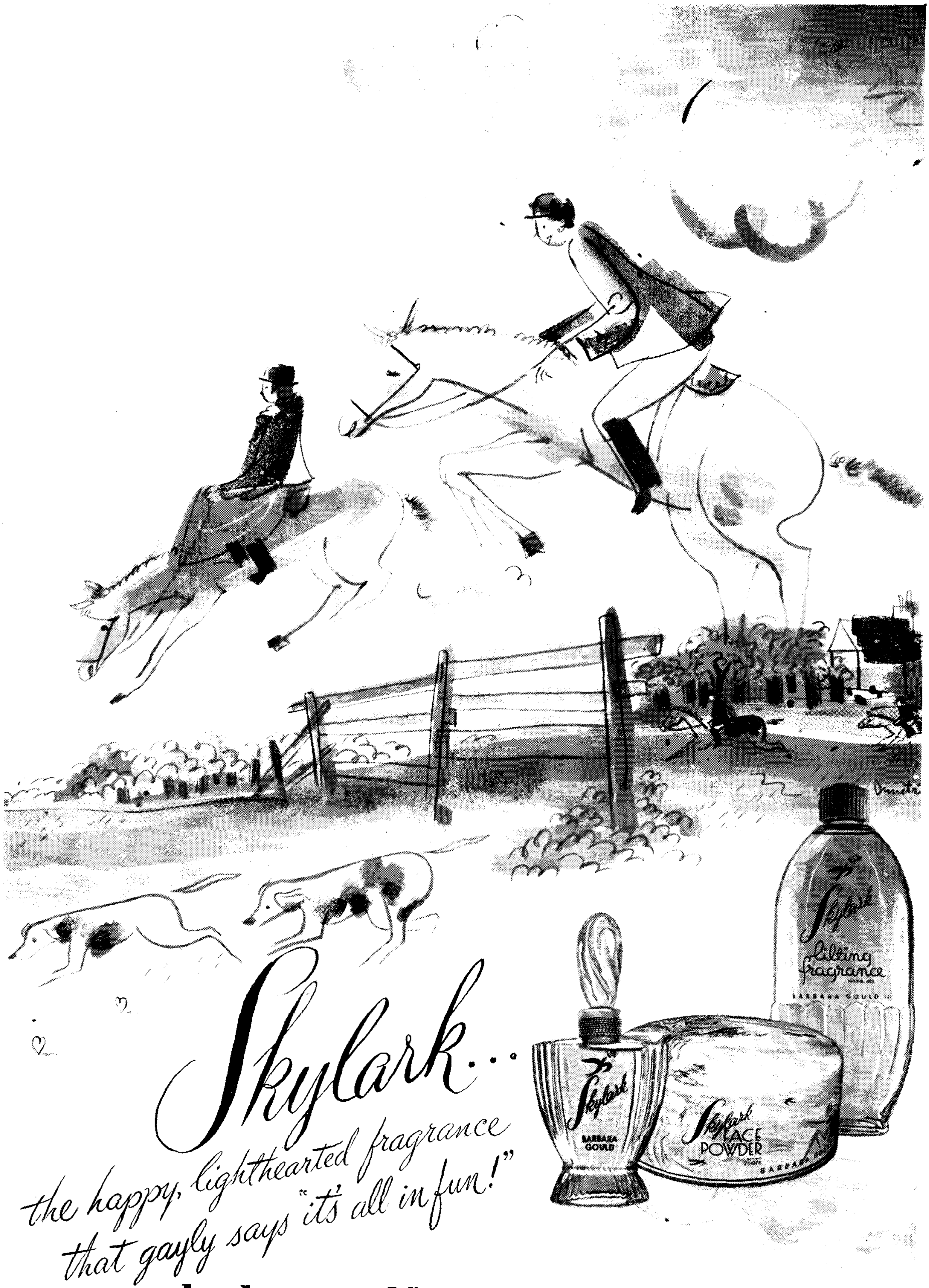
Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Oct. 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 18.)

The Impatient Years (1944)—Comedy about a hasty war marriage. Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

The Iron Duke (1935)—George Arliss at Waterloo. (Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl.; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study, with Harry Baur. In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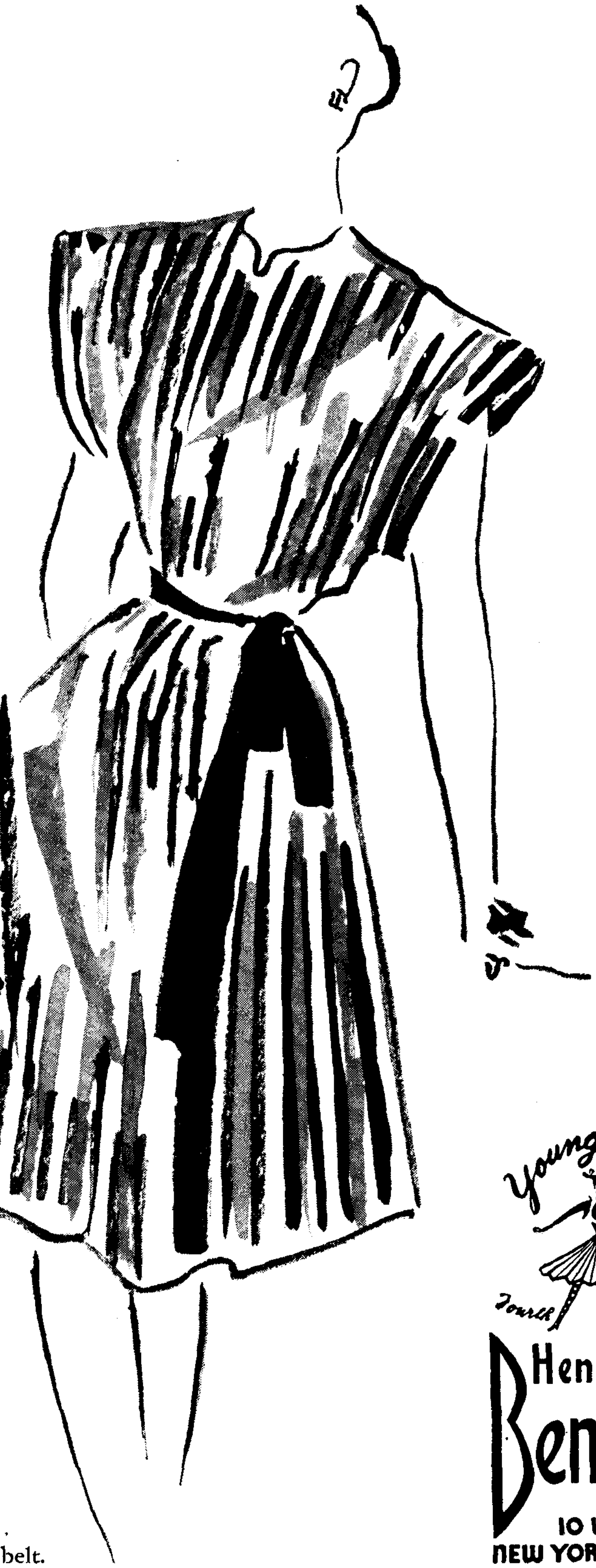

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Oct. 19.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 20. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 20-22.)

Pinocchio (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22.)

Standing Room Only (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington during the war. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Oct. 18.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 18. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 19. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 23-25.)

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., OCT. 18:** "The Thin Man" (1934), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., OCT. 19-21:** "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Zasu Pitts, and Charles Ruggles. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., OCT. 22-25:** "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. . . . **FROM FRI., OCT. 26:** "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), French film, with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

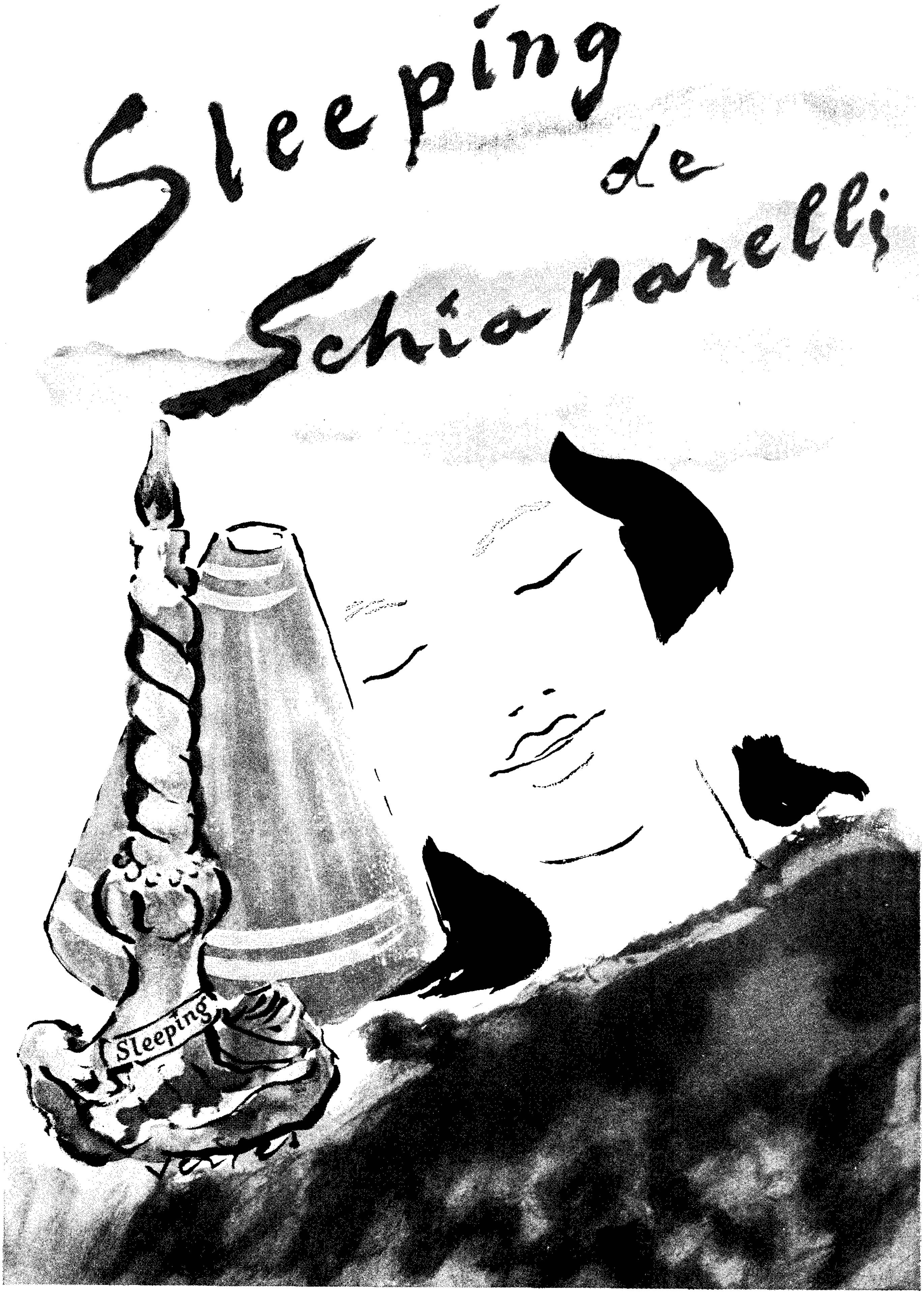
Apartments for Service Men—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167.)

Volunteer Work—At the **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families; men and women with amateur theatrical or musical experience to entertain patients in Army and Naval hospitals. For information about auditions, call TR 5-8361. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers; women to give as much time as they can spare driving mobile canteens for veterans' hospitals. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington Ave., at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to drive at least two days a week for the Motor Corps, meeting ships and transporting wounded service men around military posts.

New York National War Fund—The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work during the day or evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the current drive.

Salvage—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and rags, which are still badly needed. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used for synthetic rubber, soap, and medicine. Your butcher will give you four meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps are being collected for wounded service men and hospitalized veterans. These should be mailed to the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, or the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66. . . . Pedigreed dogs of all kinds are wanted for convalescent veterans in military hospitals. If you have one to give, write to Mrs. Marvin Preston, Westchester S.P.C.A., 175 Main St., White Plains, N. Y. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) wants games, playing cards, and pocket-size books for hospitalized and overseas service men; also, musical instruments, athletic equipment, and boxed games for children in liberated countries.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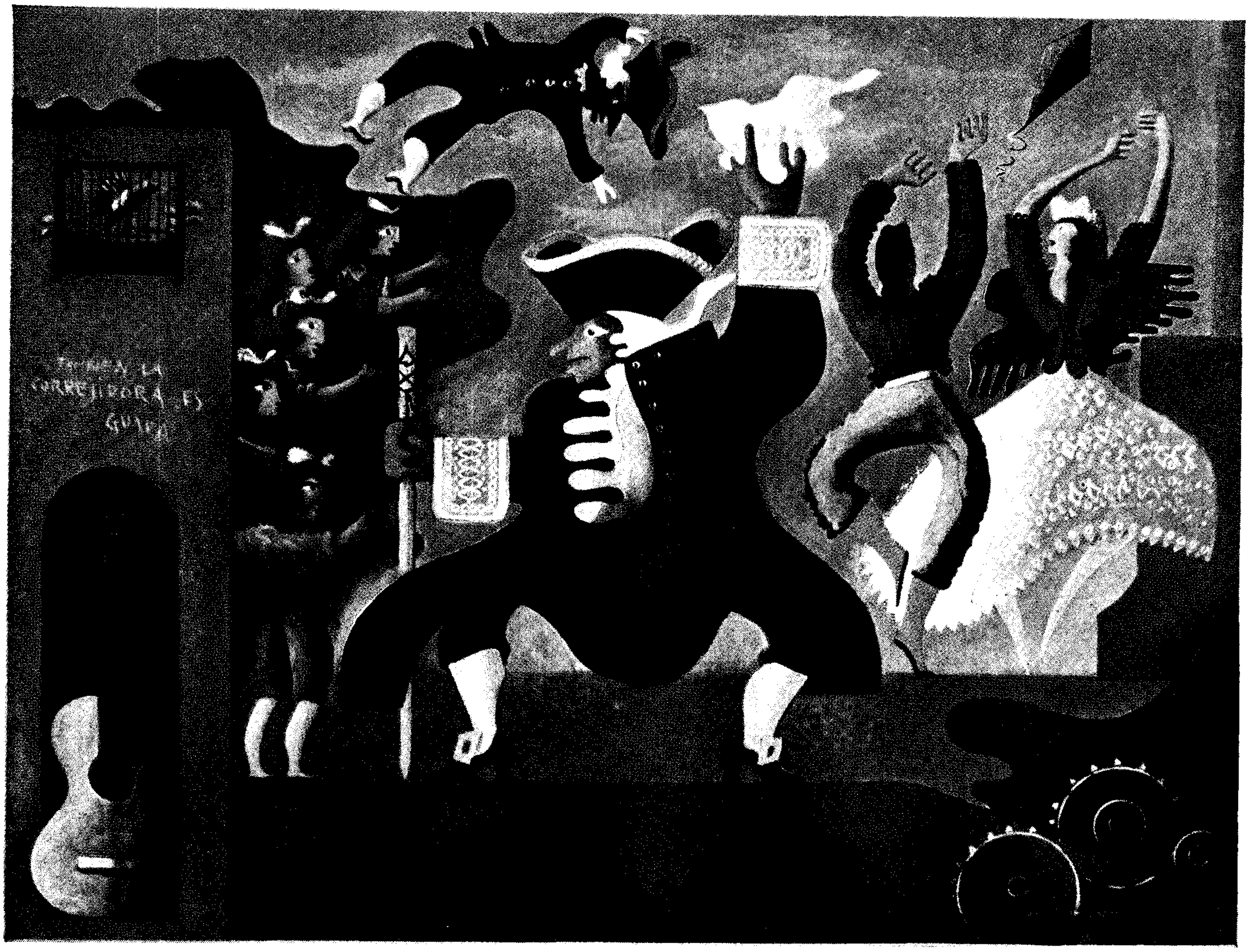

Folly and Fiesta

"The Three-Cornered Hat," *by Manuel de Falla, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Julio de Diego. With characteristic Latin humor and vigor, the artist has converged the whole panorama of this popular ballet upon one canvas, depicting the aged Governor, frustrated in his attempts to woo the Miller's wife, attacked by the gleeful townspeople who toss an effigy of him in the air while the Miller and his wife dance a jubilant* jota. *Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.*

For all his golden buckles and his fancy breeches, the haughty official is no better than a clumsy buffoon! Laughing villagers poke fun. And high spirits break loose in a riotous ballet. . . .

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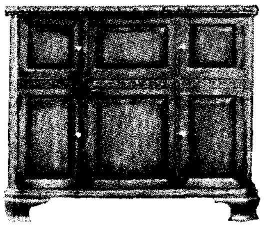

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**WONDER MAN,** Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: "Her Highness and the Bellboy," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Guest Wife," Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**STORY OF G.I. JOE,** Burgess Meredith.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., Oct. 18: **STORY OF G.I. JOE,** Burgess Meredith. . . . From Fri., Oct. 19: "Paris Underground," Gracie Fields, Constance Bennett.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—**RHAPSODY IN BLUE,** Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., Oct. 23: "George White's Scandals," Joan Davis, Jack Haley. . . . From Wed., Oct. 24 (tentative): "First Yank in Tokio," Barbara Hale, Tom Neal.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Love Letters," Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**MILDRED PIERCE,** Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50 (CI 7-5161)—**BLITHE SPIRIT,** Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 49, W. of B'way (CI 7-0760)—"The Adventures of Marco Polo," revival, Gary Cooper.

Belmont, 48, E. of 7 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., Oct. 19: "Adiós Mariquita Linda," Tito Guizar. . . . From Sat., Oct. 20: "Un Caballero de Jalisco."

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)—Through Tues., Oct. 23: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (in French), revival, Raimu; also **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival, Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin. . . . From Wed., Oct. 24: "Skipper Jansson" (in Swedish).

55th Street Playhouse, 55, E. of 7 (CO 5-9438)—French films, revivals—**CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT,** Harry Baur; also "The Last Millionaire," Annabella.

Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 (CI 6-1365)—"Battle for Music," full-length musical film.

Republic, B'way at 51 (CO 5-9647)—**PINOCCHIO,** revival, Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Russian films—Through Tues., Oct. 23: "Girl No. 217.". . . From Wed., Oct. 24: "We Accuse," documentary film.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"It All Came True," revival, Ann Sheridan, Jeffry Lynn, Humphrey Bogart.

World, 49, E. of 7 (CI 7-5747)—**LOVE ON THE DOLE,** Deborah Kerr, George Carney, Clifford Evans.

EAST SIDE

Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl. (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., Oct. 18: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: **THE IRON DUKE,** revival, George Arliss.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Oct. 20: **ALONG CAME JONES,** Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also **THE SILVER FLEET,** Ralph Richardson. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 21-23: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. . . . From Wed., Oct. 24: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe; also "Dangerous Passage," Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Oct. 20: "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell; also "Brewster's Millions," Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 21-22: **A BELL FOR ADANO,** John Hodiak, Gene Tierney; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: "Man from Oklahoma," Roy Rogers; also "Three's a Crowd," Pamela Blake.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Revivals—Through Fri., Oct. 19: **BACHELOR MOTHER,** Ginger Rogers, David Niven; also **LOVE FROM A STRANGER,** Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 20-22: **THE MAD MISS MANTON,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "The Hard Way," Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook; also "The Amateur Gentleman," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **THE UNSEEN,** Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Oct. 19: **ALONG CAME JONES,** Loretta Young, Gary Cooper. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 20-22: "My Favorite Blonde," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Bob Hope. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY,** Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Oct. 18: **GASLIGHT,** revival, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman. . . . Fri. through Sun., Oct. 19-21: "Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . Mon. through Wed., Oct. 22-24: "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., Oct. 18: "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd, Gail Russell.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., Oct. 20: **A BELL FOR ADANO,** John Hodiak, Gene Tierney. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 21-23: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake. . . . From Wed., Oct. 24: **THE TRUE GLORY,** full-length documentary film.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **THE UNSEEN,** Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Oct. 18: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Mama Loves Papa," Leon Errol. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY,** Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova; also "Murder, He Says," Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: **ALONG CAME JONES,** Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Paul Kelly, Harry Carey.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 9-3180)—Thurs., Oct. 18: **STANDING ROOM ONLY,** revival, Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY,** Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Oct. 19: **A BELL FOR ADANO,** John Hodiak, Gene Tierney; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . Sat. through Tues., Oct. 20-23: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles. . . . Wed., Oct. 24: "Girl of the Limberlost," Dorinda Clifton; also "Behind City Lights," Lynne Roberts, William Terry.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell; also "Brewster's Millions," Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: "Man from Oklahoma," Roy Rogers; also "Three's a Crowd," Pamela Blake.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, Ave. of the Americas at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., Oct. 18: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS,** revival, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou. . . . Fri. through Sun., Oct. 19-21: **ALONG CAME JONES,** Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Paul Kelly, Harry Carey. . . . Mon. through Wed., Oct. 22-24: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson.

8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., W. of 5 (GR 7-7874)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **A BELL FOR ADANO,** John Hodiak, Gene Tierney.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell; also "Brewster's Millions," Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: "Man from Oklahoma," Roy Rogers; also "Three's a Crowd," Pamela Blake.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Oct. 18: **ARROWSMITH,** revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC** (now called "Ragged Angels"), revival, Jascha Heifetz. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: **ALONG CAME JONES,** Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Paul Kelly, Harry Carey. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: **THE IMPATIENT YEARS,** revival, Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn; also "Star of Midnight," revival, Ginger Rogers, William Powell.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Oct 20: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 21-22: "Jealousy," Jane Randolph, John Loder; also "The Fatal Witness," Evelyn Ankers, George Leigh. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Through Sat., Oct. 20: **THE MAD MISS MANTON,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Star of Midnight," revival, Ginger Rogers, William Powell. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 21-22: **BACHELOR MOTHER,** revival, Ginger Rogers, David Niven; also "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob," revival, Lucille Ball, George Murphy. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: "Broadway Rhythm," revival, Ginny Simms, George Murphy; also "Steppin' in Society," Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **A BELL FOR ADANO,** John Hodiak, Gene Tierney; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **THE UNSEEN,** Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Oct. 19: **ARROWSMITH,** revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC** (now called "Ragged Angels"), revival, Jascha Heifetz. . . . Sat. through Mon., Oct. 20-22: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft; also "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondell, William Bendix. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young; also "West of the Pecos," Robert Mitchum, Barbara Hale.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9601)—Through Sun., Oct. 21: "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles; also "The Fatal Witness," Evelyn Ankers, George Leigh. . . . Mon. and Tues., Oct. 22-23: "Girl of the Limberlost," Dorinda Clifton; also "Behind City Lights," Lynne Roberts, William Terry. . . . From Wed., Oct. 24: "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell; also "Brewster's Millions," Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., Oct. 18: **HORSEFEATHERS,** the Marx Brothers; also **EASY LIVING,** Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: **STAGE DOOR,** Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY,** Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: **THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (in French), Harry Baur; also **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC** (now called "Ragged Angels"), Jascha Heifetz.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Charles Coburn.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., Oct. 18: "Forever and a Day," revival, all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton; also "The Fallen Sparrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara, John Garfield. . . . Fri. through Mon., Oct. 19-22: "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp; also "The Gay Señorita," Jinx Falkenburg. . . . From Tues., Oct. 23: "Bride by Mistake," revival, Laraine Day, Alan Marshal; also "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason.

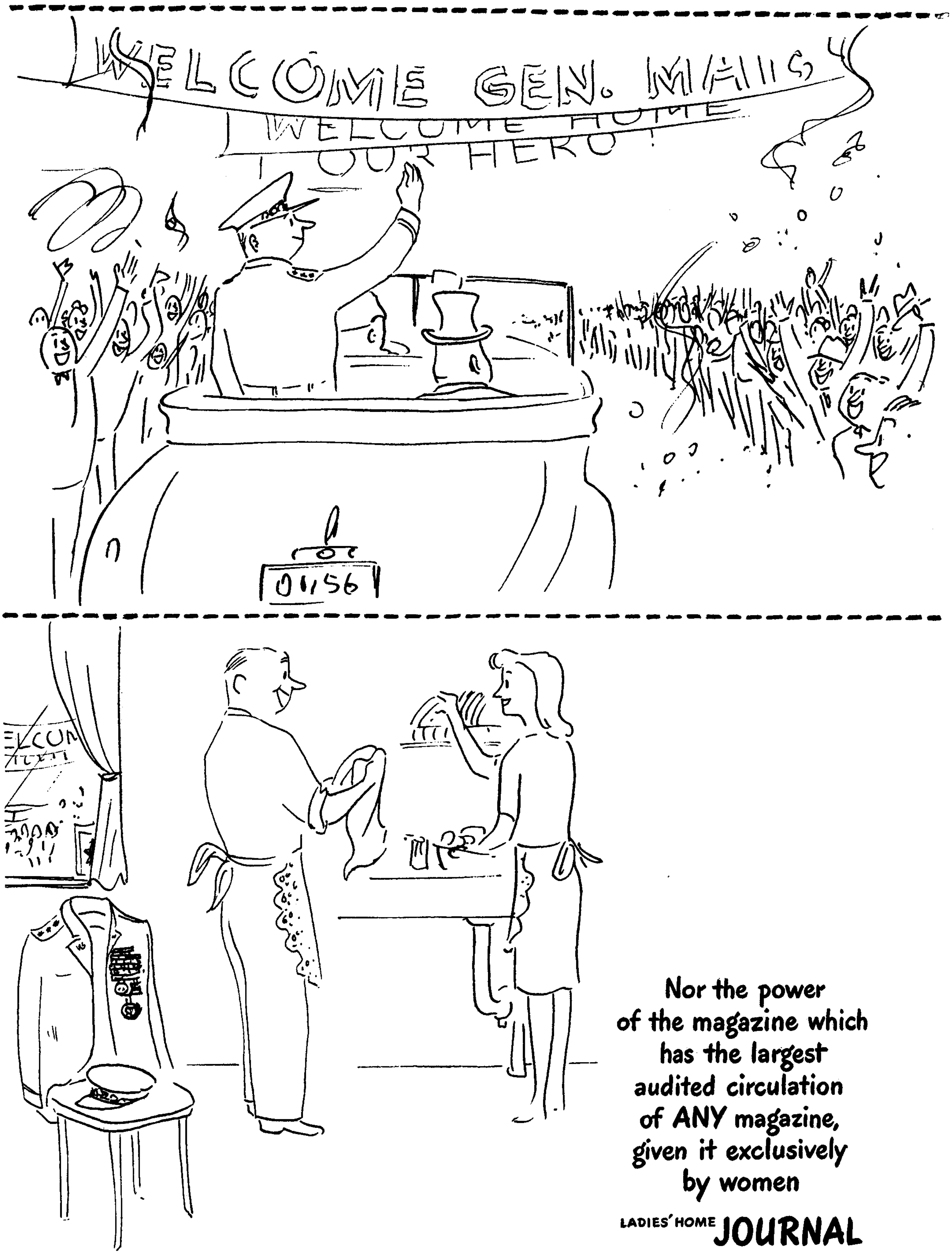
Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Oct. 24: **THE UNSEEN,** Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Tues., Oct. 23: **THE UNSEEN,** Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings. . . . Wed., Oct. 24: "Easy to Look At," Gloria Jean; also "Apology for Murder," Ann Savage.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., Oct. 22: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 23-24: **WILSON,** revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



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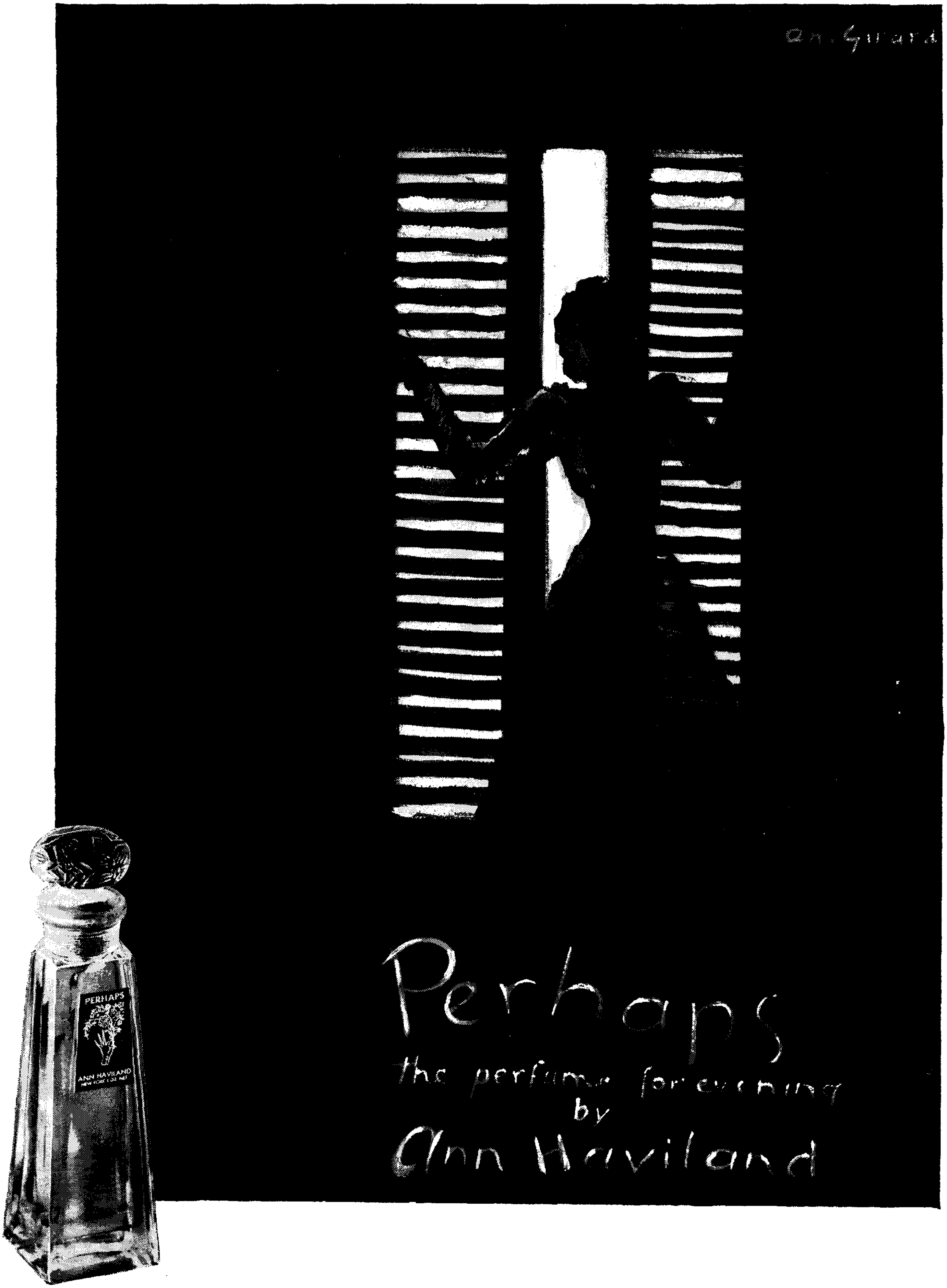
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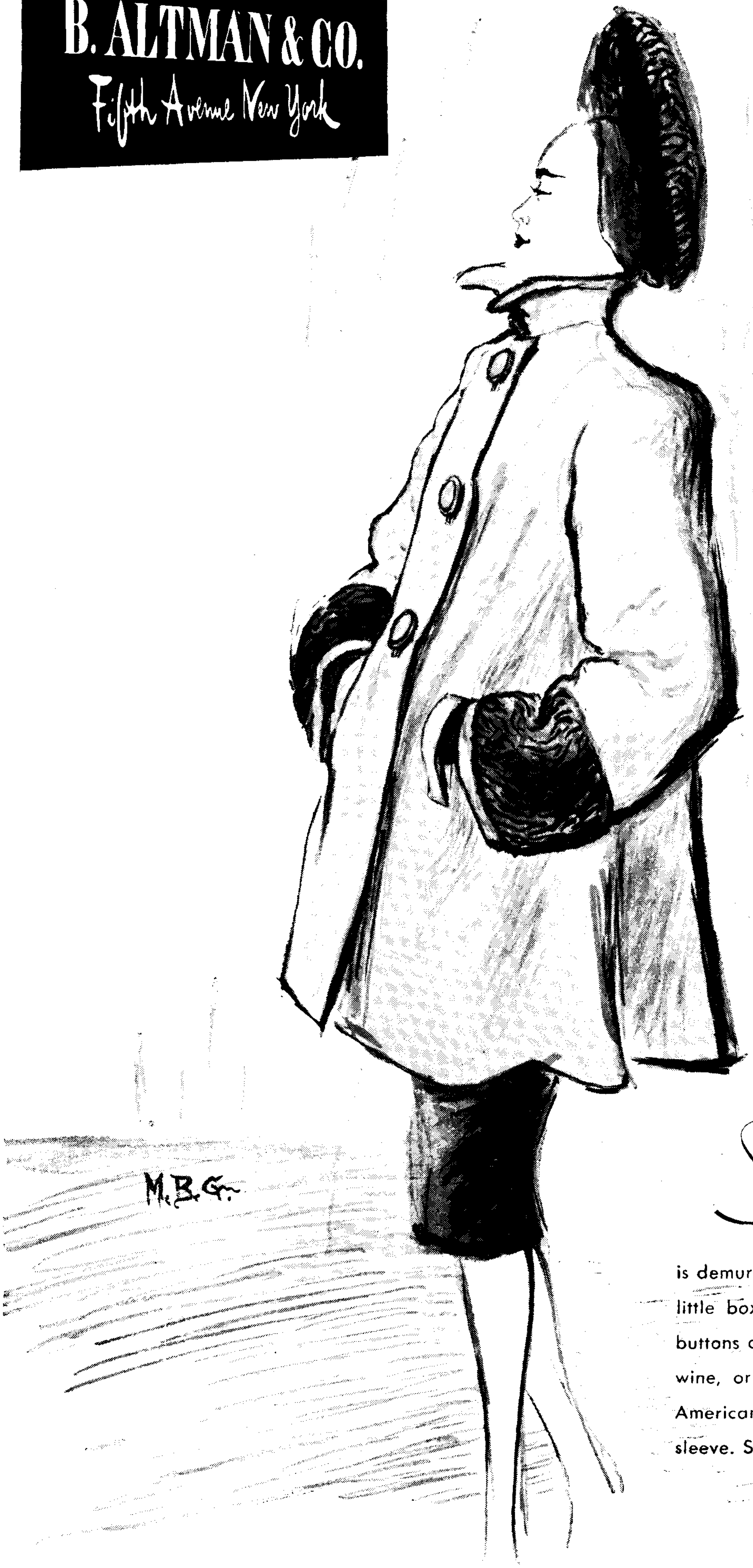

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

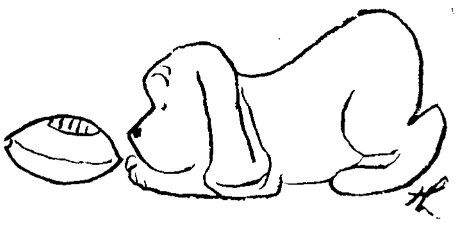
GEORGE APLEY NOTE: A sign in the window of a Boston travel agency reads, "DAILY ROUND-TRIP NON-STOP FLIGHTS TO NEW YORK."

AN admiral in Washington has just enrolled in a secretarial school. The girl who sits next to him reports that he is doing moderately well. His main difficulty is in spacing, and the letter "t" bothers him to some extent; nothing serious.

TWO things to watch for this week, outside of mermaids, are an aluminum canoe which has been announced by Grumman and which is porcupine-proof, and a new disease called Tissue Starvation, which has been announced by the Miles Laboratories, promoters of One-A-Day vitamins. A woodsman suffering from tissue starvation in an aluminum canoe that is being attacked unsuccessfully by porcupines is our hero of this week—this strangely fleeting week, week of the Flaming Maple, the Tense Relation, the Starved American Tissue, the Hungry European Stomach.

IN Wiesbaden, the other day, seven Germans went on trial for the wholesale murder of some slave workers—Poles and Russians, mostly, who had been put to death for reasons which suited Germany at that particular moment. The trial was conducted by United States officers. According to an account we read of it in the *Times*, the defense attorney, an American captain, challenged the legal basis of the trial and quoted *The New Yorker* to support his argument. Thus this magazine, in the minds of some, will appear to be the friend of murderers, the bedfellow of beasts. Despite this difficult rôle, we stick to our story, and for what we hope is a good reason. The two things which seem vital to us at this point are, first, that the criminals rounded up after a war should be promptly punished for their deeds, and, second, that the special procedure for inflicting such punishment should be clearly admitted to be extra-legal and not palmed off on the world as run-of-the-mill justice. For an American court to hang a German who murdered a Russian during a war is completely outside any legal system that we know anything about, and we believe that it is quite important to state this and not try to obscure it.

THE need for a broader justice for men, the need for a broader scheme of life than exists today, is great, and the first step toward constructing it is to recognize its absence. These so-called war trials can be magnificent if they can be made to clarify rather than cloud this issue; they will be extremely valuable as precedents if they are presented as a preview of the justice that may someday exist, not as an example of the justice that we have on hand. This magazine is in favor of the higher level of law by which victorious Americans now seek to punish vanquished Germans for murdering captive Russian slaves. We hope the United Nations organization will catch up with the hard-riding lawyers of Wiesbaden, who are way out in front. Nobody, not even victors, should forget that when a man hangs from a tree it doesn't spell justice unless he helped write the law that hanged him.



SUPPORT for world government may soon appear from a new quarter—we mean our Air Forces men, who are generally believed to be aloof from politics. It is just this breezy unconcern of theirs that may make them strong supporters of a cosmopolis. For several years now our fliers, particularly those in ferry or transport work, have been rattling around the world without much regard for political boundaries or foreign trade regulations. They have bought the best each land has had to offer and have flown off, without bothering with import or export controls. In a real sense they have been citizens of the world, stalking their native sky. Their accumulations provide a quick view of the dishes, customs, and institutions of tomorrow's world state. At the Casablanca airport last week, one flier writes us, he and some other fliers sat down to an informal spread that included cheeses from Denmark and the Azores on Turkish breadsticks, cocoa from the Gold Coast, bananas from the Canaries, avocados from French Guinea, pastries from Groppi's in Cairo, port wine from the Tagus Valley, Palestinian cherry brandy, a magnum of Piper Heidsieck of a good year, Santos coffee, Assam tea, vodka, Münchner beer, and Scotch straight from the highlands as the thirsty crow flies. The lads participating in this gorge were shod in Natal or Karachi boots or in Arab babouches, and they synchronized their appetites with Swiss and Portuguese wristwatches. One pilot's Contax camera, purchased in Mexico, was loaded with captured German military film cut down to snapshot size in Tel Aviv. Another's Somaliland ebony swagger stick had been tipped with Indian silver by a craftsman in Río de Oro. Furthermore, the families of these and countless other airmen, over the last couple of years, have been subjected to parcel-post barrages of Persian rugs, Chinese screens, Indian brocade handbags, Hawaiian grass skirts, Italian cameos, Egyptian silverwork, alligator bags from the Amazon, Bahrein Islands pearls, West African voodoo charms, Gurkha knives, camelskin hassocks, and inlaid boxes made variously from Burmese teak, Moroccan cedar, and Nigerian mahogany.

When these fliers were asked, by a sober bystander at Casablanca, how many countries they had visited, most of them didn't know. From an elevation of ten thousand feet, a national boundary is a sometime thing, all jungles look green, all bigwigs are smallwigs, no matter who collects the taxes. It is just possible that these airmen, who are the men of the future in an age we are just beginning to glimpse, look on the world with different eyes from the eyes of the foreign ministers, whose traditional props are crumbling fast. Pilots distinguish between geographical stops more in terms of crosswinds, runway lengths, food, women, and liquor than in terms of mandate, colony, protectorate, republic, principality, and empire. The invasion dollar and pidgin English have been accepted generally wherever these men have gone. It seems unlikely that airmen, in the age of flight, will have much patience with a postwar world of self-important states, called big, called little, each with its border police, its custom declarations, its visa fees and duties and exchange regulations and other petty nuisances of nationalist society. High in the cirrus above the council table where national integrity is at stake roam the younger men who know that, given a tailwind, the whole issue can be completely left behind in an hour and forty-five minutes.

Pre-Prospect Exposure

THE other morning, on the invitation of the Shell Oil Company, we forgathered at a Shell private dining room on the sixty-fourth floor of the R.C.A. Building, as a preliminary to the unveiling of a full-scale model of the company's Service Station of Tomorrow in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. "My cat woke me at five this morning," a lady writer told us as we joined her at a table of coffee and doughnuts. She was one of some fifty oil-minded journalists present. "He usually wakes me at seven-thirty, but the change of time has ruined his schedule." "Don't expect to see any flying buttresses or vertical fins," a Shell official said, after banging on the coffee urn for attention. "This station has nothing but the touch moderne." Out we all went, to a string of chauffeured Cadillacs. "Usually I ride brides in this car," our driver remarked. It may have been just information or it may have been reproach. On the theory, apparently, that we were a funeral procession, traffic parted for us right and left, and we got across the river like the wind.

At Greenpoint, we sat in chairs facing the Service Station of Tomorrow, Newtown Creek, and a number of tugs and barges of yesterday. The station's touch moderne consisted, in part, of gas pumps streamlined down to the size of a juke box, eighteen-foot hoses on concealed, self-winding reels, and a display window featuring motor oil, Mix-Masters, fruit juicers, tire-repair kits, spotlights, irons, toasters, and percolators. "We had to keep our dealers alive!" a Shell spokesman screamed to us over the tooting of the tugboat Theo Lee. "And what was the answer? Hardware! The postwar Shell station will feature gas, oil, cigarettes and cigars, and hardware. Hardware stores have been selling oil; now we're going to start selling hardware. We want our dealers to be gentlemen, like doctors and Scoutmasters."

Several Conover models drove up in a 1946 Ford, for photographs. A cameraman asked them to pull up to a pump, but the blonde who was driving couldn't get the car started again for a minute. "I guess this isn't as good as the old car!" she cried gaily. "Oh, my God!" said a Ford representative. We asked the girls to remember us to Sherman Fairchild and turned our attention to Mr. L. B. Veeder, a Shell lubrication expert clad in a dinner coat and a Phi Beta Kappa key, who demonstrated the cleanliness of the new equipment by turning hand-control grease guns on a hydraulically boosted-up car without getting a single spot on himself. "The sloppy mechanic and his messy grease job are not a part of the service station of the future," he said. He retired to the gentlemen's restroom and emerged a few minutes later in brown tweeds.

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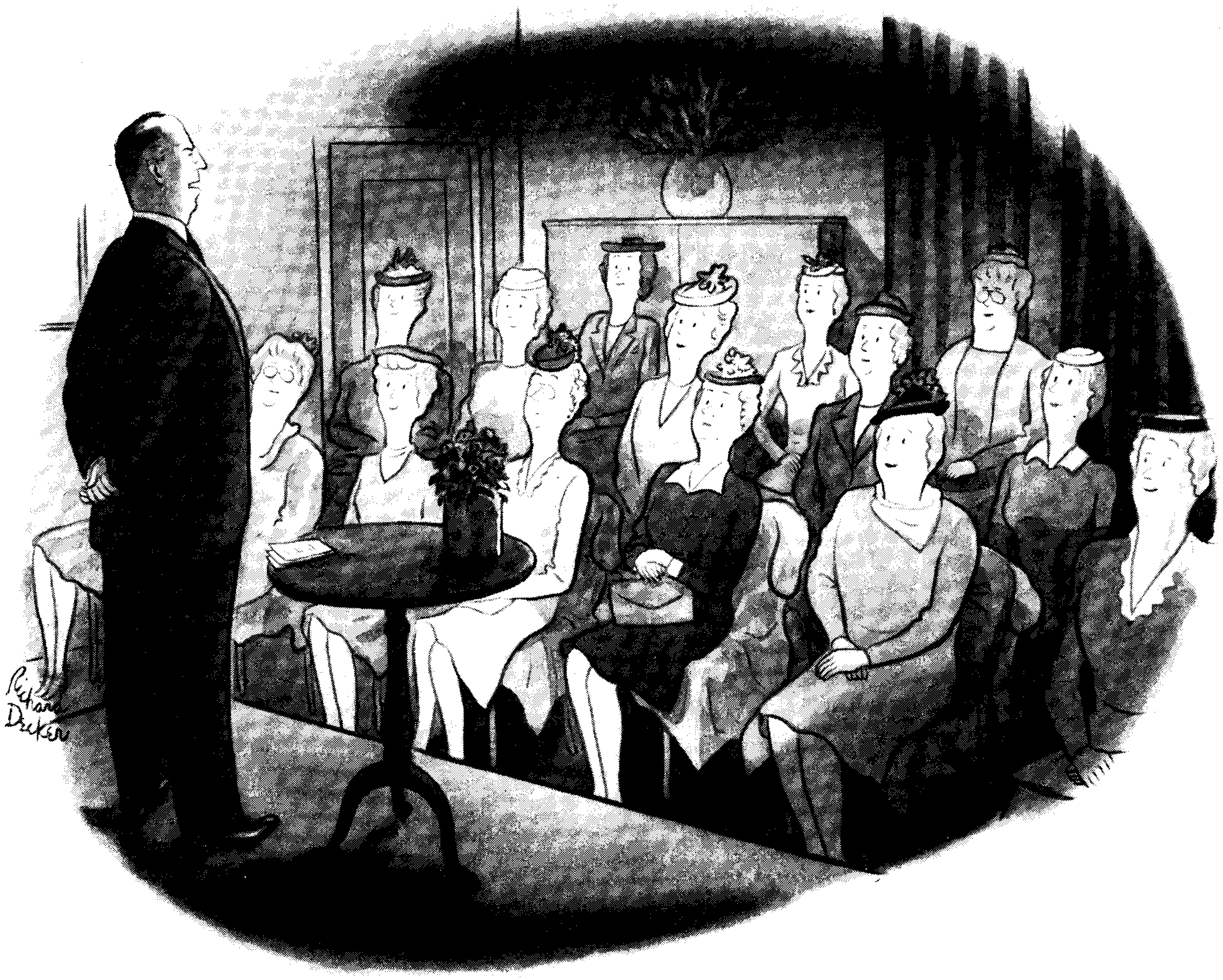
This agreeable sartorial-and-cleanliness note was also sounded half an hour later at the Waldorf, where the Shell people treated the sturdy expedition to lunch and speeches. "We used to hear a lot of talk about grease monkeys," said Mr. P. E. Lakin, vice-president in charge of marketing, a man with his ear to the ground. "As far as Shell is concerned, this term is as dead as the dodo. If the dealer thinks of himself as a grease monkey and dresses like one, then he *is* a grease monkey. But Shell wants dealers with the kind of attitude that makes them effective and convincing ambassadors of good will for the company and for themselves." Everyone at the lunch, including Mr. Lakin, had a fine time, and a motion to pronounce it a success was unanimously carried. Shell men passed notes briskly to one another during the meal. We retrieved one and later found that it read, "J. B.—It seems clear now that any presentation of prospect exposure must of necessity have philosophical content. J. H."

Sensitive

ONE of our faithful informants was riding uptown, and upright, in the I.R.T. subway the other evening when a lady with a sharp, high-pitched voice to his left rear cut loose with the following: "You remember what you said about Mabel—that she stinks, that she stinks on ice? Well, she's taken it to heart. From now on you got to be more careful."

Old Master

UNDER the escort of a hot-jazz expert named Ralph J. Gleason, we went down to Stuyvesant Casino, at Second Avenue and Ninth Street, one day last week to have a few words with Bunk Johnson, the sixty-five-year-old trumpeter from New Orleans whose very name commands a genuflection in syncopation circles. "As old as he is," said Mr. Gleason en route, "he can still play that horn as well as anybody living. *Nobody* can play New Orleans style the way he can. And don't forget he's got a mouthful of store teeth to contend with. Lost his own around 1931 and didn't play again until 1939, when a collection was taken up among his friends up North to get him fixed up. He taught Louie Armstrong, you know, and a hell of a lot of other famous horn players." Mr. Gleason was interrupted by our arrival at the Casino, a large, rather bleak structure hitherto devoted chiefly to



"And so when the nomination was offered me, and I got my wife's permission to accept, I felt that . . ."

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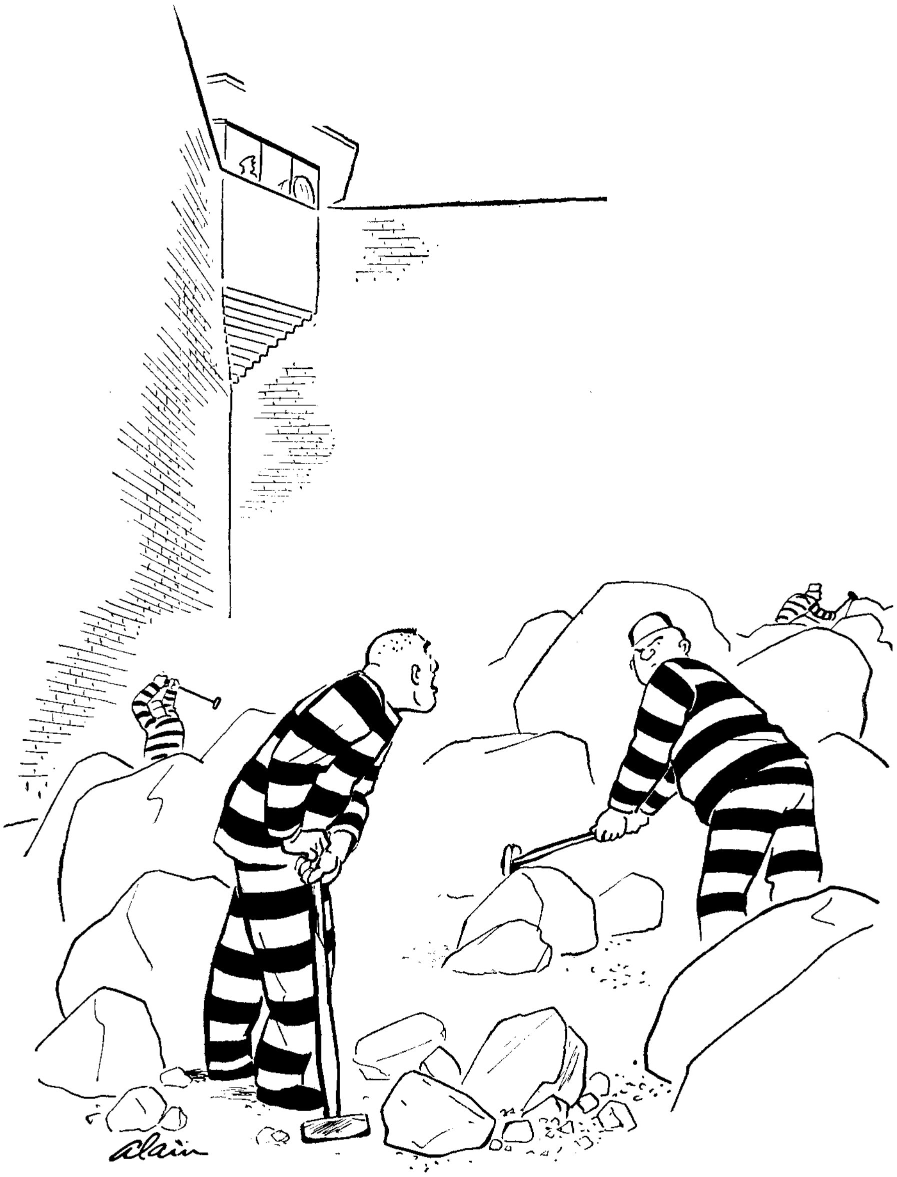
neighborhood weddings. Before an audience of beer drinkers (no hard stuff is sold in the place), Bunk and six associates were tearing through "Maryland, My Maryland" with a verve that was amazing. "I hope this joint doesn't give way at the seams," remarked Mr. Gleason. "I've seen the floor ripple when Bunk and the boys really get hot." As "Maryland, My Maryland" ended in a burst of glory, Mr. Gleason beckoned Bunk over to our table and explained the purpose of our visit.

"I am honored by your company," said Bunk, bowing, "and I'm going to be happy telling you about me. I was educated at New Orleans Anniversary—got in at six and out at twelve, right at the top of the class, yes, sir. I done singing from six to ten, and then my dear mother bought me a horn—a short French brass horn, and in two years I mastered that instrument. My dear mother—her name was Theresa—ran a Creole lunch house, where people liked to come for their fried chicken and gumbo, and when there was any evening get-together around the neighborhood, Mama got supper-table privileges, and while she cooked up the supper, my sister handed out the stuff the people needed to eat with. I never wasted no time waiting, like I was supposed to. I got me over to the bandstand to get ideas for my trumpet. First band I played with was Moe O'Levy's." "O'Levy?" we protested incredulously. "O'Levy," Bunk said flatly. "That's the way Bunk says Adam Olivier," Mr. Gleason explained. "Way everybody says it in New Orleans," said Bunk. "O'Levy's band could read," he continued, "and I couldn't read, but when O'Levy say to me, 'What key you play the blues in?' I say, 'Any key you got,' and they hire me. Now then, I listen to Buddy Bolden's band at Lincoln Park, and I get wild about the way he plays—mostly by ear and making up his own tunes—so I quit O'Levy and join up with Buddy Bolden. Bands in those days fighting all the time. One band get a job in the Love and Charity Hall, another band move right over there and play better through the windows. During Mardi Gras and parades, bands got taken around in wagons, and they'd back them tail gate to tail gate and play each other down." "When did most of these musical fights occur?" we asked. "I disremember exactly," said Bunk, "but the big hurricane in Galveston was in 1900 and the first war was



"I suppose in a few years all this will be done by atomic power."

• •

in 1914, so this must of been in 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908—in around there. I was in the merchant ships in the last war, and this war they asked me come up to Great Lakes and start a band for the Navy, but I told them I figure I might not last out my enlistment. Five of my sons in the Pacific, though, and another just got out of the Merchant Marine. Had twelve children and got eleven living right now, but I only got about ten grandchildren. Only one of them's got any interest in music, and he ain't too interested at that. I used to teach music one time around New Iberia, Louisiana, and spell the principal teaching English. He were Creole and had terrible exclamation."

Bunk told us that when his teeth gave out he thought his days as a musician were over. "I been playing that horn since 1894," he said, "on steamboats, in honkytonks, in parades. Been everywhere, seen everything, and I figure I had enough life for anybody, anyhow, so I went back to work driving a truck and trailer and working in the rice fields. Got a dollar fifty a day. Most all the bandmen in New Orleans got some kind of trade, and right in this band here, I got a metal worker, a plasterer, a furniture-store worker, a longshoreman, and a coffee-factory hand. I used to be a shingler myself, but after fifty it's hard to climb them rooves." Bunk was already a legend among music people then, but he wasn't brought back from obscurity until an aficionado named William Russell discovered him in New Iberia, in 1938, whistling semi-professionally between jobs. Russell raised the collection for the new teeth the following year and Bunk was able to begin making phonograph records again. In the spring of 1943 he reappeared in public. Then he turned up in a big jazz concert at the Geary Theatre in San Francisco, an engagement that was followed by a series of smaller concerts. His current appearance in New York was arranged by Russell and Eugene Williams, another lover of the hot art. We asked Bunk whether his long layoff had affected his playing. "You know a thing, you know it," Bunk said. "Any man tell you he used to write good once and now he don't write good ain't no man to believe. Same way with music. You know it, you ain't going to forget it. Why, me and these boys don't have to rehearse anything we ever played before. We just get in there and play it."

Less

OUT in the suburbs, a matron who had, perhaps unwisely, permitted her young son to invite his entire Sunday-school class for a Saturday-afternoon party went to the drugstore for a gallon of ice cream. There was a high-school girl, pretty definitely an unemployable type, presiding over the soda fountain, and she said she didn't think she ought to sell a gallon—it might leave the fountain short of supplies. Thinking fast, the matron said, "Well, all right. Let me have four quarts, then." "O.K.," the young lady said, beaming at this display of good sportsmanship. "What flavors?"

Hq.

THE first person we met at the O'Dwyer-Joseph-Impellitteri headquarters, at the Commodore, when we called in there was Miss Caryl Holley, a young lady with beautiful yellow curls who is General O'Dwyer's personal campaign secretary. "The General's constantly in a whirl right now, but he's always calm and collected," she said, continuing to eat a chicken sandwich at her desk. "I've worked for prominent men for years; I've been secretary to A. P. Giannini and also to Bernt Balchen. The food here is good. I usually have lunch and dinner at my desk and it would certainly be a tragedy if it were poor. The General is especially fond of filet of sole." Several men came into Miss Holley's office during this speech, and she identified them as Henry Schultz, a lawyer who handles invitations for O'Dwyer to attend banquets and the like; Lieutenant Colonel John M. Murtagh, the General's former military and present political aide; a number of union representatives; and Bernard Collins, one of two bodyguard chauffeurs assigned to the candidate by the Police Department. Miss Holley called someone on the telephone and said, "Could Mr. Impellitteri possibly cover a Dry Goods Union meeting at the Manhattan Center tonight? The General has the Columbian League dinner in Brooklyn and then he's going to Washington. They want Senator Joseph or Mr. Impellitteri. It's quite important."

We walked down a corridor past rooms placarded "Headquarters Marine and Shipping Industries," "New York County Veterans," "Non-Partisan Labor," "Automotive," and "Typist Pool" until we came to "Publicity Director," where Bill Donoghue, an unruffled publicity director with bright-red ruffled hair, started us on a personally conducted tour. "Here is where all the—ah—production wends its way," he said, pausing before a room occupied by a mimeograph machine and stacks of speeches. "Ladies and gentlemen," we read, "I am very happy to be at this meeting, sponsored by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America . . ." "And here," said Mr. Donoghue, stopping at a room placarded "Doctors and Dentists, Arts and Theatre, Sports" and containing nothing but a pile of posters, "is a storeroom." We next peeked into a room marked "Educators" and populated by a lady who looked around rather wildly. "Frieda Hennock, from the State Committee," said Donoghue. "Not really an educator." "It's Person-to-Person. I revised it," a man in the corridor said to him. "For six weeks I've worked on this job with the damned hives," Donoghue said.

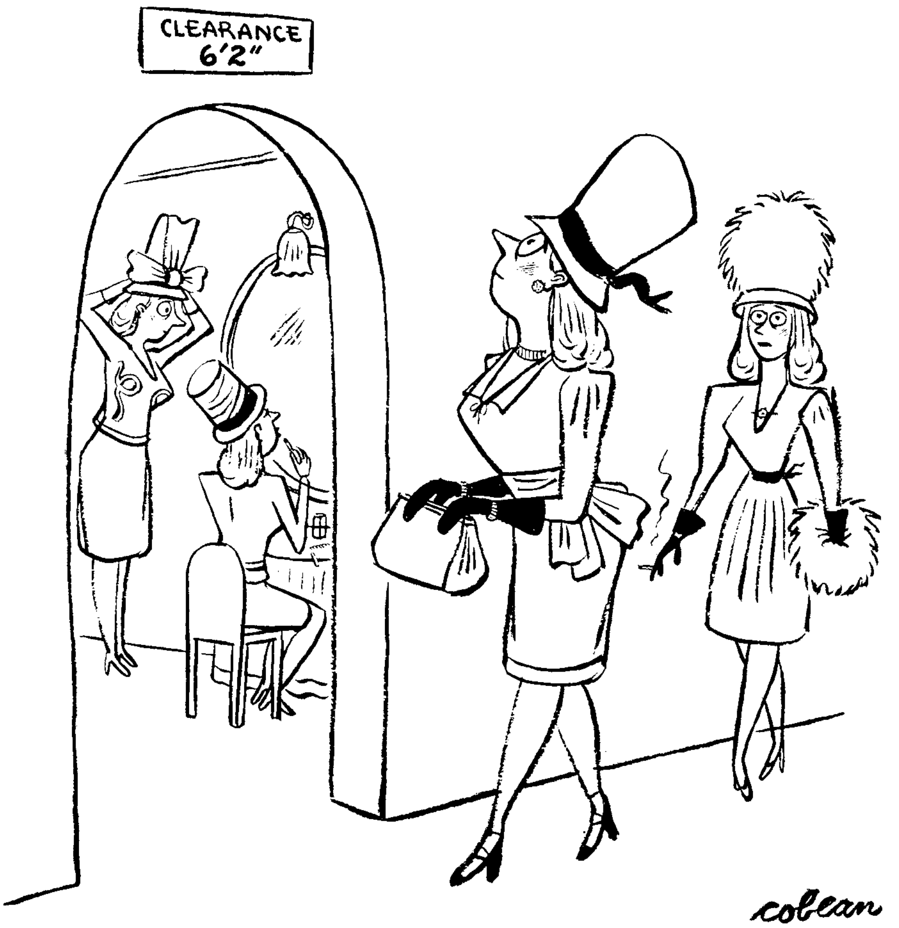
He took us into a room where Wayne Johnson, O'Dwyer's campaign chairman, was talking to a man from *PM*. "It's impossible to divorce the five-cent fare from the other issues," Mr. Johnson was saying. "All of these problems tie in together and have to be considered as a whole. What this campaign is getting down to—Bill, I *wish* you'd listen—is a comparison of the stature of the three candidates. I think the General's victory will be unprecedented." "All this *schmere!*" the *PM* man said to us in an aside as he went out. "There isn't anything as interesting and as throbbing as a municipal campaign," Mr. Johnson told us. "You're closer to the voters than in a state or national campaign. A New York City campaign has *everything*."

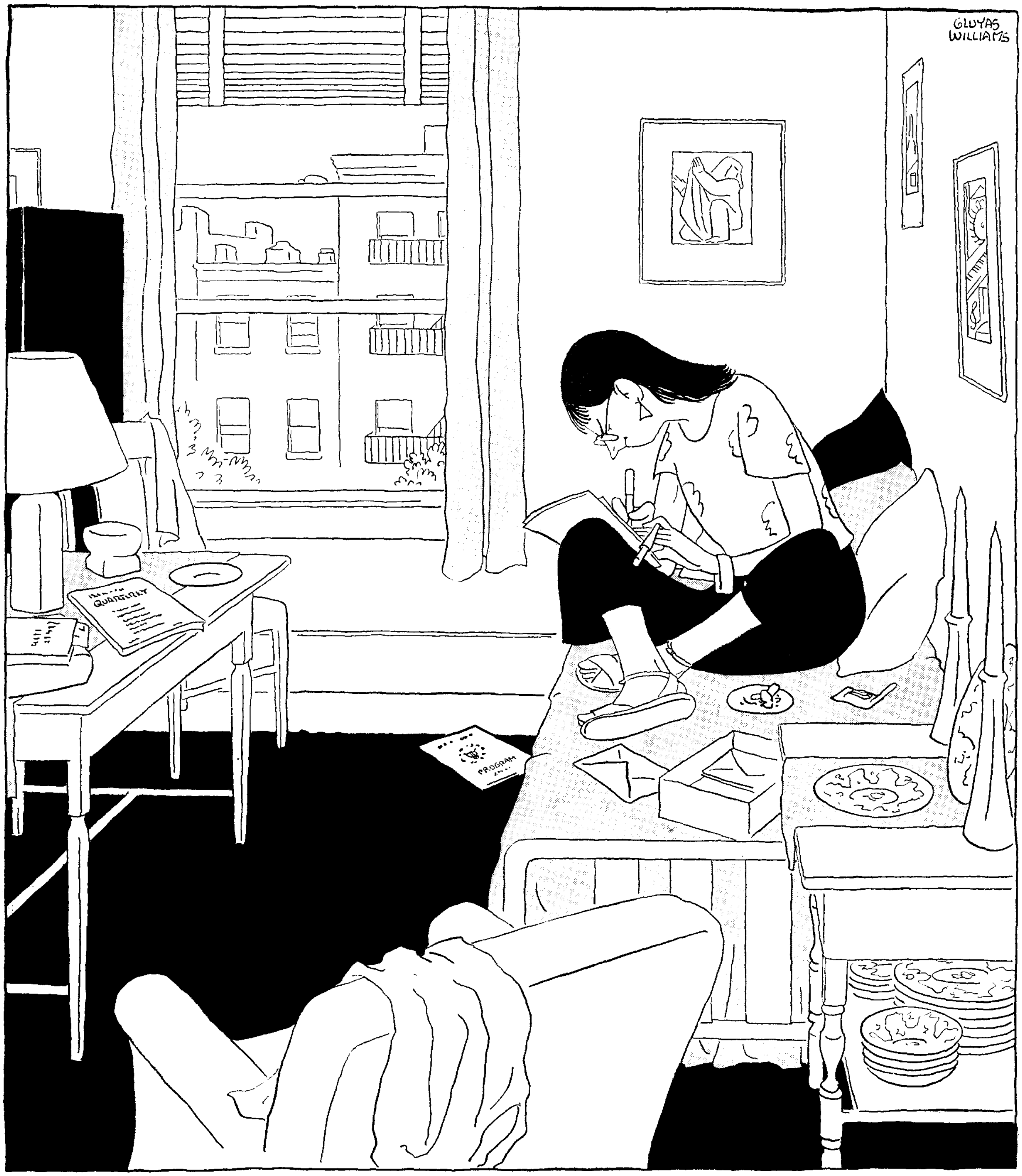
Donoghue took us down the hall and introduced us to Joseph and Impellitteri. The *PM* man was with them. "It's a hard drive, but we enjoy it," said the Senator. "It's an expensive proposition," said Mr. I. "We seek ways and means of defraying expenses." "We pick pockets at night," said the Senator. "We're trying to keep on an even keel," said Mr. I. "My being on a torpedo boat in the last war was good training." "Larry is the ablest man in the State Senate," the *PM* man whispered to us.

We ended our visit with a brief chat with O'Dwyer. "I run after my hat and coat from the time I get up," he said, sucking on a pipe. "It's like a dog chasing his tail. My line is a book of verses under a bough, but I haven't the time. Pete Segreto, the masseur at the Elks Club in Queens and connoisseur of the body beautiful, tries to keep me in shape, but I've never seen a smile on his face. Not so beautiful. Still, the pants I had before I went in the Army are four inches too loose for me." "*Life* magazine wants you to shake hands with a cop," Donoghue said to the General. The telephone rang and O'Dwyer launched into some rather disjointed talk. "You're phoning to Washington," he said to us during a lull, "and someone in Brooklyn cuts in. That's the life of a candidate!"

Escape

A YOUNG friend of ours who hasn't had the bars off his shoulders more than three or four weeks tells us that he views the postwar world with considerable suspicion. He says that when he applied for a job at the local offices of a big national industrial concern, he was given a batch of complicated forms to fill out. An old hand at *that* game, he polished them off in a hurry. He was then told to report to a Mr. Carmichael on the third floor. He hung around Mr. Carmichael's outer office for an hour or two, and then Mr. Carmichael called him in and asked if he had with him Form 27-A and Form 27-B. Our friend said he had and gave them to Mr. Carmichael, who studied them carefully and said, "Very good. You may go up to the fourth floor and report to Mr. Wright for induction." At that point, our young friend bolted. He didn't wait for the elevator—used the stairs right down to the street. He figures he made it just in time.





THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Gentlemen:—I don't suppose the opinion of one who climbs into a sixty-five-cent upper gallery seat carries quite as much weight as the wishes of the ermine-wrapped patrons who adorn the boxes. But when we keep getting the D Minor, the Lovedeath and such hackneyed fare from week to week, to the total exclusion of contemporary artists, then I say appeasement has gone too far. I wouldn't expect to find you programming Schönberg and Bartók (!), but in the name of heaven, have we become so ossified that not even a little Mahler, Prokofieff or even . . ."

TIME OUT

Mercer knows, I think. Four or five times now I have caught him watching me with an unmistakably professional eye, and last week, at a well-selected moment, he said, "Why don't you take a rest, Colonel? You've been working too hard." Either he was being polite or he knows. He can't help but know. He's been doing my work and doing it well. Mercer is a very good doctor. He's not good enough to know what's wrong with me but he's certainly good enough to do most of my job better than I could have done it, even before I got like this. I don't think he'll turn in any kind of report on me. He wants desperately to be discharged as a major and he knows I'll promote him the day he finishes his time in grade. I don't think he would risk the loss of that promotion. And he is probably convinced I'll snap out of it now that the war is over. Most likely I shall.

At this point, though, I'm exhibiting an entire syndrome of operational fatigue without ever having been in combat. In two years as a flight surgeon with the Eighth, I went on a couple of routine missions over Germany but I never was shot at. Nevertheless, for several months now, safe here in Virginia, I've been having combat dreams. I dream that my airplane is falling and I'm pinned against its roof. The escape hatch is only an inch from my fingertips but I can't reach it. I wake up sweating, clutching the side of my bed, and I can't go to sleep again. In the morning my hands are subject to sudden tremors so bad that once I actually dropped a cup of coffee. I go to the hospital, all right, but I see as few of the patients as I can, postpone decisions, lean on Mercer. A complete syndrome of what we used to call escape behavior. In those days, a nineteen-year-old boy would come to me an hour before a mission, his shirt covered with vomit, and I would write escape behavior into his history.

Will I ever get rid of that fatuous jargon? Last night I came across a report I wrote two years ago. "The problem, then, is to weed out combat personnel incapable of maintaining an operational cadence commensurate with the functional capabilities of our assigned aircraft." Scientific, what?

"The squadron's prevailing emotional tone toward combat duties is, on the whole, satisfactory. . . . Men and officers react maturely to fatigue and battle stresses." I was quite a hand in those days at determining who was mature and who wasn't. I could tell exactly who should go on combat missions and who shouldn't.

In the neuropsychiatric ward, under Mercer's care, there is a Staff Sergeant Dennis Lanigan. I took him off flying status, in England. He'd been tail gunner in a B-17 that was shot up over France. The tail section was severed completely at twenty-one thousand feet. Lanigan fell twenty thousand before he managed to punch his way through the skin. His parachute opened in time for him to see the forward part of the airplane hit the ground and explode with the rest of the crew. The French got him back to us and he went on six more missions before he broke.

On the last of those missions we lost fifty-four airplanes. Flak never touched the one Lanigan flew in. This is what happened: over the Channel, on the way back, he went up to the navigator's compartment to get a drink. He saw some hydraulic fluid dripping down from the cockpit, mistook it for blood, decided that the pilots had been hit and that the airplane was out of control. He had to be wrestled to the floor by the other gunners and held there all the way back to the base. I took him off flying and now he's here in the hospital. I saw his mother last week and told her he would be all right in time. I don't, of course, know.

Mercer, with his gift for fresh turns of language, has told me that Lanigan worships the ground I walk on. It's true the boy responds to me more readily than to others. He keeps his eye on me all the time I'm in the ward. When he sees me put a cigarette in my mouth, he rushes clear across the room to light it. A number of times, I've been able to bring him out of sullen, speechless moods that frequently last a week or more. He is a handsome kid, with, I suppose, the most nearly perfect set of teeth in the history of the world. I should have asked his mother what she fed him.

Last week she brought an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* with an article in it about General Patton, an article written by a former Army officer, Vincent Sheean. She had marked a few passages. She showed me the part where Sheean tried, in effect, to extenuate the slapping of a soldier by a talented field general:

"I do not defend General Patton's rash act in that hospital," he wrote, "but it should at least be understood. It was never contended that he did any harm to the soldier patient, the 'humiliation' was the grave offense. But General Patton himself suffers a rage of humiliation whenever he sees an American soldier who does not come up to his idea of what a soldier should be. He does not believe in battle fatigue or in neurosis. This is his conviction, and no doctor will ever shake it.

"Patton thinks that courage and fear are phenomena which can be governed by training and discipline. He believes that every man in his right mind feels fear and conquers it by means of training, discipline, self-respect, and patriotism. He believes all this so strongly that he is quite incapable of understanding any other point of view. Nowadays when he goes into a hospital, he invariably says to the medical colonel in charge: 'I want to see wounded men only, real patients only. No battle fatigue and no neurosis, please.' "

Mrs. Lanigan was not interested in the rest of the article, which Sheean devoted to showing what an excellent general Patton was. All she wanted to know was whether her son might be exposed to some kind of humiliation. Not a chance in the world, I said.

Did I do right? Should I have gone on to say that either General Patton is crazy or I am?

Sheean implies that Patton, by being an excellent general, has saved the lives of a great many Americans and is thus entitled to differ with medical colonels on a relatively minor issue. The point is, it's not at all a minor issue. Not for me. I've got some neuropsychiatric men on my hands here, and anybody who says they're healthy is dangerous.

Maybe I'm in the wrong century. Maybe these are times when we need dangerous men. What the hell, in that case, am I doing here? Maybe I'm the one who ought to be locked up.

Did I mention any of this to Mrs. Lanigan? Certainly not. When I get out of the Army, I want it to be under my own power.

As far as I know, Lanigan is the only survivor of the air-crew members in his original squadron. He has tried several times to make me talk about the others and it's not easy to throw him off. He is stubborn and repeats his questions.

Last week I came into his ward and found him playing Chinese checkers with one of the Red Cross girls. It was a good thing for him to be doing and I had no wish to interrupt. But he saw me and insisted on my coming over to the table.

"Jean," he said, "I want you to meet my friend Colonel Gray. He knows all about me. You can double check with him on everything I told you."

"How do you do," she said.

I had noticed her before, because she was by far the prettiest in a group of Red Cross casuals who reported to us on ten-day orders. I had even thought of asking her to Washington for dinner. But then I found out that her group was on the point of shipping out as a replacement unit, and I'm not what might be called a fast worker. I guess I had also decided she was too young and would tell me about how uninteresting life in Terre Haute had been with all the fellows gone. She was a little beauty, though, and the sexless blue uniform did not affect her style.

Lanigan tapped her on the wrist. "You can ask him anything," he said. "He can tell you exactly how it was. Tell her about the amytal, Colonel."

"We ought to finish this game," she said. "It's your move."

"No, let him tell you about it."

There is no reasoning with Lanigan when he gets like that. He narrows his eyes and never takes them off you.

"It's a narcosis therapy," I said. "You put the patient to sleep with sodium amytal, for as long as ninety-six hours sometimes, and it helps him get over the immediate effects of a shock."

"Ninety-six hours is four days," said Lanigan. "I was asleep for four days and nights. Tell her some of the things I said."

"You didn't say anything."

"The hell I didn't. Why don't you tell her? Jean's regular. She's my friend. Why don't you two get together and be friends?"

"We'll do that," she said.

"I mean right now." He was getting much too tense and it didn't look as though it would pass off. "Why don't you two kiss and be friends?"

"Some other time," I said foolishly. "Soon."

"I mean right now. Kiss her."

She leaned over and kissed me, very nicely, on the mouth.

"Now we're all friends," she said. "Your move, Dennis."

He began to study the board and soon he made a first-rate move. I almost hugged her. She had handled the thing with the finish of an experienced nurse. No, she was something better than experienced, I thought. She was wholesome. Slightly too wholesome for a forty-year-old medical colonel with the jitters.

You see? I should have been thinking about Lanigan, but there I was wondering how it would be with the little girl from Terre Haute.

I WENT back to my office and told Mercer he was right, I needed a rest. In the afternoon, I drove off for a three-day leave in Washington.

I tried to get in at the Statler but got only as far as the assistant manager. Then I had some spareribs at Arbaugh's and phoned Don Yates. Don said he was going on a leave himself in the morning, wife and all. His children were staying with their grandmother; I could have their room for the night and the whole apartment for as long as two weeks if I wanted it. Like a good fellow, he also asked me over for the evening.

Don, as I refer to him rather more frequently than necessary, is a major general, one of the several youngest major generals in the Army. Back in England, when he was only a lieutenant colonel commanding a group, we had shared quarters. Don had been a good man to live with. He had a clear and orderly mind and he knew how to laugh. He gave way only once that I can remember. It had to do with Lanigan's last mission.

At that time, Don did not hold an active command. They were bringing him along for the postwar Air Force and, to round off his experience, they had him on a staff job in Operations. His office took a hand in planning most of the big missions, including the one that got Lanigan. I think Don assumed responsibility for a bad tactical boner. He didn't have to, but he did. In the long run this gesture rather improved his standing in the Command, but he hadn't found that out yet the day he looked me up to sound off about the way things had gone. We put in an evening of too much talk and then he suggested that we go over to town, where they had Scotch. It was fourteen miles away. When we got there, we found the pub closed. Driving home, we lost our way in the fog. As an added feature, our jeep refused to shift into top gear. Don pulled up at the side of the road and looked at me. "I need to punch something. I need a fight," he said.

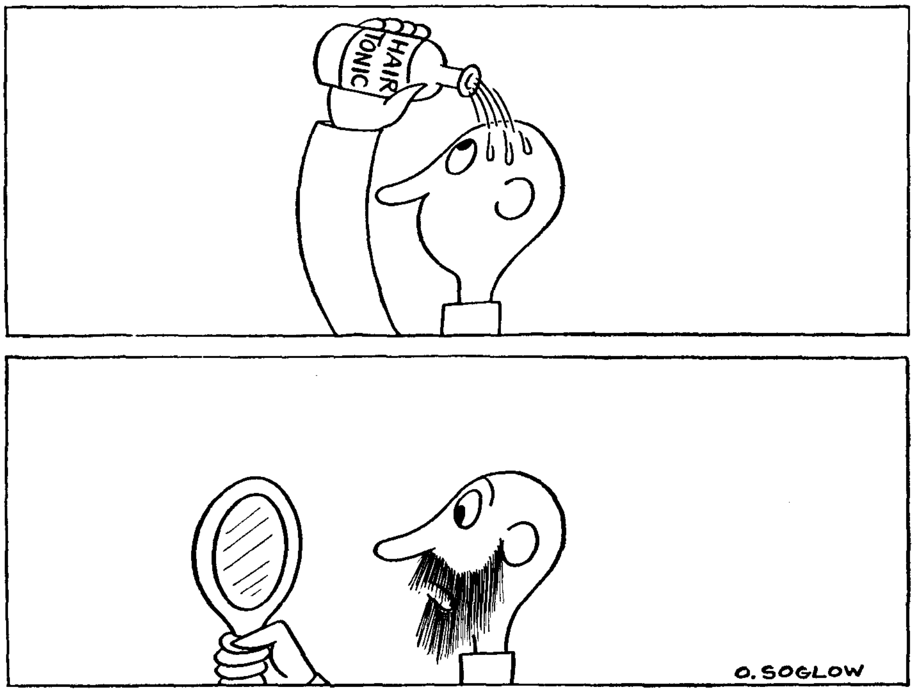
"Don't look at me," I said.

"Why not? You need a fight, too. How about it? Just a short one. We won't hurt each other bad."

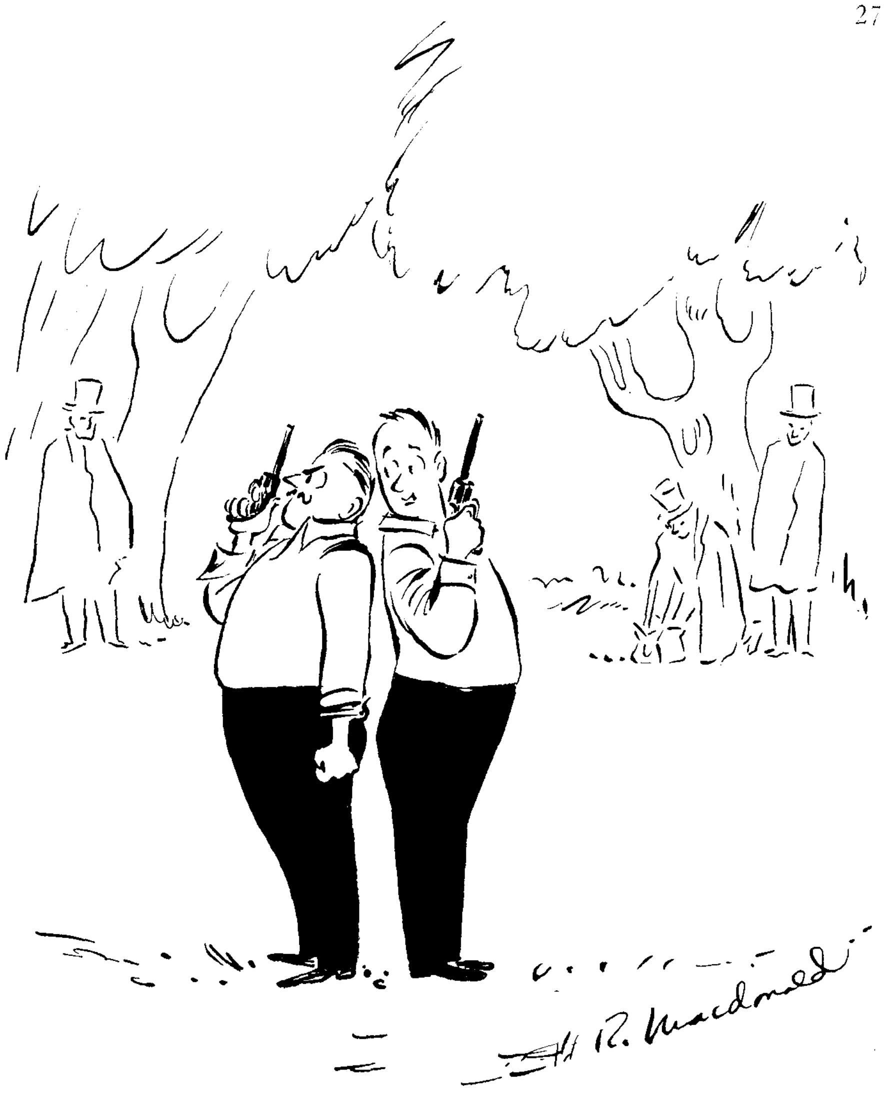
"No."

He talked me into it, though, and we got out and had a fight. Hurt each other, too. We fought for about ten minutes, and then he broke a metacarpal bone. He was right, we had needed a scuffle. It even helped the jeep. I had no trouble getting it into top gear.

IN Washington, Don and his wife and his two little girls had a three-and-a-half-room apartment on Massachusetts Avenue. I found him wiping dishes. This was a little funny, because in France, as a major general, his headquarters had been a vast château filled with Cranachs and Mantegnas. Here on Massachusetts Avenue, his wife did the laundry in a Bendix and the only unusual thing about their living room was a collection of a few hundred books on



military subjects. Most of these had belonged to Don's father, also a major general in his time. I think we have the beginnings of a military caste here. Did you happen to see that list of generals' sons in the last graduating class at West Point?



"Still mad?"

Never mind. Don was full of chatter about the fishing he was going to do on leave, and we stayed away from large issues. I tried to see if someone who had known me for a long time would notice anything. He did not. Later in the evening he even offered to get me transferred to the Air Surgeon's office on the presumption that my talents were being wasted in a station hospital. I could see he felt pretty good about the use they were making of his own talents. He was in a position to try out a lot of new notions and most of them were turning out well. He told me that his office had just completed a survey on the potentialities of new weapons, domestic and foreign, in various stages of development.

"I ran across some gorgeous stuff about creating seismic disturbances," he said.

"Seismic disturbances like what?"

"Like earthquakes and tidal waves."

"Seriously?"

"Sure."

"No."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe somewhat impatiently, I thought. "Do I look like Buck Rogers?"

"A little," I said, "now that you mention it."

"There's a lot of other stuff in that survey," he said, "some of it right up your alley. You'd like the section on bacteriological warfare. All about infecting a zone and landing inoculated paratroopers in the middle of it."

"Not up my alley. You poison 'em, I cure 'em. It's all part of nature's great plan."

"I wish you'd let me get you transferred to Washington," Don said. "I can't find anyone who'll give me a good game of squash. The people I know are all either experts or beginners. I might as well not belong to the damn club."

He showed me to the girls' room and I went to bed surrounded by sets of Louisa May Alcott and the Oz books. I never had seen the girls, but in England Don had showed me pictures of them often enough.

He's a good father, I thought, and an excellent husband. A family man, as well adjusted as anyone I know. In the afternoon he makes sensible recommendations based on a survey of new weapons, and in the evening he comes home and eats a steak his wife bought at the Fort Myer commissary. After dinner, with his two little girls on the sofa beside him, he reads a chapter or two out of "Jo's Boys." He has the proper frame of reference; in England and Spain and Russia, there are other major generals eating steaks and poring over surveys of new weapons. It is a fine thing for our country to have a few intelligent people poring over surveys, too. And absorbed as he is in his work, Don must have, consciously or not, a sense of continuity. His father commanded one of the good infantry divisions in the other war and Don grew up in a long series of Army posts in Hawaii and the Philippines. Guns were made to be used. It is certain that Don has had few, if any, more moments of doubt or desperation after that night we milled around in the fog. He is successful and happy in his chosen profession.

Is he insane? I think so. Where I come from, anyone who seriously entertains the notion of causing seismic disturbances is crazy. Don't sit there and tell me that the difference between an atomic bomb and an earthquake is purely quantitative. It's all crazy. And anybody who thinks I'm going to tinker with the shattered minds of a few kids and get them into the proper mood for still another war is crazy, too.

I HAD a decent night's sleep at Don's apartment, my first in weeks. By the time I got up in the morning, both he and his wife were gone. I went out and ate a big breakfast about eleven o'clock and spent an hour or two watching a hive of working bees at the Smithsonian Institution. Then I saw a good movie. I had dinner at Cannon's, came back and read a book about Frederick the Great, and slept well again through the night.

Next day, late in the afternoon, Don's phone rang. I didn't know whether to answer it or not. A couple of days before, I had called Mercer to tell him where I was but I had also told him not to get in touch with me unless

VESTRY
TRUSTEES' RO

"Well, in I go. Pray for me."

he had to. I lifted the receiver and sure enough Mercer had given the phone number to Jean Weiland, my wholesome girl.

"I'm in Washington," she said. "I hope I'm not troubling you. They sent me to buy some things for a party we're having in the N.P. ward and the Captain said you'd be driving back tomorrow. Could you give me a lift, I wonder? There's quite a lot of stuff to carry. I have to buy ten pounds of popcorn and some cans of tobacco and two goldfish in a bowl."

"Goldfish?"

"For prizes."

"Well, let's pick them up in the morning," I said. By then, I'd been alone long enough and was ready to hear about life in Terre Haute. "What about dinner with me tonight?"

"Oh, marvellous," she said.

We went to the Shoreham. She looked bright and lovely, and I noted again that with a Red Cross uniform she could produce most of the widely known effects of a well-cut, well-filled bathing suit. The first thing she did was order an Old-Fashioned.

"Put a lot of whiskey in it," she told the waiter. She leaned back comfortably and smiled. "This is what I want," she said. "Do you mind if I take some time out from being mother's little helper?"

"I've just been taking some time out myself."

She drank five Old-Fashioneds in rapid succession. She had not, oddly, ever lived in Terre Haute, but she had been to a great many other places, particularly during the year she spent as a night-club magician's stooge.

"Do you ever have bad dreams?" she asked. "Mine have to do with being sawed in half. Most of the clubs were too small for us to pull that in, but it was one of his best. He practiced all day and worked half the night. Navy got him, finally."

"No, I never have bad dreams," I said. "Not since I was a small boy."

She talked. Her father and mother had been married three times—no, not to each other, different people. She had been to anyway a dozen boarding schools and convents, expelled from half of them. How come? Oh, one thing and another. She was twenty-six, but a lot of people took her for nineteen. Her hair was naturally wavy and the Red Cross wanted her to cut it shorter but she'd be damned if she would. A bunch of old maids for the most part, male and female, and all they could do was repeat, "You mustn't be conspicuous, my dear. Don't ever be conspicuous." Conspicuous, conspicuous—you'd think it was the only word in the language.

Married? Yes, once, but Mother had had it annulled because everyone, including the justice of the peace, had been drunk. It was what you'd call a kissless marriage, consummated only when she ran into her ex-husband a couple of years later in San Diego. Engaged? Well, yes, kind of, to a red-headed boy in the Marines. She hoped to see him in the Pacific if they shipped her out that way. If they'd only stop that everlasting gab about being conspicuous. Her group leader said the outfit was up for clearance Monday and that always meant you shipped immediately.

After dinner, she poured a double brandy into her coffee. It was not until then, while watching her hands and face, that Colonel Gray, the celebrated diagnostician, grasped the fact that she was an alcoholic.

We went driving in Rock Creek Park and had ourselves quite a lyrical interlude. She said it was wonderful to be driving in the woods again and not have to worry about gas coupons. We kissed, more and more fervently, and she recited, in her pretty way, some lines of poetry. She never travelled anywhere, she said, without a volume of Rupert Brooke. She had a welt on her wrist from the time she had tried to kill herself in Dallas, using the razor of her mother's third husband, an oil man.

"Let's go buy ourselves a bottle of something," she said.

We tried, but the liquor stores in Washington close at ten. Where should we land but in General Yates' apartment, drinking his bourbon, that's where. I had three or four jiggers while she put away slightly more than a pint. At that, it was she who had the foresight to remove the bedspread before we turned in.

She was first to fall asleep. Alcohol in small quantities keeps me awake, but after a while I fell asleep, too.

SHORTLY before dawn, I had my dream. The airplane was falling again and, as always, I was pinned to the roof. This time I succeeded in reaching the escape hatch but I didn't have the strength to pull myself through. There was another unusual detail. I kept blaming Don for having broken one of *my* metacarpal bones. When I opened my eyes, I was sitting up.

Jean was not in the bed. I put the light on and called for her. She came in from the living room, carrying a glass.

"It's the last of the bourbon," she said. "I thought you were sleeping. Thought I heard you groan. You all right?"

"I'm fine. You seem to be doing all right yourself."

"It's the end of the bottle, though. I'm sorry. I guess I should have left some for you. But you don't use it much, do you?"

"Not much. Won't you need more sleep?"

"No," she said. She sat down on the edge of the bed. "What I need is fifty dollars."

"What for?"

"I owe it to the Red Cross and I can't clear the country until I pay it back."

"How much do you have?"

"Dollar-fifty."

"And you'd like me to give you the rest. Is that it?"

"Yes," she said. "I got to get overseas. I don't care if the war's over. I got to make good at this. They won't let me clear without that money."

"Won't your mother give it to you?"

"No, damn her. Nobody'll give it to me, and I got to have it. I got to get out of this country or go nuts. Can't you see that? I can't afford to get fired from another job. They got to keep on thinking I'm mother's little helper and Florence Nightingale and all that. And I can't clear without returning that fifty. Nobody'll give it to me because nobody believes me. They think I'd just go out and blow it on liquor. Isn't that what you think?"

"Yes," I said. You could see she was a girl who had been refused many times in her life. She had been refused by her mother and probably her father and by bartenders in Dallas and San Diego and every other place.

"My God," she said. "Please believe me. I'd pay you back out of the very first check I drew overseas."

"I don't think you would."

"Then you won't give it to me?"

"I might." I am, as you will readily see, the soul of generosity.

"Oh, wonderful," Jean said. She went out and brushed her teeth and came back and got into bed again.

I let her sleep until fairly late. She was one of the girls who look even more beautiful while sleeping. The Red Cross was silly, trying to make her cut that hair. As a matter of fact, I called them up in the morning. I said nothing about the hair but after being switched around to half a dozen people I managed to have Jean's indebtedness confirmed.

We had breakfast at the Mayflower, where I knew I could get a check cashed. I gave Jean the money at what I judged to be an appropriately casual moment. Besides being generous, I am a man of well-nigh inordinate delicacy. She folded the bills and slipped them briskly into her musette bag.

We drove around and picked up the popcorn, the tobacco, and two goldfish in a bowl. You'd be surprised what an immense sack it takes to hold ten pounds of popcorn. We also bought a fifth of bourbon to replace Don's, and by then it was time to go back to the post.

We had a thoughtful and pleasant drive back. Jean was fascinated by the goldfish.

"They gasp like they had the d.t.s," she said. "I had the d.t.s once in Oklahoma City. I promised to help a guy take an inventory of his bar there if he'd let me finish all the bottles that had less than two fingers of liquor in them. Next thing I knew, I had the d.t.s in a hotel room and everybody was asking me where I lived."

I'm sure the Red Cross people don't know what they have in Jean. She's crazy as a loon and, for overseas service, exactly what the doctor ordered. One doctor, anyway. She'll drive all the other Red Cross girls frantic but she'll make a large number of men and officers happy indeed. Especially officers. They're the ones with access to liquor, the ones with friends in the Air Transport Command. Always there will be an officer with a fifth of bourbon or Scotch and he'll go crazy over Jean, who is crazy as a loon.

I DIDN'T go to the party in the neuropsychiatric ward, but I understand it was a pronounced success. The tobacco was handed out and the popcorn eaten. The only awkward occurrence was Sergeant Lanigan's deliberate smashing of the goldfish bowl. I'm afraid he'll tell his mother all about it and I'll have to explain to her. I will have to explain that her boy still has bad moments but that he'll be perfectly all right in time. In six months or a year I may even have him ready for another war. All he needs is a breather. I have a few bad moments myself, and there are times when I need a breather, too. Then I take a few days off and, before you can say Jack Robinson, I'm back at the job, good as new.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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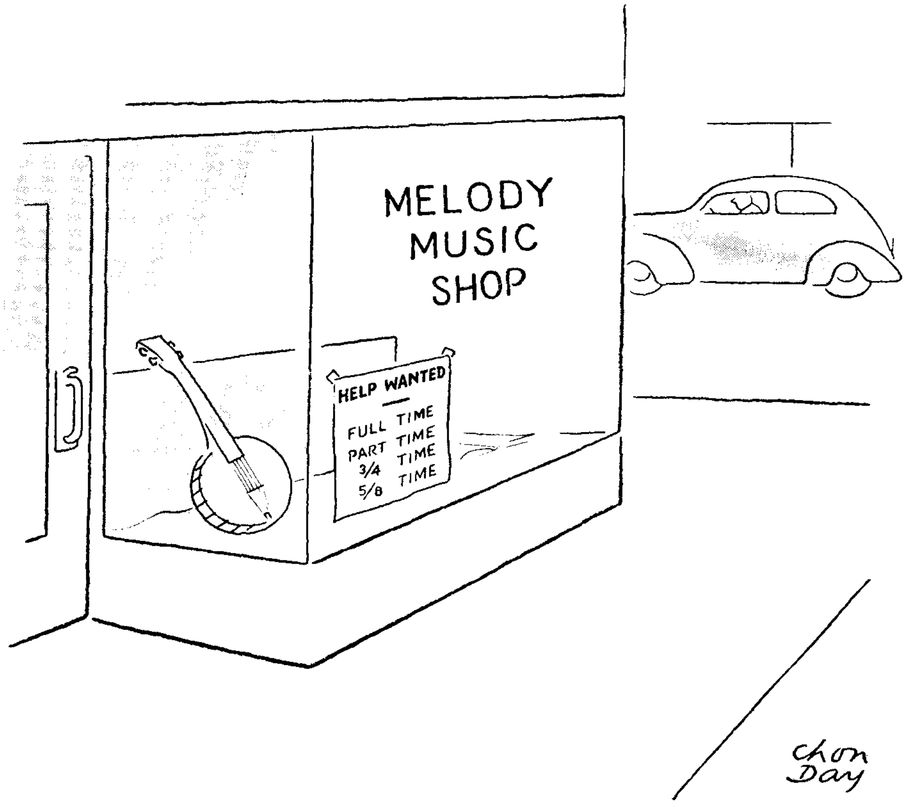
PHILADELPHIA—(AP)—Perry Hassman, who always wanted to be a motorcycle, took an examination for the police force five months ago.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Lure of the siren, probably.



GRANDPA GAVE DOSTOEVSKI A SEVEN

WHEN my grandfather was a very young man he went to Brazil to try to sell some sort of ice-making machine, but the Brazilians took no interest in ice, it all led to nothing, and he returned to this country. For a while he was connected, though not very closely, with the manufacture of stamped envelopes for the government. After that, since he had a comfortable inheritance anyway, he just stayed at home in Hartford and read thousands and thousands of books, for fun, the rest of his long life.

When I think of Grandpa, I remember a pointed white beard and eyes of a candid shade of blue under very fierce, beetling black eyebrows. The year I was born he suffered a knee injury and his doctor left the plaster cast on too long, with the result that his leg stiffened out perfectly straight and unbending, and stayed that way. During my early years, I supposed all grandfathers walked like a pair of scissors. All his life Grandpa carried around tiny notebooks in his pocket. In some he jotted down every penny he spent. Most of these notebooks have disappeared, but yesterday, in a box of family odds and ends in my own attic, I came on the smooth, dark-maroon leather one in which he kept track of his reading. He took a walk every day, mostly to and from the public library, with an occasional detour to his stockbroker's, but his great happiness was to sit, reading novels, upstairs in what was known to the family as "the red room at No. 981," the tall, shoebox-shaped, brick house on Asylum Street where he and my grandmother lived. The color of the wallpaper in the red room was of a bright violence that, according to modern psychiatry, could lead only to some special form of mental derangement. Grandpa said he liked it; it was cheerful. The men who long ago hung that paper must have swooned on their stepladders. I haven't seen the red room for fifteen years now, but the very memory of it makes me blink. Here Grandpa would sit in a rocking chair by the back window, rocking the brief arc that his stiff extended leg permitted. Here, in his desk beside him, he kept the maroon leather notebook, and every novel he read he entered alphabetically by author, in tiny writing. After each name he put the title, the date he read the book, and a figure from 1 to 7. Inside the front cover of his notebook was the simple legend:

1=Excellent
2=Very good
3=Good
4=Fair
5=Poor
6=Very poor
7=Rotten

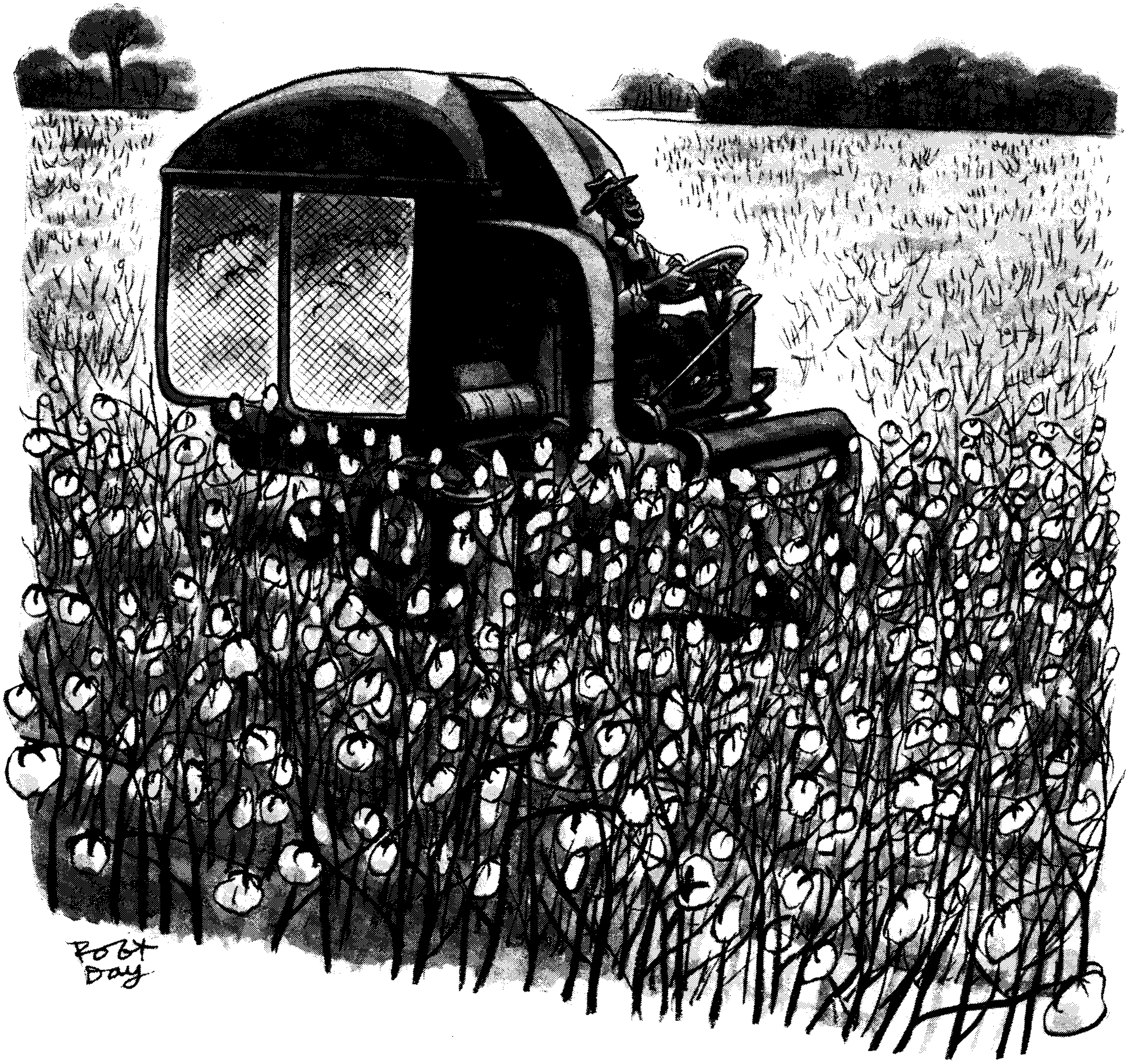
The notebook covers Grandpa's reading between 1897 and 1929, the year he died, and the listing of each volume is followed by its neat, numerical comment. The 1s and 2s were honored by being inked in red; there seems to have been a great deal of red in Grandpa's quiet life. I don't believe he ever laid down a book without finishing it, no matter how out of patience he got with it. In his record he never abbreviated and never misspelled. Pseudonyms were carefully noted, and if you want to know what Grandpa thought of "Pêcheur d'Islande," it won't do you any good to look under Pierre Loti. Pierre Loti is there all right, under "L," but there you are referred to "Viaud, Louis Marie Julien," and learn that, in 1898, Grandpa marked the book a 3.

In one corner of the red room was a day bed that looked comfortable but was really as hard as rock. Upon this, during the last decade of his life, Grandpa would force himself to stretch out perfectly flat and straight, his eyes wide open, for an hour after lunch; then up and back to his rocking chair, to Charles Lever or Stephen Crane or F. Marion Crawford. Once in a while my little grandmother, who never read anything, would come to the foot of the stairs and call, "Char*lee!*" Grandpa would stop rocking, say "Confound it!," and, shutting his book but keeping a finger in to mark the place, lead off with his stiff leg into the hall and stump to the head of the stairs. "Confound it, Madam; what is it now?" he would say over the banister. Whatever the trouble was—cook leaving, boiler leaking, black man waiting to be paid for shovelling snow—he very seldom did anything about it. Usually he would say "Ah!" and then "*Ha!*" and, pivoting on his straight leg, stump back into the red room, perhaps to give Dostoevski a 7 for "The Idiot."

Early in 1901, according to the evidence of the maroon notebook, Grandpa bought a complete set of Balzac. In January and February, he went through "Le Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," and "Le Curé de Tours;" all of them he marked 3. By November of that year he had read fifty-seven of the works of Balzac, listing thirty of them 4s, the rest 3s and 5s. In February, 1902, after a brief vacation, he took a deep breath and went on until May with the remaining twenty-nine; several of *them* were 6s. A noticeable feature of Grandpa's literary criticism is that if he took up with a prolific writer, he stayed with him, but along toward the end the ratings got less and less complimentary. With Balzac, however, he finally brought up with a glad shout at the "Contes Drolatiques," which he marked 2. Why he kept them to the last I do not know.

Every few years, Grandpa left his red room and sailed back to Brazil, perhaps to see if the Brazilians had yet embraced the idea of artificial ice. He never talked about his travels; he merely came home again and, with his scissors tread, mounted the long straight stairs to the red room, and settled down to what would perhaps eventually amount to a heavy sprinkling of little red 2s for Trollope.

THE war of 1914-1918 had a profound effect on Grandpa's critical faculties. A passionate belief in the Allied cause warped his peculiar yardstick for literature. He liked any book that was stirring and patriotic and throbbing with the spirit of the crusade we all thought that that war was. "The Note-Book of an Attaché," "Carry On," "Out to Win," "The Glory of the Trenches," "A



"Oh, by an' by, by an' by,
I'm goin' to lay down dis heavy load . . ."

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Son at the Front," "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"—all were followed by a 1 or a 2. Ian Hay (see Beith) and Arthur Guy Empey were also honored with red ink. Between books, Grandpa bought Liberty Bonds and dealt them out like playing cards to his grandchildren. Then, directly the war was over and the troubled peace had come, his interest in foreign affairs lapsed and he went back into the long spell of novel reading that lasted until the end of his life. He read Selma Lagerlöf and gave her 4s, and he gave a 2 to Stevenson for "St. Ives" but only a 4 for "An Inland Voyage." He also made his quiet way through hundreds of books I had never heard of until I came upon their titles in the notebook. Almost the only poetry listed is "John Brown's Body," which got 3; there is no Shakespeare, no Chaucer, no Browning.

It would be fun if I could know, now in 1945, what he would have said about some of the more recent writers—Virginia Woolf, for instance. Grandpa liked stories to be direct and simple and lively and full of romance, and he liked them to be neatly finished at the edges. I bet he would give Mrs. Woolf a 7, a long-tailed, scornful, foreign-looking 7, such as he learned to make, so long ago, on his first trip to Brazil.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

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GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Pasadena* (*Calif.*) *Star-News*]

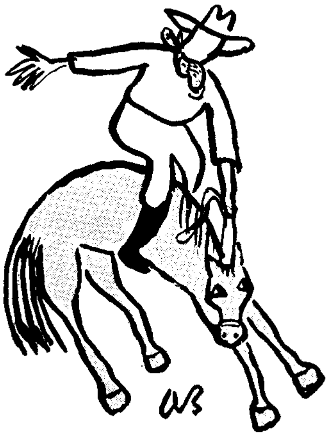
Rivalry with the New Yorker is said to be the ambition of the Saturday Review staff. But along more dignified lines.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GREEK DIARY: COMMUNISTS, SOCIALISTS, AND ROYALISTS

I HAD interviews, in Athens, with two remarkable professors who have become political figures: George Georgalas and Alexander Svolos. Both are middle-aged men of top standing in their fields, and they are typical of the Greek intellectuals who have been driven by the needs of their country to take an active part in the E.A.M. movement, the National Liberation Front, which organized the resistance to the Germans and which controlled most of the countryside of Greece before the Papandreou government, a creation of the British, took over. They present the best possible proof that that movement has not been the creation either of professional radicals or of cutthroats from the mountains. Svolos, an authority on constitutional law, was the president and spokesman of E.A.M. through the period of crisis last winter; Georgalas, formerly the head of the government geological service, is now the director of E.P.O.N., the United Panhellenic Organization of Youth, which is the junior branch of E.A.M.

Georgalas I saw in his office, just off his geology classroom in the Polytechnic School. He showed me the statistics on Greek education with the enthusiasm and energy of a man who was fighting for reforms that were obviously needed and that inevitably had to come: the rudiments of democratic education. The state of Greek education seems really, to an American, incredible. The figures for the school year 1937-38 show how bad the situation was before the general wreck brought by the war. At the beginning of that year, out of a population of seven and a half millions, there were 987,000 children attending the primary schools, and before the year was done, 80,000 had dropped out. Of 231,000 children who had entered the first grade in these schools, only 82,000 were surviving in the sixth grade, so that only about a third of the ordinary Greeks (who did not go to private schools) got even a complete primary education. The teaching, too, was quite inadequate: one teacher had sometimes a hundred pupils. In 1937, 3,700 villages had no school of any kind. In the same year there were graduated from the high schools only 94,920 students. Of these high schools there were five hundred to educate the less than nine per cent of the population who practiced the liberal professions, and only two to give agricultural training to the more than fifty-eight per cent engaged in agriculture. The education in the high schools was mainly based on the reading of the ancient Greek authors in a purely philological way and the study of the physical sciences in a purely theoretical way and with no direct contact with nature. "Here you Americans," Georgalas said, "are inventing an atomic bomb, while our physicists in Greece have hardly come to grips with any practical problem!" Among the graduates of the two universities, Athens and Salonika, in 1937-38, forty-five per cent became lawyers, thirty-three per cent doctors, seven per cent philologists, five per cent chemists, and of the remaining ten per cent, eight per cent had gone in for the physical sciences. The men from these schools and colleges that equipped them with a classical education did not want to return to the towns: they almost invariably remained in Athens to find or look for government jobs and become "parasites on the bourgeoisie." There had, in 1937-38, been 11,140 graduates of the regular universities, while at the two small agricultural schools nineteen students had been graduated, of whom only two were of working-class origin. The principal school of agriculture, founded in 1920, had been closed in 1939 by the dictator Metaxas and its faculty obliged to become part of the University of Salonika, where they had been working ever since with no laboratories.



What E.A.M. was aiming at was to provide instruction in agricultural chemistry and other technical subjects which would make it possible for the peasants to develop their barren country and raise their meagre standard of living. The reactionaries had never wanted this, because they did not want the common people strengthened. There would be no real education in Greece till the monarchists were removed from power.

E.P.O.N. itself, he told me, had taken in children under fourteen from all sorts of political backgrounds, and had once had five hundred thousand members. It had organized two hundred stations, where the children were fed and given playgrounds; but all this work had been undone when the public activities of E.A.M. had been stopped.

WITH Svolos I talked mainly about politics, and I put to him certain questions to which he was in a position to know the answers. I had in my mind a fairly clear version of the incidents that had led up to the civil war. The British, in their anxiety to bring back the King and to defeat the activities of the Communists, had been alarmed by the Left tendencies of E.A.M. and by the formidable proportions it had attained, and they had attempted to disarm E.L.A.S., its army. They had announced that they were disarming all units, of the Right as well as of the Left, in order to create a true national army; but when E.L.A.S. in good faith had laid down its arms, the Royalist troops—the Mountain Brigade and the Sacred Battalion—were allowed to retain theirs. On December 3rd of last year, E.A.M. held a demonstration in Constitution Square, in Athens, to protest against the policy of the British. They were unarmed, and many of the women had brought their small children. The British had given a permit for this meeting, but they had revoked it at three o'clock that morning in such a way that it had been impossible to call off the demonstration. Nobody seems to know precisely what started the trouble: the Royalists claimed that the crowd were trying to rush the guard at the government's headquarters in the Grande Bretagne Hotel; but there is no question that the majority of the demonstrators went on quietly marching while the Royalist police fired into them and killed and wounded about a hundred people. Funerals were held the next day, and a procession passed through the streets. The Royalists fired on the procession from the windows of hotels and killed or wounded between a hundred and fifty and two hundred people.

I asked Svolos now whether it were true, as had been said and as might seem to be indicated by the British revocation

"Don't spread it around, but I've just discovered a little place off the Ginza that serves the best damned dried seaweed in town."

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of the permit at that impossible time of night, that the whole thing had been a British provocation intended to provide them with a pretext for crushing E.A.M. before it grew stronger. He answered that he did not necessarily believe that the British rôle in the drama had been so simple or so conscious as this. They had perhaps not provoked the insurrection that followed these attacks by the Royalists, but they "had not been sorry" to have it happen. It was an example of the familiar British practice of half allowing, half stimulating actions which, though carried out by other people, would be advantageous to British interests. He said that the responsibility had to be shared, in various proportions, by the Royalists, the British, and the Communists. Was it true, as I had been told by an American who said that he had been in a position to know, that at the time of the Lebanon conference of May, 1944, stage-managed by the British, when Svolos had wired to E.A.M. for advice as to how to proceed in regard to a proposed program for a "government of National Unity," and E.A.M. had directed him to make certain reservations, the telegraphed answer from E.A.M. had been suppressed by British Ambassador Leeper? He replied that it was impossible to say that the telegram had been suppressed but that it had certainly been sent and had never arrived. Was the impression I had got correct that, at the time of the crisis last winter, the Greek Communists in E.A.M. had been acting without the approval or knowledge of Moscow—Stalin perhaps having agreed at Yalta, in return for a free hand elsewhere, not to interfere with the British in the Mediterranean? Svolos said that he believed this to be true—that the Greek Communists had at that time sent a delegate to Russia but that Moscow had refused to see him and dispatched him straight back to Athens, and that, throughout this period, the Moscow radio had made no mention of events in Greece. I asked him about the atrocities alleged to have been committed by E.A.M.—mass executions of civilians murdered with knives and axes, men and women hostages marched barefoot for days in the snow, till many died of exhaustion—of which so much was made by Ambassador Leeper in his reports to Anthony Eden. Svolos did not deny that such things had happened, but said that they were not, as had been declared, mere outrages by ruffians from the mountains but a part of a long and bitter history of private revenges and political reprisals that had begun under the Metaxas regime and gone on through the German occupation, during both of which periods the Greek Fascists had been committing most of the atrocities. After the liberation, the British, who controlled the news from Greece, had succeeded in forestalling or suppressing reports of what the reactionaries were doing to the liberals. At present, as everybody knew, the jails were full of political prisoners, and every day the agents of the government were arresting more people without warrant, shooting them and beating them up on the street, and torturing them to extort information. He was worried by Bevin's speech on British policy, which had been delivered the day before. They had been hoping for an amnesty, but now Bevin, it seemed, had announced that this might be difficult, since, according to him, there were "violent criminals" mixed up with the political prisoners, and there was a problem of sorting these out.

I asked Svolos what sort of following he thought E.A.M. could now command if it were free to function politically. It seemed to be generally admitted that at the time of the civil war it had been backed by about eighty per cent of the Greeks. He replied that the Socialists had now split off from E.A.M., but that the Socialists and the Communists between them could still, he thought, command a following of seventy-five per cent of the people. And he pointed out that when these Left elements asked the British to allow the Greeks to form what was described as "a representative government," they had proposed a combination which did not at all reflect these proportions but gave undue importance to the Right—the formula being one third Royalist, one third democratic and center, and only one third Socialists and Communists.

THE ACADEMIC GROVE

MARK HOPKINS ON A LOG

At this end of the log,
White daisies in his hat,
Rested a pedagogue.
The space accommodated
One to be educated,
So properly I sat
To hear, to apprehend,
Down at the other end.

A university
Of one who gladly taught,
One who gave heed, were we.
Like an expectant frog,
I waited for monologue
To fatten my lean thought
On esoteric diet.
Even the woods were quiet.

Slowly he plucked a petal.
"She loves me not," he said,
Plucking again to settle
A matter scarcely prudent
To argue with a student.
I may have been misled
By the two ends of a log.
(But so was the pedagogue.)

THE MACABRE IN PROFESSORS

Professors love a cemetery;
It may contain some literary
Remains or some historic gem.
Illustrious dead appeal to them.
They like to wander sadly by
The graves where English poets lie.

One night I walked a London street
With a professor whom the treat
Of cemeteries made distraught.
It was a burial we sought,
Somewhere in Hampstead. In the gloom
He wanted to inspect a tomb.

The pilgrim's look was in his face.
At ten-fifteen, we found the place;
We peered across an iron fence
And lit a match with reverence.
Joanna Baillie lay interred
The second row, he said, or third.

Joanna Baillie lay at rest,
He thought a little north by west.
We could not quite distinguish hers
Among the other sepulchres,
But the professor did not care.
Joanna was around somewhere!

FACULTY WIFE

She joins a club
To read a book
(Her husband
Has a ravelled look),

To knit, to sing,
Discuss Japan.
(Her husband
Is a lonely man.)

She leads
A Tuesday study group
(His trousers
Have a mournful droop)

On Pottery
And Early Glass.
(He walks the Scotty
After class.)

—Helen Bevington

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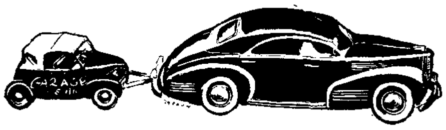
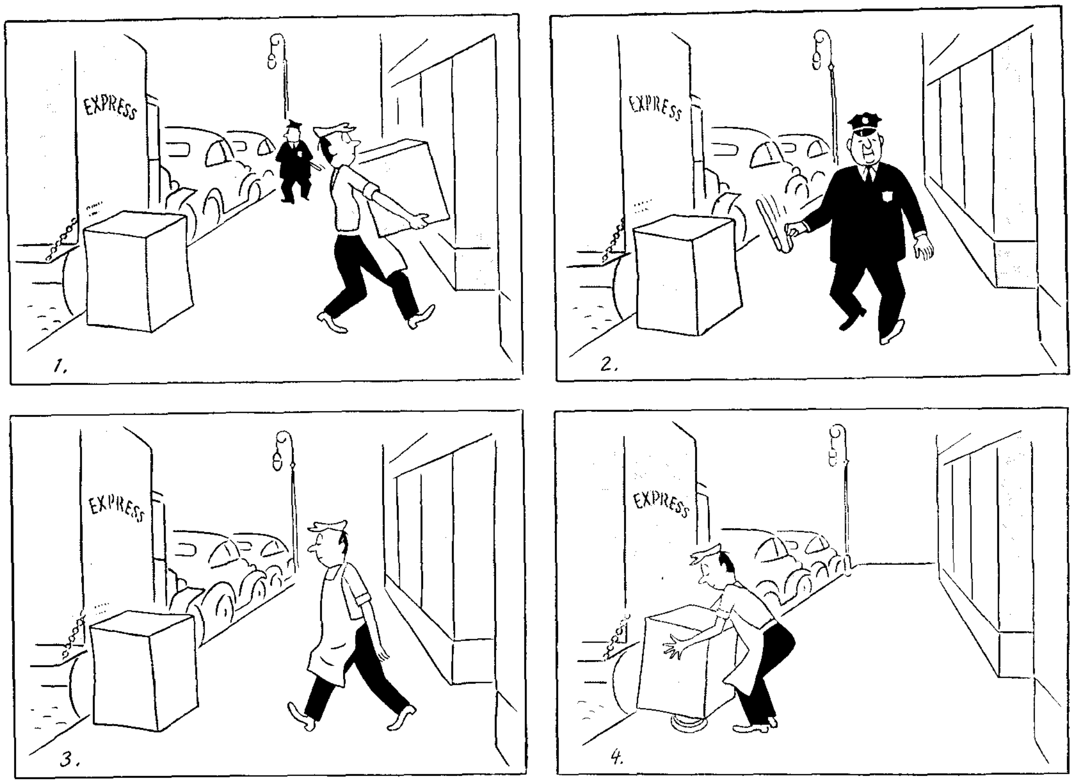
I asked him why he had split with the Communists. Because their methods were so unscrupulous, he said. Nobody else could get on with people who made a practice of double-dealing; nor could they accomplish their own aims in that way. He himself had always been a Socialist—he had been removed by Metaxas from his university chair; and now, dissociating himself from E.A.M., he had organized last April a new Socialist Party by the fusion of three other parties. Georgalas, he told me, belonged to a small Socialist group that was still a part of E.A.M. and that he believed to consist of camouflaged Communists. During my interview with Georgalas, I had had a very definite impression that I was talking to a convinced fellow-traveller, and I was interested by Svolos' confirmation. Later I tried to put my finger on the indications which had made me feel this. It seemed to me that I was able to identify them in a peculiar extreme cheerfulness and certainty with which he had talked about everything. The middle-class C.P. member or sympathizer is transported into a kind of substratosphere where, like the aviator who goes too high, he falls victim to a treacherous euphoria. There is no question in his mind that he has picked the winning side and is about to cash in on the stakes, and he does not need to argue about it any more than a Rosicrucian is obliged to defend his esoteric doctrine. Georgalas, no doubt by temperament a sanguine and self-confident man, had, I felt, succumbed a little to that mood of Communist blitheness which is not entirely reassuring. He had talked to me at length and with feeling about the soul-destroying pedantry with which the ancient Greek authors were taught: "Why we love Homer and Sophocles," he said, "they would never find out from their teachers! A little niece of mine was terribly proud because she knew about a verb form which only occurs about once in the whole of Greek literature and which, as I told her, I had taught Greek for years without ever knowing about. But that was what our education aimed at!" I demurred that this might not be entirely the fault of the reactionary powers who presided over education in Greece, that, even in democratic America, Shakespeare was often taught just like that—that this was a tendency of the academic profession at all times and everywhere. But he smilingly shook his head, brushed my interruption off, and went on; and it seemed to me that, in his Marxist optimism, he was sure that these stupidities would disappear so soon as the Communists should come to power.

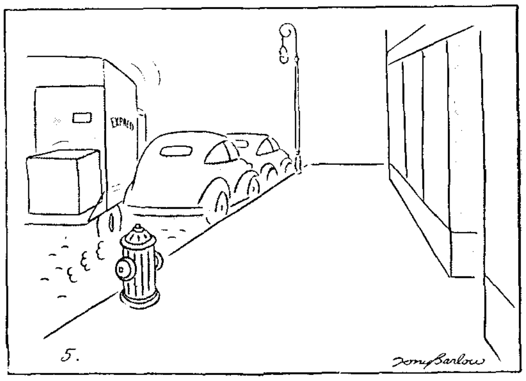


With Svolos it was quite different. You could talk to him as to anyone else. He lived in the same world as I did,



where there were difficulties, doubts, confused issues, conflicts between expediency and principle. He reminded me a little of Silone, in Rome, who was engaged in a similar task: the attempt to build up, out of the Socialist tradition and the survivors from the old Socialist groups, a movement that would be strong enough to resist the Russians and avert the kind of paralyzing dictatorship which Russian Communism has always brought with it. Such people are anxious and intent; they are never unnaturally cheerful. The only time, during a long stay in Rome, when I ever saw Silone look happy was at the time of the Socialist Congress last July, when I met him on the street, beaming, and he told me that he believed that the pro-Stalinist Socialists were certain to be outvoted on the issue of a merger with the Communists.

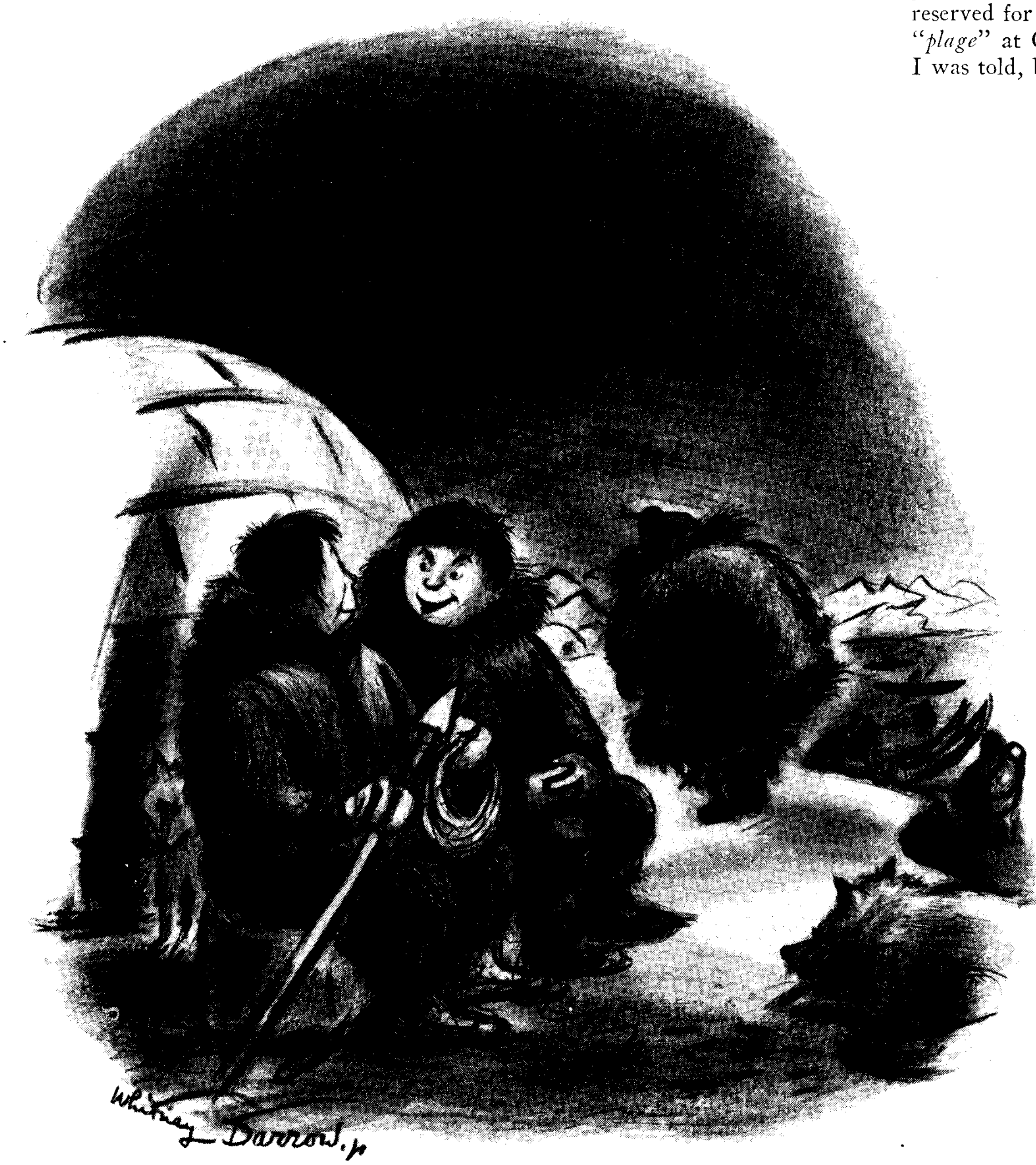
I HAD made, on a trip to Delphi, the acquaintance of a young Greek woman, who was acting as interpreter for U.N.R.R.A., and I saw something of her and her family. They belonged to the well-to-do Greek bourgeoisie—that is, they had once been well-to-do, for few people in Greece have much money or can buy much with what they have. The V.s lived in a well-furnished apartment on the Odos Vasilissis Sophias, among the palaces, the fine houses, and the embassies of the fashionable quarter of Athens; but three generations and two branches of the family were obliged to share half a dozen rooms, so that their life was rather hampered and constricted. There were Eleni and her husband, their two children, her mother-in-law, her brother-in-law, and his wife. And they got water only, I think, twice a week and had to save it in buckets and heat it themselves.



Yet this was, for them, a period of relative security. Eleni's husband had worked against the Germans and had had to escape to Egypt, and Eleni had had to spend a couple of years alone with the children in Athens. Their persistence through it all in the habits and the attitudes of comfortable people made rather an odd impression—especially when one remembered how completely they had been cut off from the rest of their kind in Europe. It was as if they had preserved in a vacuum an abstraction of the bourgeoisie, an essence which had never been troubled by the social upheavals going on in the world or by the ordeals of their native country. Their culture was at least as much French as Greek. Eleni's husband had studied law in Paris, and Eleni spoke French with her children. Her mother and her stepfather, whom I met there one day, spoke French, they told me, even between themselves. But the effect was not to place the V.s in a larger international world: it was rather to make the French language seem like something nonconductive and insipid, a medium of intercourse that did not imply any real relation either with actual, present-day Athens or with present-day, distant Paris.

On the occasion of one of my calls, I found Eleni's mother-in-law reading an old back number of *Les Œuvres Libres*, and she explained that they had not been able, in Greece, to get any new French books since before the war. I walked up to the large, glass-doored bookcase and looked in at the paperbacks, which seemed to exhale a peculiar staleness. They were the biographies, the novels, and the poetry, including much that was second-rate, of the early nineteen-hundreds and the twenties. I had already been conscious in Italy of the extent to which the war and Mussolini had kept the Italians cut off from the main currents of contemporary thought; but there the crop of brilliant white and colored covers with titles in vivid type that had come out last spring, like flowers, in the shop windows and the sidewalk newsstands—the translations of contemporary books, the new editions of French and Italian classics, the first Italian printings of outlawed Italian authors, and the innumerable new reviews—had been rapidly making up for this. In Greece there was no similar revival. To go into Kauffman's, the headquarters for foreign books, was almost like exploring an attic; and in Eleutheroudakis', the Athenian Brentano's, you were shocked to see how rare and how precious modern books on technical subjects, such as medicine and engineering, had become. A look into the V.s' bookcase was a contact, from which one drew back, with a cultural day-before-yesterday that was somehow still a part of the present world. And near the bookcase hung a small oil painting which seemed to me in key with the books, for it depicted not a person or a landscape but what appeared to be a room in a museum—perhaps one of the great chambers of the Vatican—with indistinct paintings on the walls and something in a case that one could not see. It was, I thought, characteristic of the household. Eleni's husband knew an extraordinary amount about an extraordinary variety of things—the history and culture of Greece, and European philosophy and music, as well as his profession of law—and wrote more or less on all these subjects; but his opinions (I do not say it invidiously of so agreeable and learned a man) made sometimes as dry eating as must have been the legendary steaks supposed to have been cut by the Russians from the mammoth found frozen in Siberia. He was a Royalist, and, as with all such people whose position had been thus reduced, I could not but feel that his politics were founded—however subtly he might justify them—on an identification with his remnants of property and with the social prestige he enjoyed of the cultural interests and intellectual standards which were unquestionably what he most valued. Nor do I mean to sneer at this. How many similar people in the United States, deprived of social standing and financial independence—which is what the Greek bourgeoisie seem menaced with as no group in America is—could be sure of being able to uphold or defend the things they have been taught to admire?

Eleni, who was younger than her husband, did not, I thought, though loyal to Church and King, quite follow all the bourgeois prejudices, for she told us that some friend of hers was taking her to meet the Soviet Ambassador. She had the special sort of elegance and fineness that is not monied or aristocratic in the usual European sense but a part of some old kind of nobility, at once primitive and civilized, that still thrives in the Greek islands. I used to go swimming with them in the afternoons, and it depressed me to contrast with the beach reserved for the military Americans the "*plage*" at Gliphada, which had once, I was told, been the gayest and smartest of Athens. We U.N.R.R.A. men and soldiers on leave and engineers and war correspondents had a fine row of clean little houses that seemed to have been newly built, with various kinds of service, such as a woman who splashed you with water to wash the sand off your feet, and a bar where they opened your PX beer and supplied you with glasses to drink it. But at Gliphada the old casino had been completely dismantled by the Germans, and there was nothing but a sordid little place where you had to take turns in the bathhouses, rather sickening with the smell of the muddy sand with which the floors were caked and of the fish which was always being fried right next to the wet bathing suits. Eleni, against this background, in a faded pink bathing costume that brought out the tan of her arms and legs and showed her slender and sinuous body, all the more attracted one's attention by her naturalness and poise and


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"She has a very nice figure, I understand."

KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS

# "Meet Daisy, my dressmaker!"

It's a far cry from Paris to a pasture. But in the world of fashion, Daisy's quite a figure!

Chances are, you already own one of her "creations"... a dress, a suit, a cozy housecoat. In the lining or on the price-tag, it's identified as *Aralac.**

Aralac is another exciting product to be conjured from a pail of milk. Spun from the casein particles into fleece-light strands, its composition is much like that of wool or fur. It boasts the *liveness* common to protein fibers. Weaves into fabrics that are colorful ... smooth-fitting ... delightful to feel.

Furthermore, they disprove a time-worn old proverb. For here's one case where you *can* "eat your milk and wear it, too." While providing, by the millions of yards, a welcome new material for designers' scissors ... *Aralac does not divert a single glass of milk from your family's table.*

In developing this versatile textile ... out of once-discarded wastes ... National Dairy simply carries forward a wide-ranging program to increase the usefulness of milk by-products. At National Dairy Laboratories, research goes on each day to improve the processing of cheese, butter, ice cream. A continual effort to find new and better ways to bring you milk, nature's most nearly perfect food, in all its forms.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food ... as a base for the development of new products and materials ... as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Memorial Thea., Hartford, Conn.
Oct. 22nd to Dec. 15th
Colonial Theatre—Boston, Mass.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE,
43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.
CHICAGO
HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

"No. I on the Hit Parade." *Walter Winchell*
EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. CO 5-2412
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York."
—Walter Winchell
Dark of the Moon
A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. CI 6-6075. Evgs. 8:40.
2 Perfs. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 & 8:40

2nd YEAR — "BEST SHOW IN TOWN."
I WANNA GET MARRIED!
GERTRUDE NIESEN
in FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
BROADHURST Thea. W. 44 St. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

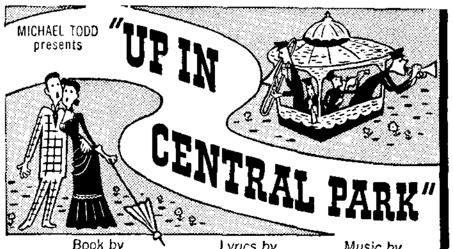
MAX GORDON
presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

grace; and two glimpses of her still stay in my mind as if I had brought them home engraved on Minoan seals: one of her figure going quickly up the stairs, obliquely so that I saw her in profile, pressing firmly but lightly on each of the steps with her rather long feet, showing none of the self-consciousness or vanity of a pretty woman at the beach; and the other of her standing in the water and playing with her little girl, smiling so that she made her eyes slits as she splashed with her palm tipped back at the wrist, at every splash thrusting her face forward and hissing, as if she had been some elemental creature—some siren that resembled a water snake. When I asked her what she was supposed to be, she answered that it wasn't anything.

THE V.s invited me to dinner one evening to celebrate Eleni's birthday. It was then that I met her mother and her stepfather, and I was amazed at her mother's youth, as I had been when I discovered that Eleni had children of ten and thirteen. Eleni had been married at sixteen, and her mother when she was not much older. The stepfather was a cosmopolitan man who apologized with dignity for the Greeks: they had recently been led to misbehave themselves by certain lawless and alien elements, and it was regrettable that this should have given the world a poor opinion of them. We went for dinner to one of the very best night clubs: a place such as, for gaiety and glamour, I had not seen, since the war, in Europe. It was also the first full-length meal under completely clean and attractive conditions that I had had since I had been in Greece, and evidently also a treat for the V.s. You got just the same dishes as elsewhere: sliced tomatoes, rice pilaff, and fish, but you got enough instead of too little. The place was full of well-groomed British officers with Athenian "society" girls, some of them very pretty with their blond hair in two rolls over their temples, so that their faces looked like valentines. Eleni and her mother enjoyed themselves recognizing people and gossiping about them. Some of these Greek girls were engaged to Englishmen.

There was with us a youngish journalist who wrote for a Royalist paper: he was a tall man of the world, very lively and rather dapper, with mustaches in the style of George II—as Eleni said to me later, "always perfectly delighted with himself." He was an old friend of Eleni's husband, who loved to talk politics with him. I had

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.,
presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre



MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER *present*
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SECOND YEAR!
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT *Theatre, 44th St., West of B'way*
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
CI 6-6363. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
FRANK FAY in
"HARVEY"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX THEA., West 45th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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FINE CLUB

DISTILLED DRY GIN

4/5 quart · 90 Proof

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BELLOWS & COMPANY
Established 1830
BELLOWS
FINE CLUB
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Carefully distilled according to our own formula: bottled for
New York City
4/5 QUART
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Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Bellows Fine Club Gin possesses a soft bland dryness in which no one flavor predominates. It has long been considered by connoisseurs as ideal for use in Dry Martini cocktails.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS • ESTABLISHED 1830

New York • Colorado Springs • Chicago

Popular Record News!

by Dave Dexter, Jr.

★ SOMETHING NEW in the way of recorded entertainment is being offered as the 1945 Christmas season nears. Fibber McGee and Molly, the homey and beloved troupers whose weekly radio audience is conservatively pegged at 40 million listeners, will make their debut on records in a handsome Capitol album entitled "On the Night Before Christmas," with Fibber McGee and Molly.

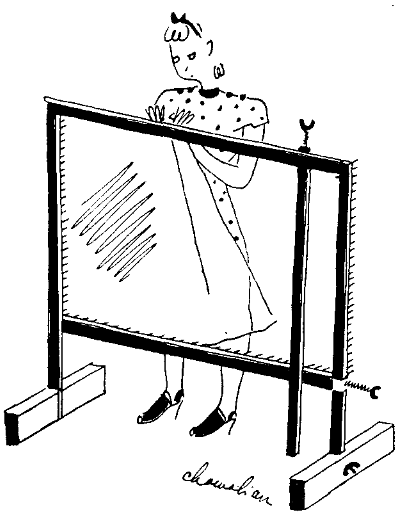
Thus, the medium of phonograph recording increases its scope and effectiveness as America's most popular humorists are captured with incredible fidelity on six 10-inch sides which may be enjoyed time and again. The same enterprising Capitol organization likewise has in preparation another unique album set featuring little Margaret O'Brien. This talented M-G-M actress recites her favorite stories for children with superb accompaniment of Paul Weston's orchestra. Margaret's abilities have never before been presented on records, either.

Capitol's late 1945 output is in no way restricted to albums featuring the nation's outstanding screen and radio stars, however. A steady stream of single numbers continues to emanate from its huge plant into record stores throughout the land, and the King Cole Trio, Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford, Stan Kenton, Andy Russell, the Pied Pipers, Johnnie Johnston and others of equal renown are consistently scoring on juke boxes with their refreshing, stylized renditions of the current most-played songs which a grateful world at peace is joyfully requesting.

You hear the difference on Capitol records!

(*Advertisement*)

the impression that the combinations and projects which these two were always discussing were among the least realistic of the many schools of café-table politics with which Athens so abounds; but it had to be admitted this evening that their hopes, from an unexpected quarter, were getting the most heartening encouragement. The journalist had just heard over the radio the news of Bevin's speech on British foreign policy, and he relayed it to us with unrestrained glee and much gloating over the chagrin of the Left: "He said that the Labour Government would continue to follow the policy that England had already supported, that they could see no good reason for a change in Greece before the Greek elections took place, and that they would make every effort in the meantime to see that law and order were preserved—that they would send a police mission." He described to us at length a visit to England, from which he had just returned. He had been gratified unspeakably, at a party, to see a fashionable English lady recognize, by a glance at his insignia, an officer of the Greek Air Force. And he went on to tell us a story about another party, at which he had had "*un succès foudroyant avec trois compliments—trois seulement, mais très méditerranéens.*" The first compliment I cannot remember, but the second had been detonated at the time when they were playing a game of "What famous person would you most like to be?" The lady whom he hoped to impress had, in his turn, put this question to him, and he had answered, "*La ville de Hiroshima.*" "'*Pourquoi?*' *J'ai répondu,* '*Je voudrais être la ville de Hiroshima, si vous étiez la bombe atomique pour me tomber dessus!*'" Later she had returned and said, smiling, "*Dîtes-moi, qu'est-ce que vous voudriez être encore?*" "*Cette fois je lui ai répondu—toujours très*



METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE NOW to NOV. 6
Seats Now For All Perf. — Mail Orders Filled
S. HUROK
presents
Ballet Theatre
THE GREATEST IN
RUSSIAN BALLET
Evenings including Sundays at 8:30—1.20 to 4.80. Mats. Every Saturday & Sunday 1.20 to 3.60 (tax included).
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

"COMPLETELY ENCHANTING COMEDY"
—JOHN CHAPMAN, Daily News
You Touched Me!
with EDMUND GWENN
BOOTH Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
Marinka
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
"Majority of aisle sitters licked their chops over colorful 'Marinka'."—Walter Winchell
BARRYMORE Thea. 47th W. of B'way. CI 6-0390.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"It's a Hit!"
—MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

CONCERTS

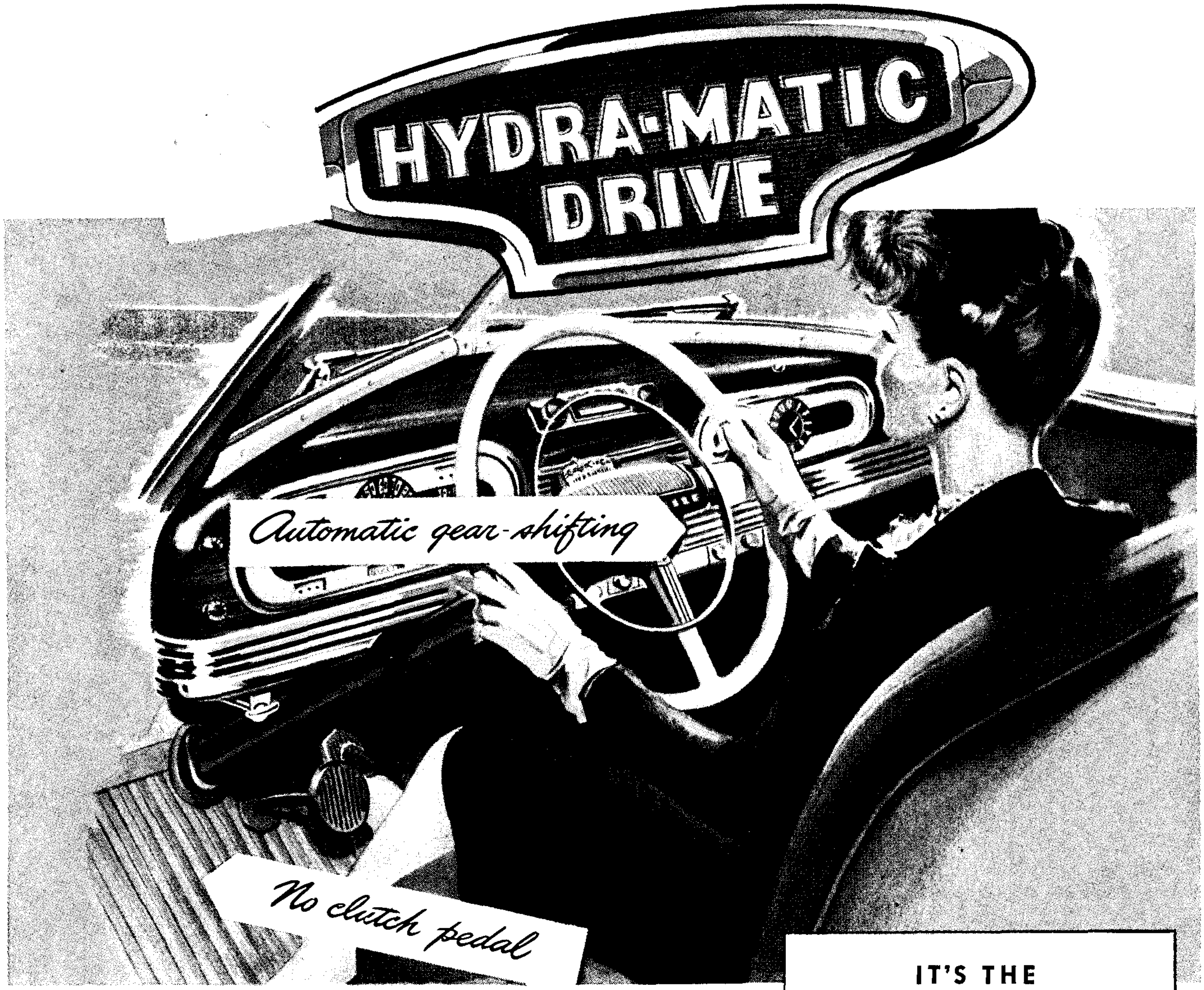
THE MASTER JAZZ PIANIST
JAMES P. JOHNSON
Town Hall, Thursday, Oct. 25 at 8:30

Eddie Condon
Now in his 5th concert season will present a typical Americondon group of famous jazz artists at Town Hall.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3 AT 5:30

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
GINGER ROGERS • LANA TURNER
WALTER PIDGEON • VAN JOHNSON
"WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF"
XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

FULLY AUTOMATIC GEAR-SHIFTING!



Proved on the Battle Front, Proved on the Home Front

Think of driving all day long *without ever touching a clutch pedal or shifting a gear!* Think of being able to start from a standstill, and accelerate right up to cruising speeds *by merely stepping on the gas*—without even taking your hand off the wheel, or using your left foot!

That's how you'll drive in the 1946 Oldsmobile with the New General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive. This modern "drive" does *all* gear-shifting automatically through all four forward speeds. It ends all need for clutch pushing; *there isn't even a clutch pedal in the car.* It gives you new freedom of action and new ease in handling, as well as finer performance, and better gas mileage at cruising speeds.

Hydra-Matic Drive, introduced by Oldsmobile before the war, is basically the same type of drive as used in fast Army tanks. The *New* Hydra-Matic Drive introduces important wartime developments which make it smoother and more rugged than ever. It is one of many reasons why so many people say, *"Look to Olds for all that's New!"*

IT'S THE COMBINATION THAT COUNTS

plus
FLUID COUPLING
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

A Fluid Coupling acts as a cushion of oil between the engine and the rear wheels, giving a smoother, more flexible flow of power. *But a fluid coupling alone is only half the story.* It takes a fluid coupling *plus* a fully automatic transmission to eliminate the clutch pedal entirely . . . to shift gears automatically in all forward speeds . . . to give you all the improved safety, economy and performance you get with the New GM Hydra-Matic Drive

OLDSMOBILE *Product of* **GENERAL MOTORS**

LOOK TO . . . FOR ALL THAT'S

How to make a Sphinx talk

Among your friends there is probably a quiet, reserved fellow who's practically a sphinx when it comes to praising anything.

Well, next time he drops in, serve him a highball made with Four Roses.

We sincerely believe that after the first sip, the "sphinx" will speak right up and say that he's never tasted a whiskey like Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskies, selected to achieve a smooth, mellow *distinctively different* flavor.

Nor has the quality of Four Roses been changed. It is still the same great whiskey it was before the war.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey today as before the war

* * *

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

méditerranéen, 'Je voudrais être une cigarette.' 'Pourquoi?' 'Pour brûler entre vos lèvres!' Le prochain après-midi, à cinq heures, elle m'a téléphoné," etc.

The floor show seemed to me absolutely marvellous. I had forgotten how good such things could be, had hardly realized they were still going on. There were a girl who did an Oriental tumbling dance; a girl who sang in Greek and English; a couple who did a folk dance from one of the islands, fresh and animated and gone in a flash; and the great feature: a famous woman dancer who was also a romantic legend. I learned about her from Eleni and her mother. The Germans had had her on the carpet, the elder but far-from-old lady explained to me, for her well-known association with the English. But she had stood up to them with perfect sang-froid: "*Que j'ai eu un amant anglais—même deux, trois, quatre,*" she was supposed to have replied, "*qu'est-ce que ça fait?*" She had had German lovers, too, Eleni thought; she had run through all the nationalities and always remained herself—and Eleni added with admiration: "*Elle ment avec une facilité inouïe.*" I saw that the myth of this performer, the great dancer who is also a great courtesan, had come to mean a good deal in Athens, which had been so much without the luxuries and so much at the mercy of the war. She was the devotee of art and love who had endured through all the hardship and conflict, and she was almost a sacred figure.

And she *was* extremely good: very beautiful, quick, sure, and dashing, and able to get into everything she did a personality of enchanting insolence. Before one knew it, she would have leapt on a chair, and would be bending down and kissing one of the diners, and then would hit him over the head with her tambourine. I had avoided such black-market places: one night at one of the too well-supplied restaurants in Rome, where we had been dining at outdoor tables, a small mob had gathered behind us and begun reaching in for the food, and we had seen them dispelled with brutality—an old woman knocked down in the street—by the strong-arm men from the restaurant. But I succumbed to the brilliance of this night club, and, since I had been there without my long-distance glasses and we had been sitting in a corner a long way to the rear of the show, I decided to go again and see it better. I got up another party the next night with a man I knew in U.N.R.R.A.

LISTEN: OCTOBER 20, 1945

Last October Columbia's spirited affiliate in Worcester, WTAG, started a program called *Johnnie Comes Marching Home*, aimed at helping the returning soldier move painlessly back into civilian life. A few days ago, on its first anniversary, the program took stock, learned that it had provided jobs for more than 200 veterans. Tangible year's work.

★

Frank Sinatra stopped singing on CBS the other night long enough to talk to American youngsters about a problem that has been on his mind for some time. He called his talk "The House I Live In". Here is part of what he said:

"... Don't you see what I'm trying to tell you, fellas? Difference in religion doesn't make any difference at all, except to a Nazi or somebody just as stupid. God created everybody, but God didn't create one people better than another. Your blood's the same as mine, Tommy, and mine's the same as Danny's. My dad came from Italy, but I'm an American. Should I hate your father because maybe he came from Ireland or France or Russia? Wouldn't I be a fathead? You guys remember Pearl Harbor?"

Some months ago on the train to Hollywood Frank was talking in the same vein to Mervyn LeRoy and Frank Ross. LeRoy was sufficiently impressed to suggest building a short motion picture around the idea. So everybody pitched in gratis and any day now "The House I Live In" will be in your local theatre.

★

A lot of bands at a lot of railroad stations across America are striking up a familiar march with a new significance whenever a troop train pulls in. Its opening words are, "Thanks to the Yanks, the men in the ranks..." You can hear it Monday nights at 7:30 EST on CBS, as well as one of its authors, Bob Hawk, a fellow whose heart is as warm as his humor.

★

In his inaugural broadcast on CBS, Judge Justin Miller, new president of the NAB, pointed to some of the responsibilities facing American radio:

"I see in broadcasting a vital agency for carrying forward our traditional American policy of free speech and for protecting and strengthening our system of free enterprise ...

"We are committed so definitely in the United States to freedom of speech ... that there is no vogue for government-owned radio here.

"Far more than is generally realized, the radio executive stands between importunate, shortsighted advocates of this or that, on the one hand, and the general public, on the other.

"Although the industry is scarcely a quarter-century old, it has already perfected an organization of broadcasters and established canons of conduct which compare favorably with those of professional groups with centuries of experience behind them."

★

There was a note here the other day about the Stradivari Orchestra, and the genuine Stradivarius instruments it plays each Sunday on CBS at 2 EST in the afternoon. The note said the instruments were owned by the musicians. The head of our Department of Correction says no. They're generously loaned by notable collectors—among them Emil Herrmann, Rembert Wurlitzer, and Mischa Mischakoff. Now that's cleaned up, and we're delighted to have occasion to thank the Messrs. H, W and M for their part in such a charming program.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

and two of the U.N.R.R.A. girls, and this time we had an excellent table in the middle and on the edge of the floor. The girls, who had been there often, said we were right in the spot to be kissed. This time some of the acts, seen distinctly, turned out rather disappointing; but the fascinating dancer was wonderful. Her first appearance was a ballroom number, which had its climax in a piece of business—an ecstatic start and smile as her partner, kneeling, kissed her midriff—that, for daring, style, naturalness, and timing, took your breath away. When she came out for the second time, she seemed to be some sort of priestess or idol—possibly Javanese; and, exhilarated as I was by the excellent white wine—well cooled and non-resinated—I was preparing to fall under her spell when she abruptly disappeared from the stage. The music went on playing, but she did not come back. "Did you see what happened then?" the U.N.R.R.A. man asked the girls. "Yes: the thing that held her dress behind broke." "Somebody's catching hell back there!" he said.

It was two evenings before I left Athens, and this image was to remain in my mind as my last memory of the world of the Greek bourgeoisie.

—EDMUND WILSON

•

The Fordham University seismograph today recorded two "fairly severe" earthquakes which occurred about 2,900 miles southwest of New York.

Miss Blondell said that she would file suit for divorce very soon.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

She'd never get it in this state.

•

I clambered up a narrow stairway to see the statue of Percy Blythe Shelley. It is a most composing statue, is of life-size and shows him exactly as he was found after being drowned on the continent. He had no clothes on when they found him and they had not rectified this condition when building the statue.—*Vancouver (B.C.) Daily Province.*

Hail to thee, Bysshe spirit.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*From an adv. in Time*]

The challenge of the untamed . . . the gallant "spirit" of the great-hearted horses that inspired the sleekly beautiful containers

. . . the sheer, sense-stirring vitality of magnificent masculinity with its disturbing power over women . . . are captured in Courtley Men's Toiletries. Look for the double horse-heads . . . they symbolize the ultimate in he-man Men's Toiletries.

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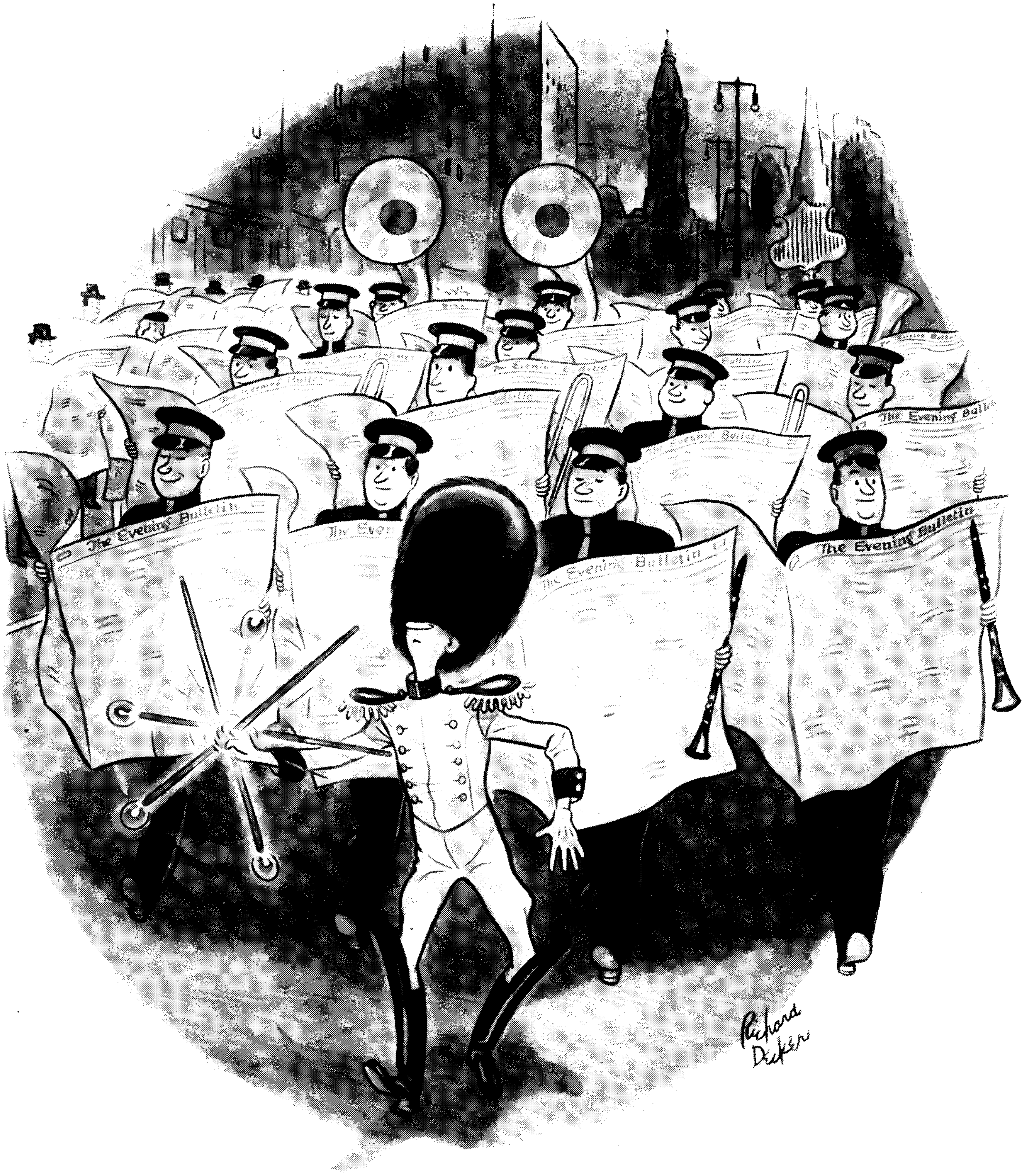
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THE THEATRE

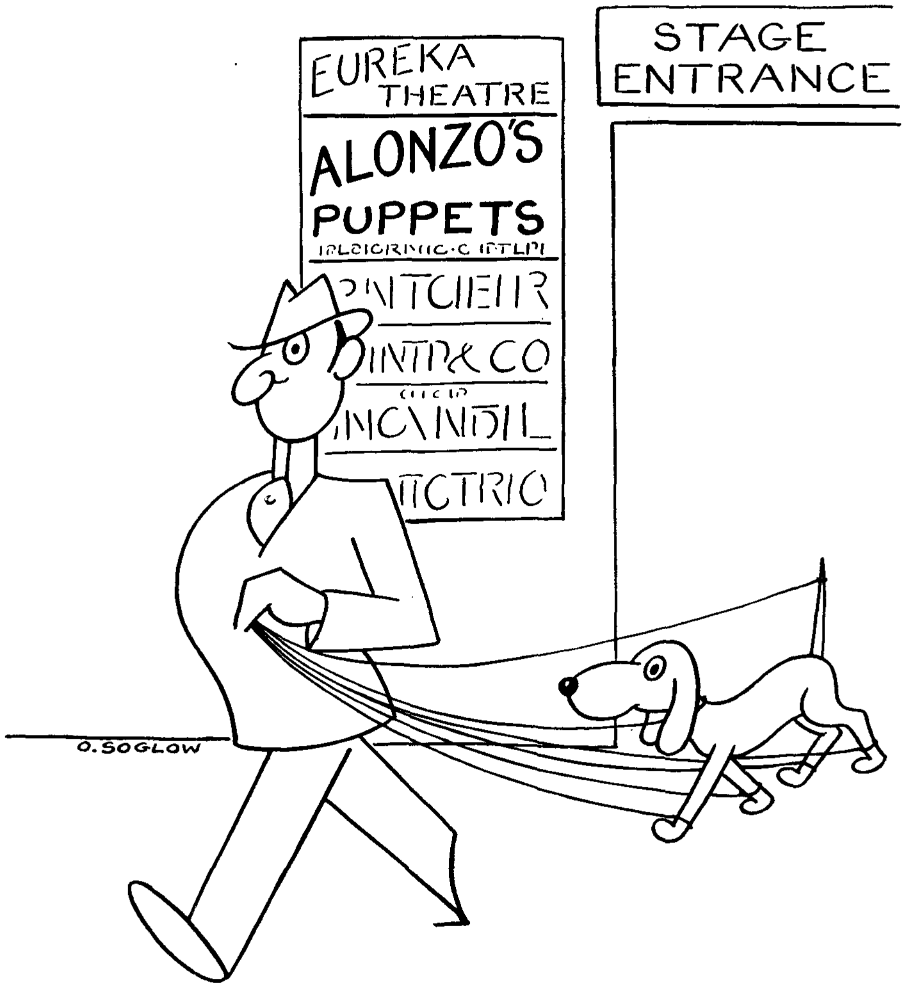
DEATH TAKES ITS TIME

FOR one reason or another, possibly apathy, I haven't read Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," from which Thomas Job has taken the materials for his play called "Thérèse," so I can offer you no helpful comparisons. The finished product at the Biltmore suggests that it was a rather unsubstantial work, hardly more than an anecdote, and that today it would be dismissed in one of those brief, tolerant notices that book critics usually devote to semi-psychological novels that have nothing in particular to recommend them except a rather ingenious twist of plot at the end.

The whole thing is remarkably easy to summarize. The situation at the beginning is that ancient banality that has provided criminal history with so many fascinating tragedies, of which the most celebrated native example is probably the Snyder-Gray case, which drove the *Daily News* to a really spectacular pinnacle of bad taste back in 1928. There was, that is, a discontented and passionate woman, married to a man intolerable to her physically and in love with a weak, vacantly handsome character of an artistic nature. Judd Gray, as I recall it, was a corset salesman, but he was a poet in his private correspondence, and that seems to have served the purpose. Anyway, in both cases it was the lady who devised the crime (Mme. Raquin substituted an overturned canoe for Mr. Snyder's famous sashweight) and drove her lover implacably to it, but it was actually he who carried out the deed. Being pathetic bunglers at homicide, Gray and Mrs. Snyder were caught almost instantly; Mme. Raquin and her admirer were cleverer, avoiding fatal grace notes, and they were not even suspected.

At this point in "Thérèse," however, the novelist's art is put to work, along with the sternly moral point of view that apparently prevailed in 1867, when Zola wrote his book. The guilty lovers wait a year and then they are married, but their consciences have been active all the time and, on their wedding night, the shared memory of murder breaks out in hysterical recriminations. These are overheard by the dead man's mother, who happens to live in the apartment with them, an arrangement probably more comprehensible to the French, and though she instantly falls down with a stroke, totally paralyzed except for her eyes, she knows the terrible truth. It is hard to say why they don't kill her, too, since one more murder can scarcely make much difference. Rather fortunately for Mr. Job's play, however, they don't, and in a last, convulsive, mortal effort, she manages to communicate her knowledge to the police. Thérèse and her lover, who has got to the point where every picture he paints bears his victim's face, seem rather relieved when it is all over, and I have to report that I was, too.

The version at the Biltmore has an air of faithful translation, being full of such fine red-plush nineteenth-century prose as "It [love] is like a fire, it's like a poison in my blood" and humor that might conceivably have been less painful in another language. It is also a good deal more leisurely than is likely to be acceptable on the modern American stage, since most of the dramatic action, such as it is, is withheld until the last scene, by which time the audience has got pretty tired of waiting around. What, in fact, led the producers and Margaret Webster, their normally astute director, to imagine that "Thérèse" would make a successful play is hard to imagine, except perhaps that it provides such intensely emotional parts for its three principal characters. These are taken by Eva Le Gallienne, Victor Jory, and Dame May Whitty, and, while Mr. Jory occasionally struck me as a little over-vehement, even for a man so desperately pressed, they are all resourceful and as convincing as you'd reasonably expect. The minor rôles are more casually cast, and these actors, I'm afraid, don't help out at all. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



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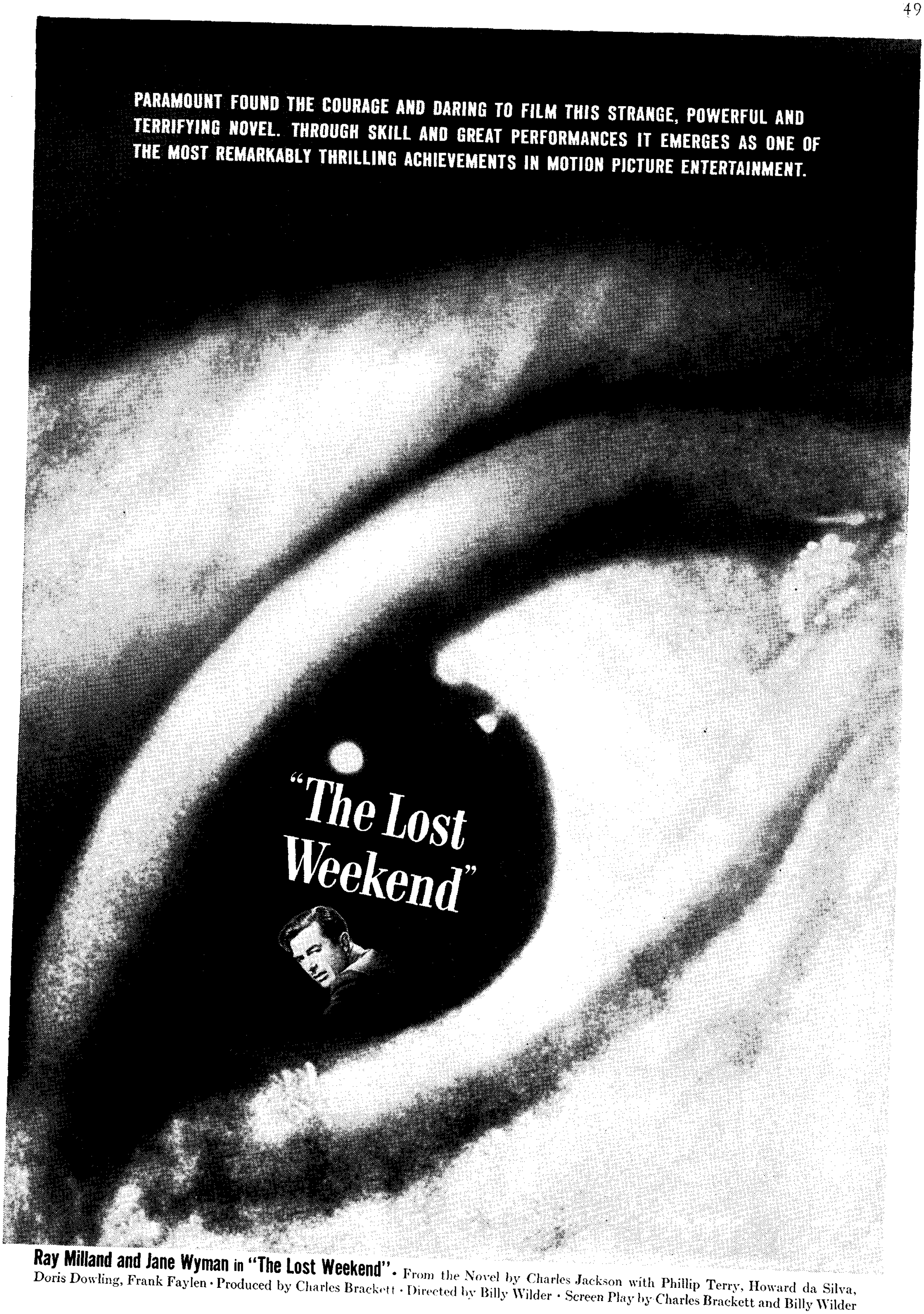
FOOTBALL

Don't Travel Weekends

LAST week a number of football teams went to great pains, and great distances, to get themselves solidly beaten. To begin at the beginning, Dartmouth went all the way from New Hampshire to Indiana to let Notre Dame beat it, 34–0. Somewhere en route, the westbound Dartmouth squad passed the eastbound Michigan squad, which was coming all the way from Ann Arbor to the Yankee Stadium to let Army beat it, 28–7. This is what the Interstate Commerce Commission calls cross hauling of commodities, and the Commission, as I understand it, is opposed to the practice. So, probably, are Dartmouth and Michigan, but a little belatedly. In fact, the only Michigander who seemed at all happy about the proceedings at the Yankee Stadium was Dick Walterhouse, now an Army back, who began his football career at Michigan. During the pre-game warming-up exercises, he stopped to shake hands with Callahan and a couple of other old friends on the Michigan squad. He then retired to the Army bench, where he sat until he was sent in, halfway through the second quarter, to see if he could start breaking the ball game up. It was his pass to McWilliams, a moment later, that launched the first touchdown play of the afternoon, and he kicked the point afterward, with the same deadpan reliability with which he has been performing this important little job for Army for the past two seasons. This touchdown, engineered by two second-string players, troubled the first-string Army backfield as much as it did the Michigan team; the next time Army got the ball, on the first play the regular quarterback (Tucker) flipped the ball to the regular fullback (Blanchard), who ran sixty-nine yards for another touchdown.

Most of the men who played for Army last year are on this year's team too, and I am happy not to be one of the coaches who have to figure out how to stop it. The line is big and tough and experienced, the backs can all run or block with equal dexterity. In fact, two of the backs—Blanchard and Davis—may well be the fastest runners on the continent. When a team is as spry as all that, it doesn't really need to be deceptive. On Saturday, at any rate, Army was a good, honest team, working all its


PARAMOUNT FOUND THE COURAGE AND DARING TO FILM THIS STRANGE, POWERFUL AND TERRIFYING NOVEL. THROUGH SKILL AND GREAT PERFORMANCES IT EMERGES AS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLY THRILLING ACHIEVEMENTS IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT.
"The Lost Weekend"

Ray Milland and Jane Wyman in "The Lost Weekend". From the Novel by Charles Jackson with Phillip Terry, Howard da Silva, Doris Dowling, Frank Faylen · Produced by Charles Brackett · Directed by Billy Wilder · Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

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plays out in the open, where Michigan could watch admiringly, even if it couldn't do much about the matter. Kenna and Lombardo are gone this year, and Tucker—or Mr. Y. Arnold Tucker, to give him credit for everything—is doing most of the quarterbacking now. He was No. 3 quarterback last season. Tucker is not as fleet as Kenna or as solid and as menacing-looking as Lombardo, but since he can run a team nicely, throw a neat pass, and buck the line for up to twenty yards, he does well enough.

There was a lot of talk before the game about the inexperience and greenness of the Michigan team. Anyone who cared to look in the records, however, could have discovered that Army had played two easy games so far this fall and Michigan had played four hard ones. Furthermore, the Michigan backfield was full of active young men named Ponsetto and Nussbaumer and Fonde and Dworsky and Teninga and Weisenburger, all of them as familiar with football as if they had invented the sport, all of them as full of tricks as an apartment lease. It was a team that looked capable of beating almost any squad you could think of, and yet it was lucky to score against Army. Michigan's touchdown came on a frantic fourth-down pass. It fell forlornly into a group of Army, not Michigan, players, and then bounced high off one of them and sailed over the goal line, where Renner, a Michigan end, retrieved it. To Renner, who had been returned to civilian life only a few days before, this pass must have seemed like the second windfall in a row.

A SPY who has been telling me that I ought to have a look at a Columbia back named Rossides may know what he is talking about. Last Saturday, after Columbia had been soundly beaten at the end of the first half, Rossides and his mates collected themselves and scored four touchdowns to win, 27–13, over Yale, which appears to be headed for anything but an undefeated season. . . . Up to Saturday night, the surprise of the season was Princeton, which hadn't played formal intercollegiate football for two years, upsetting Cornell, which had looked like one of the better teams around here. —J. W. L.

•

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—*Headlines in the Atlanta Journal.*

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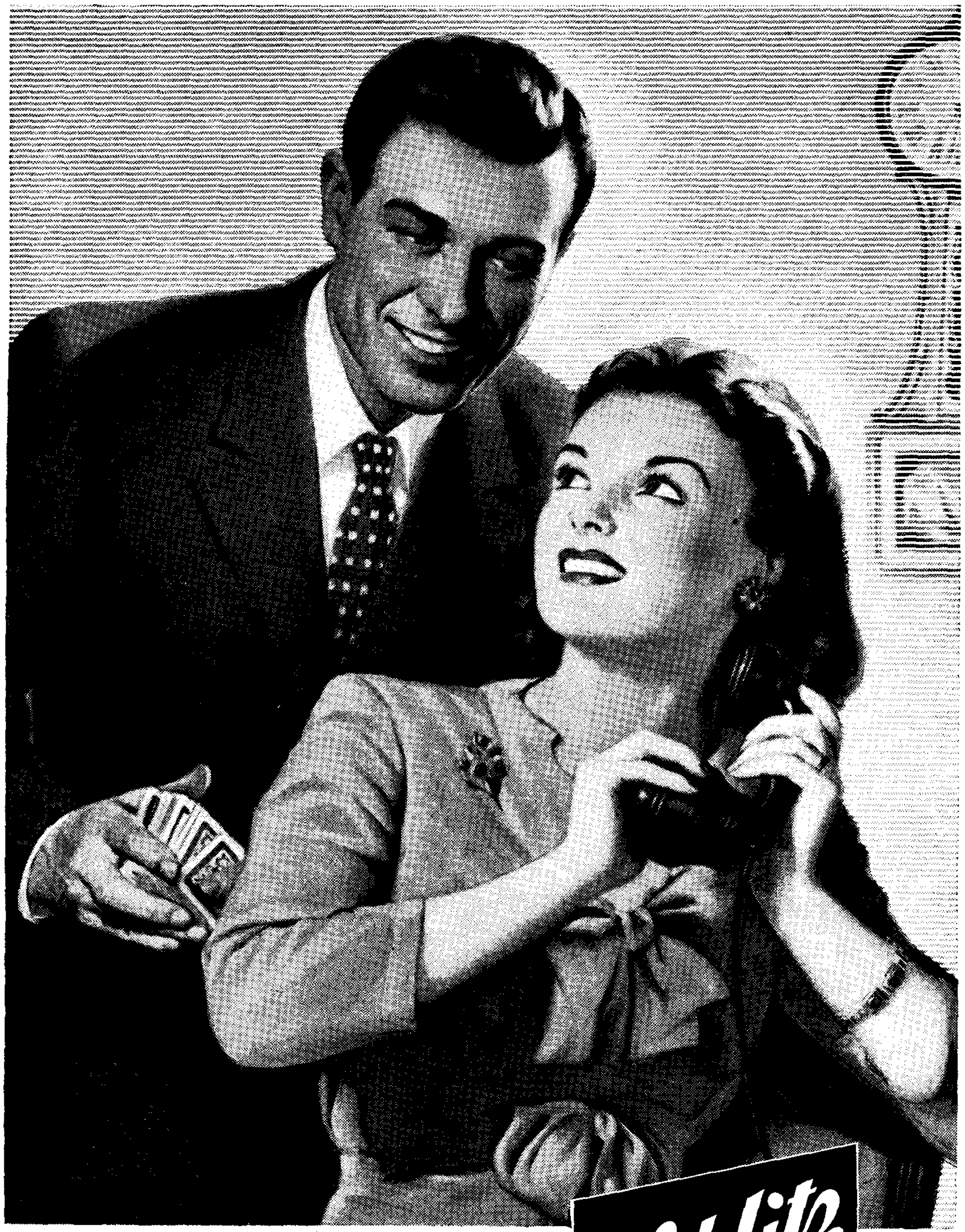
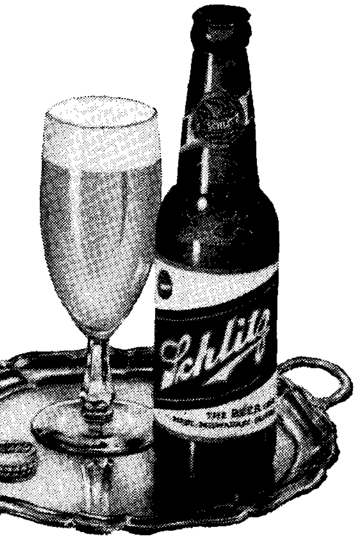


JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS



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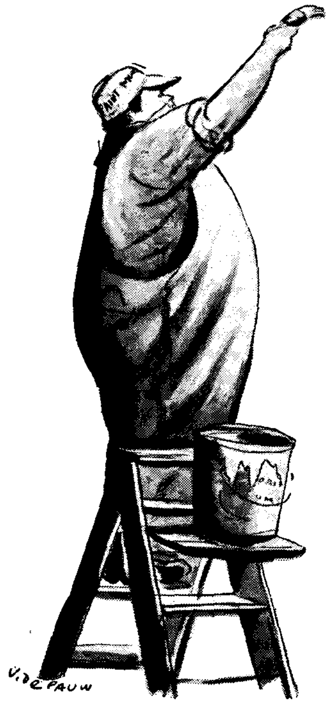
TALE OF A TRAVELLER

IN the West Baltimore of my youth, now buried beneath the dust and lava of the years, there was a street cleaner named Jock who astonished everyone by saving enough out of his wages of two dollars a day to take a trip abroad every summer. This singular achievement was not only astonishing to the burghers but downright incredible, yet the briefest resort to statistical analysis would have shown them that there was really nothing incredible about it. In the first place, Jock was the meanest man in the whole Sanitary Corps of the city, and never blew in more than ten cents at a time on anything save travel and victuals. And in the second place, he always went steerage, which was almost the same, in those days of ocean rate wars, as going deadhead. I doubt, indeed, whether one of his eastward voyages ever cost him more than twenty-two dollars or any westward voyage more than twenty-seven fifty, and there was a memorable summer when the North German Lloyd, then at gory grips with the English lines, seems to have hauled him eleven days to Bremen and twelve back to Locust Point, Baltimore, at the record-breaking return rate of $33.33⅓, or say, in round figures, $33.34.



Thus I must deflate him as a prodigy almost at the moment of introducing him, which is after all no great loss, for he was much more interesting for his day-in-and-day-out way of life than for his annual indulgence of his wanderlust. His age in those days I do not know, since all laboring men look ancient to boys, but I suppose he must have been in his later middle years, for the oldest indigenes of West Baltimore said that he had been pushing a city broom as long as they could remember. He was tall and skinny and showed the occupational stoop of his craft, and he had lost every other tooth in the upper register. This gave him a look of quiet ferocity when he smiled, which was very seldom. In repose, his face indicated imbecility rather than bellicosity, but his extremely thrifty shaving habits sometimes caused babies to squall at the sight of him. When he reported for work on Monday morning, his beard already suggested the stubble of a hayfield, and by Saturday night it was long overripe for the harvest. He then dropped into Charlie Weisman's five-cent barbershop on Gilmor Street, waited in silent patience his turn at the *Police Gazette* and after that at the chair of Julius, the apprentice boy, and presently emerged with his hollow cheeks showing the clammy pallor of a dead man. This pallor was sicklied o'er with shadows by Sunday noon, and by Monday morning, as I have noted, it was wholly overcast.

His professional costume was that of any other contemporary poor man doing dirty work, for he lived and had his being before the *dies infaustus* when some poet thought of putting street cleaners into duck uniforms and calling them white wings. He wore brogans with such thick soles that as he hoofed over the Baltimore cobblestones in his gloomy pursuit of cigar stumps and horse apples, they made a noise like banging shutters. Above them arose the two barrels of a pair of pants that must have been of corduroy and of a greenish-yellow color in their infancy but were now worn to mangy patches, predominantly black. Above the pants, which were held up by a leather rigging then called policemen's suspenders, appeared an undershirt of red flannel, which, despite an occasional soak in caustics, maintained something of its color for months and even years. Such florid undershirts, in those days, were believed to be sanitary, and Jock subscribed to the theory. When he condescended to speak, which was only when he was somewhat in his cups, he pointed out that wearing them had enabled him to escape, through hard years of mulelike labor, the rheumatism that was the curse of outdoor work, and also countless waves of smallpox, typhoid fever, malaria, and cholera morbus, all of them then endemic in Baltimore. It was his boast that he was even immune to catarrh, dyspepsia, kidney weakness,

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liver complaint, and that tired feeling, the principal themes of the patent-medicine advertising of the era. The only medicament he ever resorted to, save his sanitary undershirt, was sulphur and molasses, which he took in the spring to thinnen his blood, and a mush made with buttermilk, which he took in the fall to restore its viscosity.

Jock was either a bachelor or a widower; no one knew which. Whatever his legal status, he was plainly without a wife, so he had to do his own housework, including cooking, washing, and ironing. The last, on the rare occasions when he tackled it at all, occupied him no more than an hour or two a year, and the first two he reduced to such simplicity that an hour a week sufficed for them. After his weekly shave on Saturday night, he would proceed to Hollins Market, stand around dumbly until the stalls were about to close, and then, as all prices went tumbling, do his marketing for the ensuing seven days. His diet was healthfully varied, but only from week to week, not from day to day. On a given Saturday, he would buy, say, a smoked shoulder of pork and a cabbage or two, along with a peck of potatoes, a quart of apple butter, and a long loaf of dense, durable rye bread of the sort known as a sour John. Returning to his room, he would boil the shoulder, the potatoes, and the cabbage in the pot that began and ended his kitchen gear, and proceed to wolf a hearty meal. This repast, however hearty, made only a small dent in the shoulder, and no greater one in the cabbage and potatoes. The rest he would store in a cupboard equipped with a lock large enough for a pawnshop or a poorbox, and out of it would come his evening meals for the rest of the week. His midday eating he got free with the stupendous beers which then sold at five cents in all the fifty thousand saloons, more or less, of West Baltimore. There was a saloon at every corner of every alley, and there was an alley between every pair of streets. Jock knew them all, and had friendly words for the cuisines of all, though he freely admitted that some were better than others.

He told everyone who got his rare confidences that it was madness to switch victuals every day, and not only madness but also ruin. If shoulder and cabbage were good on Saturday, then why should they not be equally good on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday? Beyond that, however, he did not go; instead, he laid in something new every Satur-

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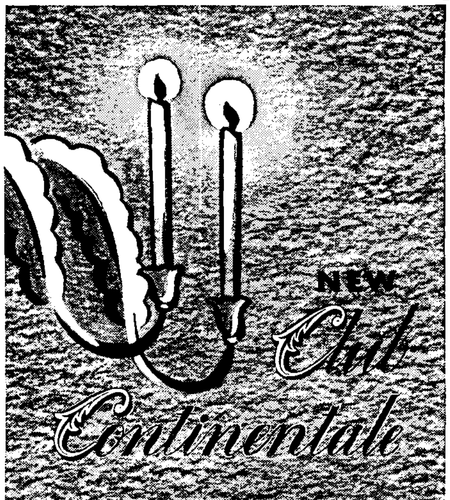

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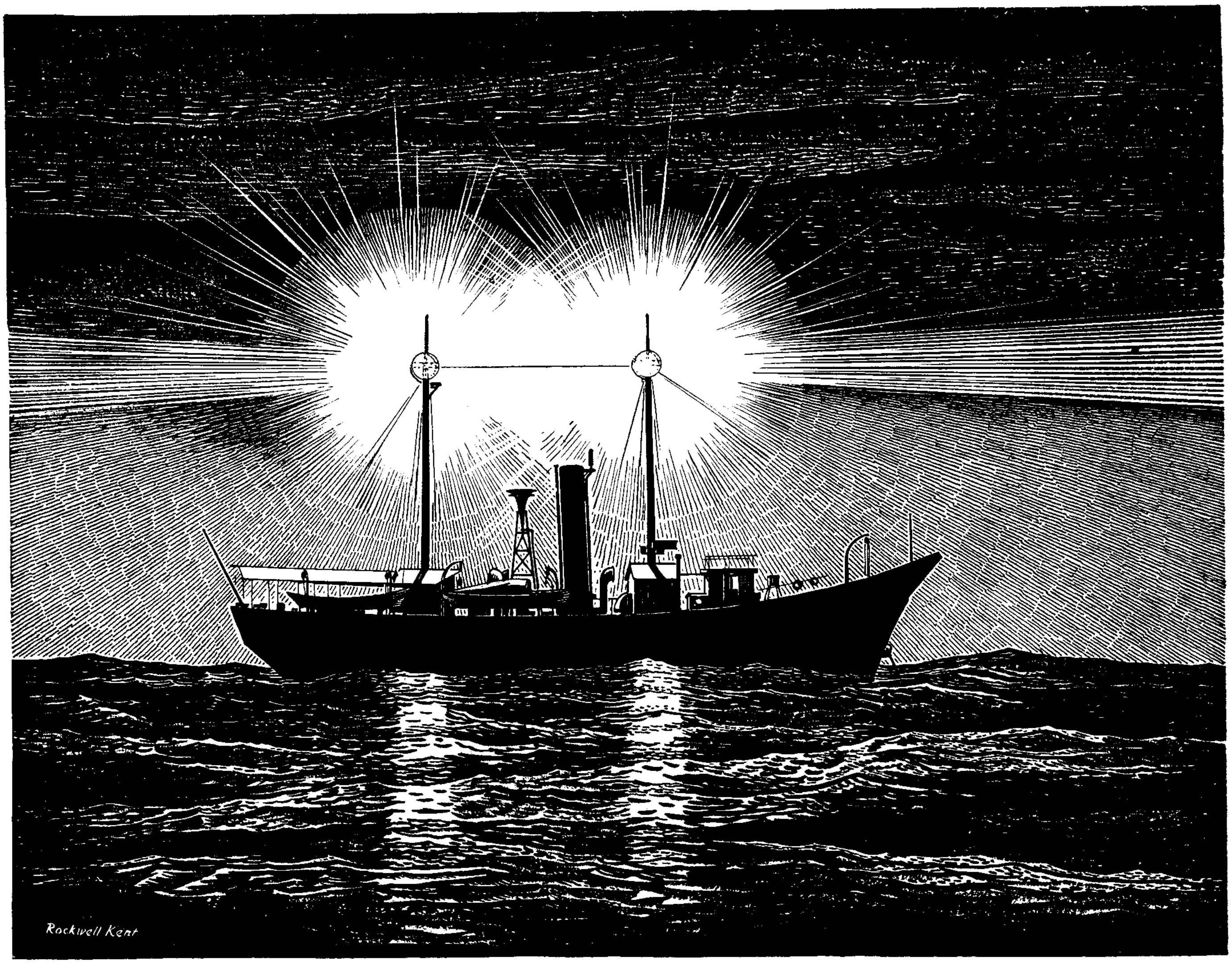

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day—one week, a large slab of soup meat, with enough vegetables to compose a seven-day *pot-au-feu*; the next week, a small keg of herring, with potatoes to be boiled in their jackets; the third, a length of veal neck, with the appropriate greens; the fourth, a double stand of pigs' feet, with a bucket of sauerkraut; and so on. He drank neither coffee nor tea, and regarded sweets as poisonous. Such auxiliary carbohydrates as his system craved he derived from the malt liquor of the time, which he got by day as aforesaid and of an evening by rushing the can to Otto Frackmeyer's saloon, across the street from his residence. His can was a very roomy one, and he enlarged its tonnage by greasing it inside every time he set out. This device, according to all the recognized physicists of West Baltimore, whether white or black, kept down the foam and so raised the net content of beer.

JOCK had an upstairs back room in the house of a colleague, Willie by name, on St. Christopher Street, which was a small and mean thoroughfare. Willie had a wife and seven children and was a man of cruel and incessant misfortunes. There was never a time when one or another of his children was not down with measles, chicken pox, or whooping cough, and there was seldom a time when all of them were present and voting. Usually, at least one was missing, with Mrs. Willie yowling that child stealers had made off with it, and Willie rushing to the watchhouse on Calhoun Street, demanding that the cops recover it, dead or alive. The cops, taught by long experience, had come to regard such demands lightly. Instead of bestirring their lazy bones, they would suggest oafishly that the missing brat had run away with Buffalo Bill's Wild West or shipped on a Chesapeake Bay oyster boat or gone on a drunk. When Willie returned home, he would usually find his darling restored by neighbors and Mrs. Willie in process of whaling it with a lath.

But such troubles, of course, were only the normal afflictions of a man of family, and nearly all the other fathers of St. Christopher Street shared them. If his wife had only pulled her weight in the domestic boat, Willie might have borne them with resignation and even with a certain quiet pride, for he often remarked that a man who had sired seven head of potential (and even probable) candidates for the gallows had done a hell of a lot for his country and deserved a better city job than that of

Charles of the Ritz

Amazing what you can do with a beautiful CHARLES OF THE RITZ feather trim! Wear it swept up like this . . . or brushed down for more casual wear. It's very versatile!

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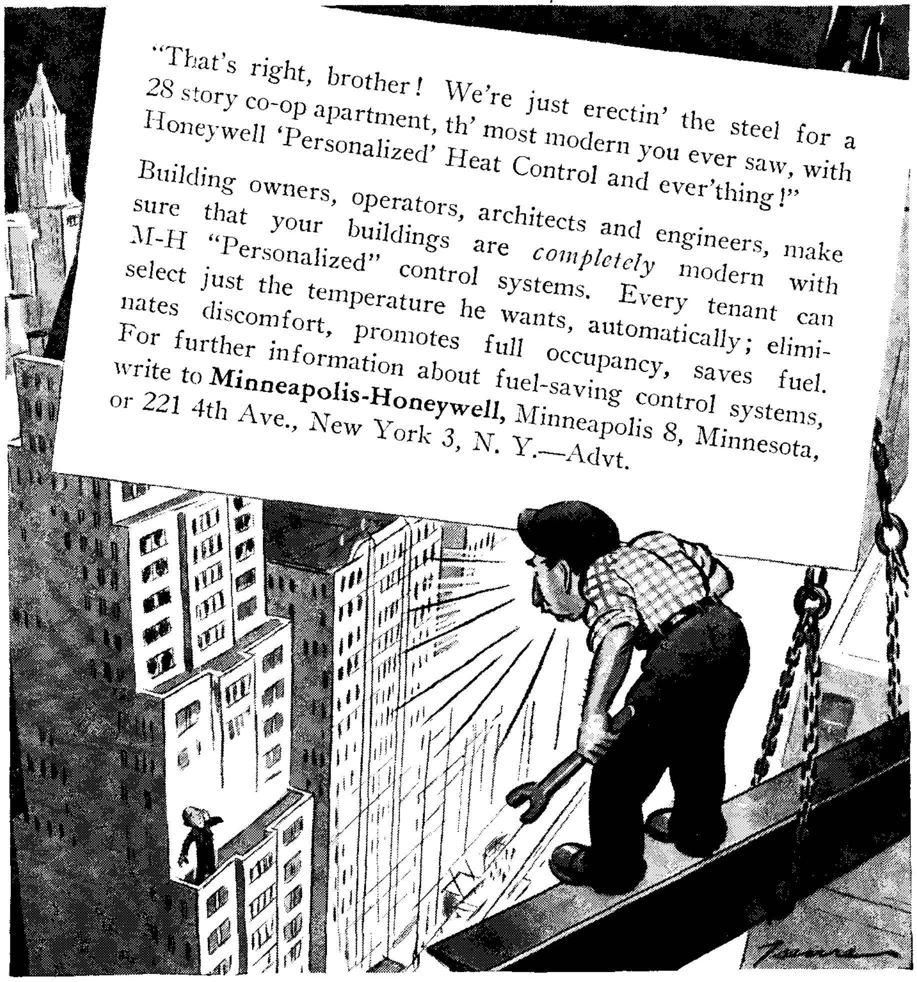
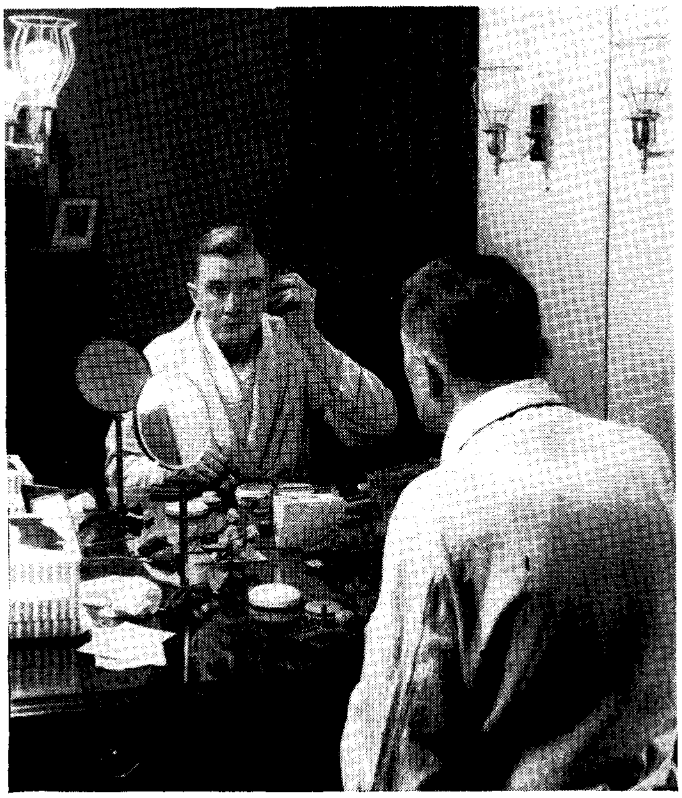


"That's right, brother! We're just erectin' the steel for a 28 story co-op apartment, th' most modern you ever saw, with Honeywell 'Personalized' Heat Control and ever'thing!"

Building owners, operators, architects and engineers, make sure that your buildings are *completely* modern with M-H "Personalized" control systems. Every tenant can select just the temperature he wants, automatically; eliminates discomfort, promotes full occupancy, saves fuel. For further information about fuel-saving control systems, write to **Minneapolis-Honeywell,** Minneapolis 8, Minnesota, or 221 4th Ave., New York 3, N. Y.—Advt.

"*My* beer is RHEINGOLD —the DRY beer!"

says ELLIOTT NUGENT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HESSE-PATSTON

1. "In 7 years I've had only 4 days' vacation," says Elliott Nugent, star of "The Voice of the Turtle." "That sounds pretty grim. But I've got a system: whenever I can, I take a quickie vacation!

2. "That generally means (a) some small talk and (b) a big glass of Rheingold—the DRY beer! Its dryness lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through. It's beer as beer should taste!"

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837–IN NEW YORK 1855

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer
Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

Buy Victory Bonds and Keep 'Em!

It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

Rheingold is light but hearty—not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Also, notice Rheingold's pale, crystal-clear color. This paleness and sparkling clarity is another symbol of the superior quality brewers strive for.

If you can't always get Rheingold, remember . . . until our postwar expansion is finished, to increase the *quantity*, we'd have to decrease the *quality*. And that we will NEVER do. Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

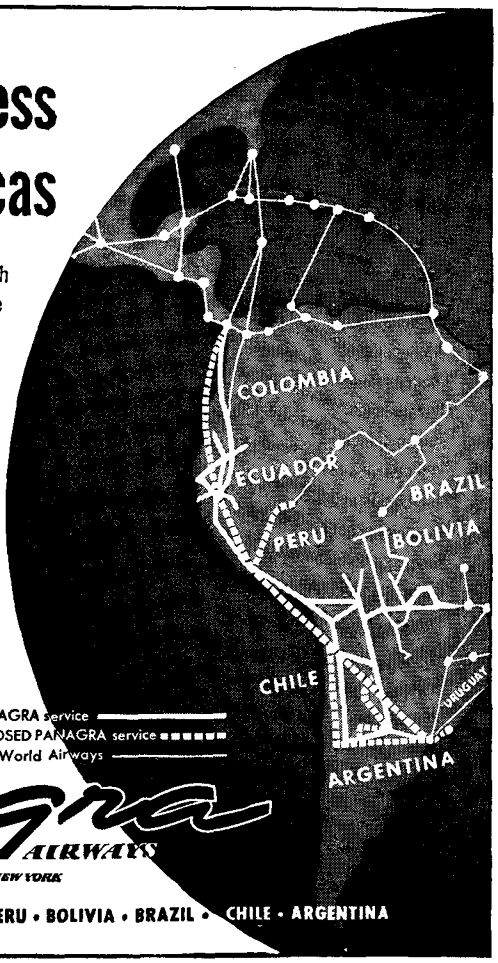
Copr. 1945, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

street cleaner. But Mrs. Willie, unhappily, was a despairist, and, like most despairists, a shirker. When things got a bit too thick for her in the house, she would rush across the street to Otto's, get half a pint of gin on credit, gulp it down on her brief way home, heave the empty bottle through a neighbor's window, and then develop all the antisocial symptoms of a crying jag.

Her malfeasances not only greatly irked Willie; they also forced him to take on a lot of drudgery that was properly wifely and to neglect his own work, to the damage of his pay envelope. This was long before the emancipated proletarians of America were running up installment bills of billions of dollars, but he nevertheless got into the red, and it was gossip on St. Christopher Street that his debts, if amalgamated, would amount to more than fifty dollars. The grocer at the corner was pressing him, Otto Frackmeyer was pressing him, and he was nearly two years behind with his dues to the Improved Order of Red Men.

Jock viewed all these miseries of his colleague sardonically and even with a certain satisfaction. He had said goodbye to women and all their hellish works many years before, and had no truck with them now. Many a time, so the tale ran, some predatory widow woman or some maiden in trouble had fixed her basiliscine eye on him and undertaken to drag him to the altar of God, but he had always brushed her off. Mrs. Willie he regarded as no better and no worse than the rest of her sex. If she was more fecund than most and more devoted to the jug, she had at least managed to keep her weight within human limits and was thus not unsightly at a distance, though far from appetizing at point-blank range. When she cut loose below stairs and Willie began trying to jaw her down, Jock would see to the lock on his door, stretch him-

GIVE THEM BOOKS 49¢
RD



Winged Progress for the Americas

PANAGRA, pioneer air operator in South America, will help this hemisphere share in the great era of world progress which peace will bring. Using its "Great Circle Route" and new super-speed luxury planes, PANAGRA plans to augment its existing network with services which will enable United States travelers to reach Buenos Aires, Argentina, in less than 24 hours. Schedules to other countries will be proportionately quicker. PANAGRA continues to make good neighbors even closer neighbors.

PANAGRA service
PROPOSED PANAGRA service
Pan American World Airways

Panagra
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
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Serving PANAMA • COLOMBIA • ECUADOR • PERU • BOLIVIA • BRAZIL • CHILE • ARGENTINA

As always... Cordially yours!

ABRICOTINE—superior quality Apricot Liqueur . . . Luscious flavor of fresh sunripened fruit.

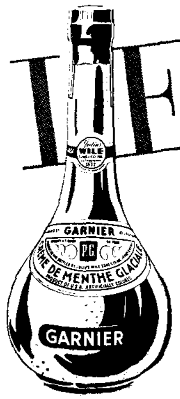
BLACKBERRY—captures all the rich flavor and aroma of carefully selected ripe berries.

CREME DE MENTHE (Green or White)—preferred for its natural fresh mint savour and aroma.

CREME DE CACAO—its rich aroma and delicate cocoa flavor make it a perennial favorite.

Made in America from the original French formulae. Try them all . . . you'll enjoy them all! *At better stores everywhere.*

GARNIER LIQUEURS



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The Cordials of Quality Since 1859

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Blum's BOUQUET BOX . . .

Yuletide Cheer-leader in the "Parade of Sweets"

To business firms and executives, we offer a distinguished Gift Presentation ★ ★ ★ Starting December 1945, and each month (except June, July and August) a different assortment of the World's Finest Confections is sent to those you hold in special esteem. ★ ★ ★ With the Bouquet Box, arriving on Christmas Day 1945, an artistic Gift Card announces your enrollment of the recipient in the "Parade of Sweets." Thereafter, each selection appropriate to the season bears your name (or that of your firm) as the donor. ★ ★ Twenty-five Dollars covers the entire 9-month series, exclusive of nominal shipping charges. Your list of recipients (or your inquiry without cost or obligation) should be sent us at once.

BLUM'S · Polk at California (Dept. B)
San Francisco (9).

FOR OVER 50 YEARS . . . ORIGINATORS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST CONFECTIONS

MAKE BED
VACUUM RUG
DUST FURNITURE
HANG UP CLOTHES

Design for Tomorrow

Remote Control Housekeeping . . . Convenient is the word for this postwar home . . . a delightful pushbutton model that actually *does its own housework.* Don't count on it too soon, though—even in the ultra modern residential section of the *Grand Central Zone!* But you can always depend on the unequalled *basic convenience* of living in this smart mid-town area. Here you're within a stone's throw of everything worthwhile in Manhattan—all the best shops, markets, restaurants and key centers of business and social activity. The greatest variety of intelligently planned apartments and the most attractive hotel suites are within this zone. There's every reason why modern families prefer to live in this *section that offers so much for so little!*

Grand Central Zone

RESIDENTIAL AREA

290 PARK AVE. • 300 PARK AVE. • 320-330 PARK AVE. • 340-350 PARK AVE.
Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., Management

400 PARK AVENUE • 420-430 PARK AVENUE
Wm. A. White & Sons, Management

PARK LANE • **HOTEL CHATHAM** • **THE BARCLAY**
Robert F. Carney, Mgr. Dwight A. Bartlett, Mgr. Wm. H. Rorke, Mgr.

self out voluptuously, and give himself over to his one vice, which was reading. His profession made him free of the West Baltimore trash, and in it he found plenty of literature. Now and then he came home with a dog-eared copy of a book, but more often his trove ran to periodicals. He could read anything and had few if any preferences. Thus he took the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Puck*, the *Century* and Bonner's *Ledger* in his stride, and when back numbers of *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Bow Bells* began to disappear from the trash cans, he turned with complacency to the rising star of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

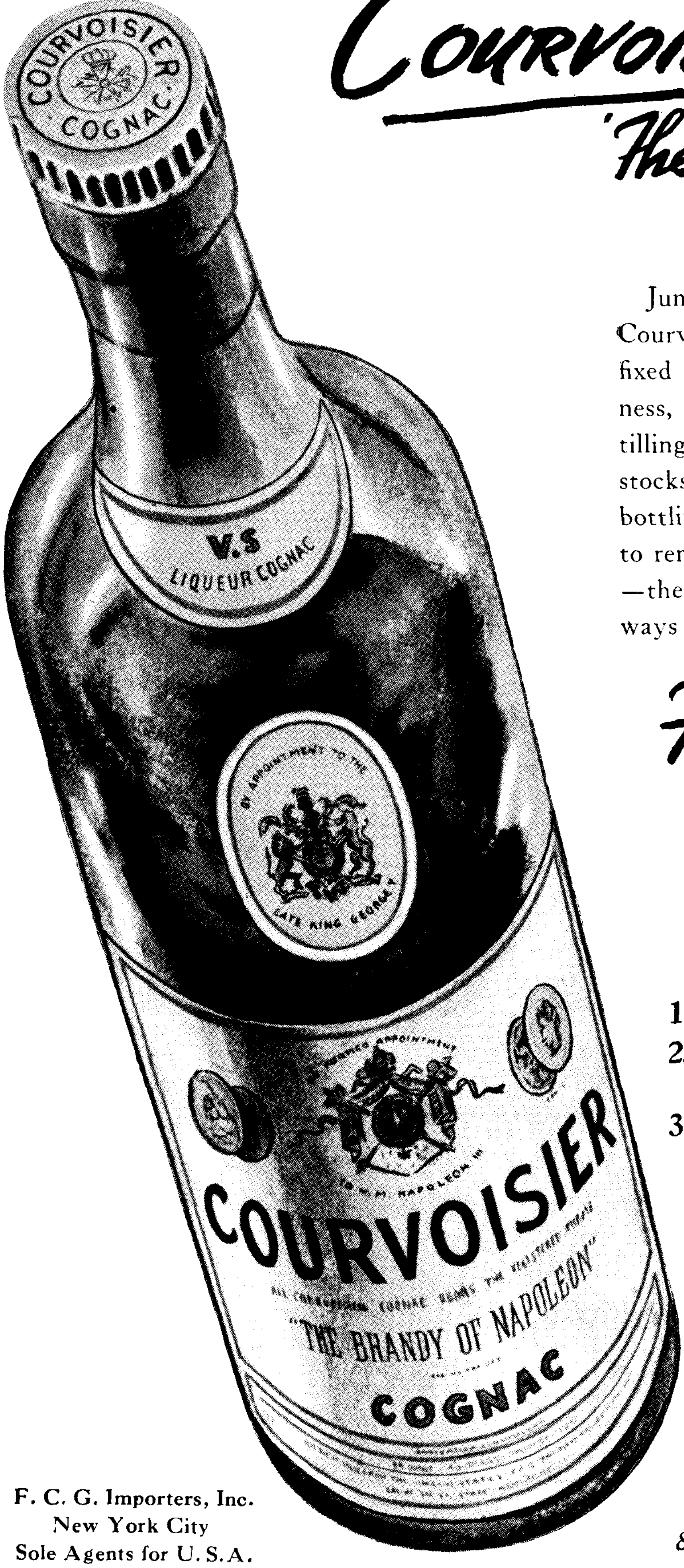
Jock was not surprised when news filtered to his ivory tower that Mrs. Willie, following the classical female road to ruin, was proceeding from booze and slatternliness to monkeying with her marriage vows. I say the news filtered to him, but in reality it came in blasts, for Willie roared the accusation in a voice of brass. Jock chuckled when he first heard it, but not for long. A few days later there were horrible screams and calls for help from below, and when he rushed downstairs to find out what was up, he found Willie hanging by the neck from a door lintel and Mrs. Willie frantically dancing about him. It took only a moment to cut Willie down, and a minute more to unharness and revive him, and he was presently lying out on two chairs, rubbing his neck and saying his say. Life with a loose woman, he said, had become intolerable to a man of honor, and he preferred his chances in hell. He would consent to live only on condition that Mrs. Willie take oath on the Sacred Scriptures that she would never again give him cause for complaint, or even for suspicion. She agreed, in tears, but a search failed to discover a Bible in the house, so Jock, resorting to his shelf of salvaged books, swore her on a foxed and ragged copy of "Ben Hur."

In those days, unhappily, it was extremely difficult for a reformed and repentant wife to keep to the narrow path, for accessible females were by no means as numerous as they have become since January 16, 1920, and when news got about that a new one had appeared in society, all the roués for miles round began trailing her. The second time Mrs. Willie was caught *in flagrante*, Willie threw a chair at her and then swallowed a horse doctor's dose of roach, ant, and termite powder. It warmed him painfully and he bellowed all the way to the University of Mary-

Released from captivity!

Courvoisier Cognac

'The Brandy of Napoleon'


COURVOISIER
COGNAC
V.S
LIQUEUR COGNAC
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V
TO H.M. NAPOLEON III
COURVOISIER
"THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON"
COGNAC

June, 1940, the Germans occupied the home of Courvoisier Cognac—the Chateau de Jarnac. They fixed rigid rules to control every phase of the business, *except production*. They permitted normal distilling from prime vintages and maintenance of cellar stocks of Courvoisier Cognacs, but took all current bottling for themselves. *Why?* Because they expected to remain in possession of the distillery for all time—they expected the House of Courvoisier would always be a source of pleasure and revenue for them.

Facts your palate will verify

1. **Courvoisier's quality has not changed.**
2. **Courvoisier's flavor and aroma are *noticeably* unique.**
3. **Courvoisier's distinctive character *you will find pleasing*.**

You are cordially invited to test Courvoisier and confirm the *above three statements*.

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New York City
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84 Proof

Courvoisier Cognac

ESTABLISHED 1818

COAT STYLE PAJAMAS with collar, cut on Brooks Brothers' own pattern in Viyella Flannel (55% Wool, 45% Cotton) imported from England. Sizes A, B, C, D. $15.50.

BROOKS BROTHERS' PAJAMAS
IN THREE FINE MATERIALS

The late pajama shortage—caused by so many fine materials going to war in one form or another—is now being rapidly remedied. For instance (although we are afraid we may start a small panic by the announcement) we now have Pajamas cut on Brooks Brothers' own pattern with pre-war collars and postwar improvements, in Viyella Flannel (55% Wool—45% Cotton) from England, and in good, long-wearing Cotton Poplin. We also have them, with the small self-lapels that wartime restrictions made not only necessary but popular, in fine White Broadcloth. Sizes A, B, C, and D. Viyella Pajamas, $15.50. Poplin Pajamas, $5. Broadcloth Pajamas, $6.40.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

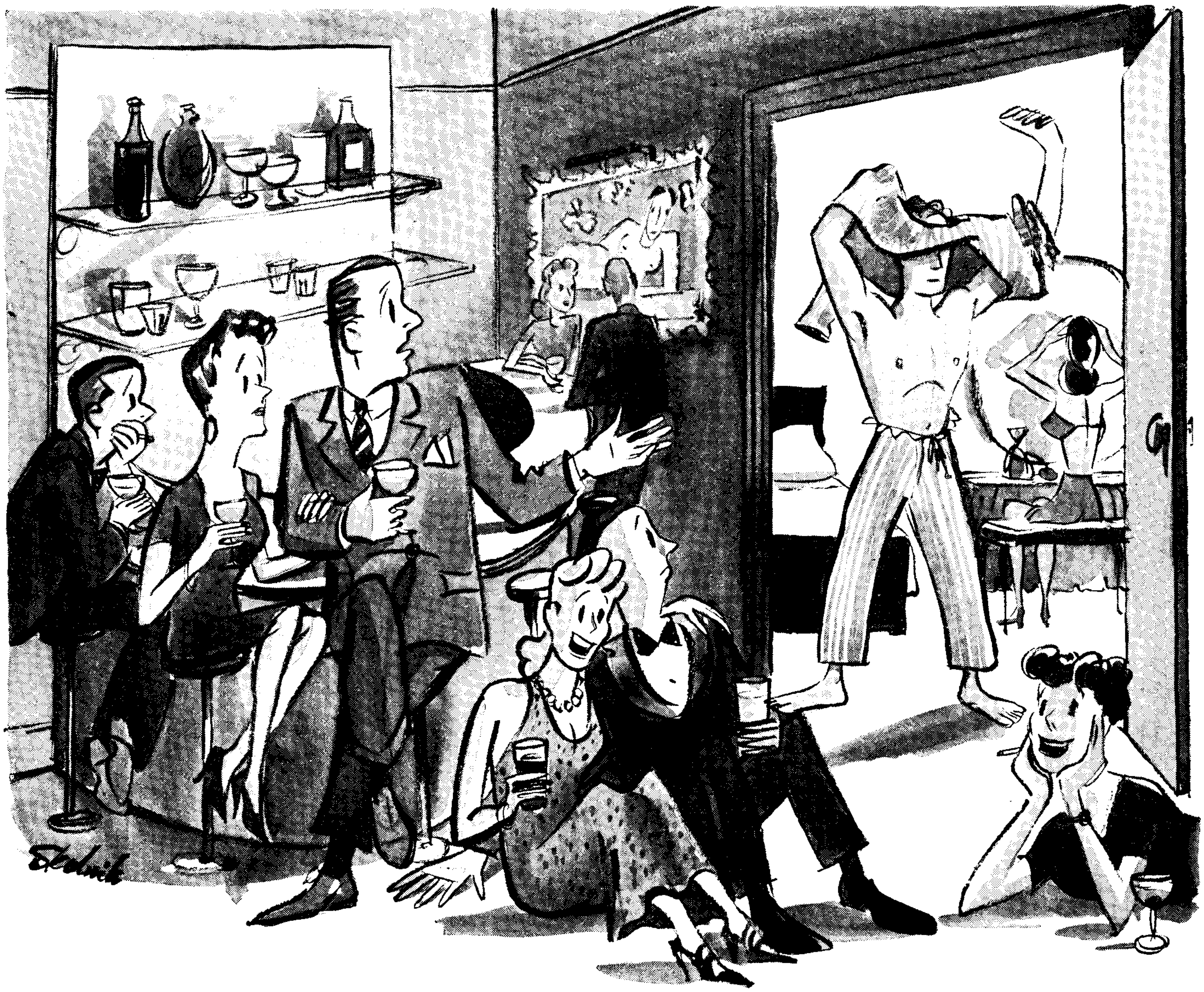
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.
523 WEST 6TH ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. • 111 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.

land Hospital, whence he was conveyed in a passing delivery wagon, but the young doctors there detoxified him with such dispatch that in a couple of days he was back behind his broom. The third time he tried the rope again, but was again cut down by Jock. The fourth time he leaped out of a second-story window of his house, but landed on a basket of wash and suffered no injury save a barking of the shins. The fifth time he tried to cut his throat with a table knife, but it was too dull to achieve even a scratch. The sixth time he took aim at his right temple with a .22-calibre revolver found in an ash barrel, but the revolver refused to go off. The seventh time he returned to the rope, and was once more cut down by Jock.

AND so it went, from early spring to Michaelmas, with hanging gradually prevailing as what the surgeons call the operation of choice. Poor Willie used up, first and last, almost the whole of his wife's clothesline, even though the same length was often employed more than once. Jock, whose cynicism extended to husbands as well as to wives, presently discerned a certain circumspection, not to say a kind of craft, in these shenanigans. He noted that Willie, before taking one of his headers into eternity, made sure that Mrs. Willie was within hearing and Jock himself in the house. As the months passed, Jock got more and more tired of his rôle of heroic rescuer, especially after Mrs. Willie took to hugging and kissing him in her deliriums of gratitude. He began to suspect that this gratitude of hers was largely bogus, and he found himself wondering, ever and anon, whether it would not be a sound idea to let Willie go the whole route. One evening, when the usual yells reached him, he pretended at first that he did not hear them, and then came downstairs very deliberately. When he had performed his now boresome office with his jackknife, he found that Willie was limp and indeed unconscious. There were no ambulances in Baltimore in those medieval days, and the unconscious patient was hauled to the hospital in a fish wagon. The young doctors there, glad to see an old customer presenting a harder problem than usual, fell upon him in a body, and after they had pumped his arms, jabbed pins into him, and filled him with all the latest drugs of the time, he revived and was put to bed.

It was four or five weeks before Willie tried to bump himself off again,



"Do you think they're hinting that it's time for us to go home?"

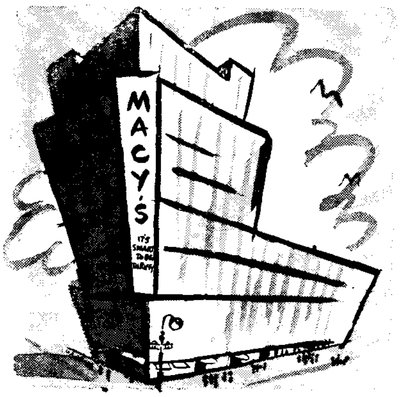
YOU may *never* get rid of your guests, if you patronize Macy's new bar shop before you start your fall entertaining. It makes party-giving a surefire success. Located on the Ninth Floor, the new shop is hospitably called OPEN HOUSE, and all the equipment offered is dedicated to good, clean fun, liquid and otherwise.

If you *like* giving parties, you'll enjoy them more than ever when you dress up your game room or that sociable corner in your living room with one of our mirrored bars. They add both sparkle and convenience to party-throwing. On the other hand, if you find entertaining a headache from cocktails to scrambled eggs, we can take some of the pain out of it by selling you a handy game table which harbors in its incredible anatomy a surreptitious cellarette.

This will keep quite a flock of troublesome guests out of your hair simultaneously. Another splendid contraption to simplify life is our false bookcase bar; at moments when you'd rather look literary than convivial, just keep the bookcase side facing out. But when a party is indicated, it is but the work of a moment to shift the scenery and break out the bar side.

We don't expect you to believe it without a good look, but we also have an implausible ferris wheel wagon designed to make guests dizzy on beef tea. What could be thriftier! Then there are card tables, hostess trays, metal bar stools, sophisticated highball glasses and gala bar aprons so infectiously jolly that they'll help any party jell. These and countless other life savers for party givers are priced in accordance with that old Macy custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty. **macy's**


MACY'S
IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY

Jewelled Leaves... diamonds and rubies set in 14K gold. Large brooch, $675. Small brooch, $560. Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

ESTABLISHED 1810

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

WHITE PLAINS EAST ORANGE

CITY EDITOR
"4 days—utsnay! Tell that bird-brained boss of yours I'll be back in New York tomorrow night with the whole Chicago story—and the Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh angles, too!"

It's no rumor, Mr. Editor!

IT'S DONE EVERY DAY BY PCA

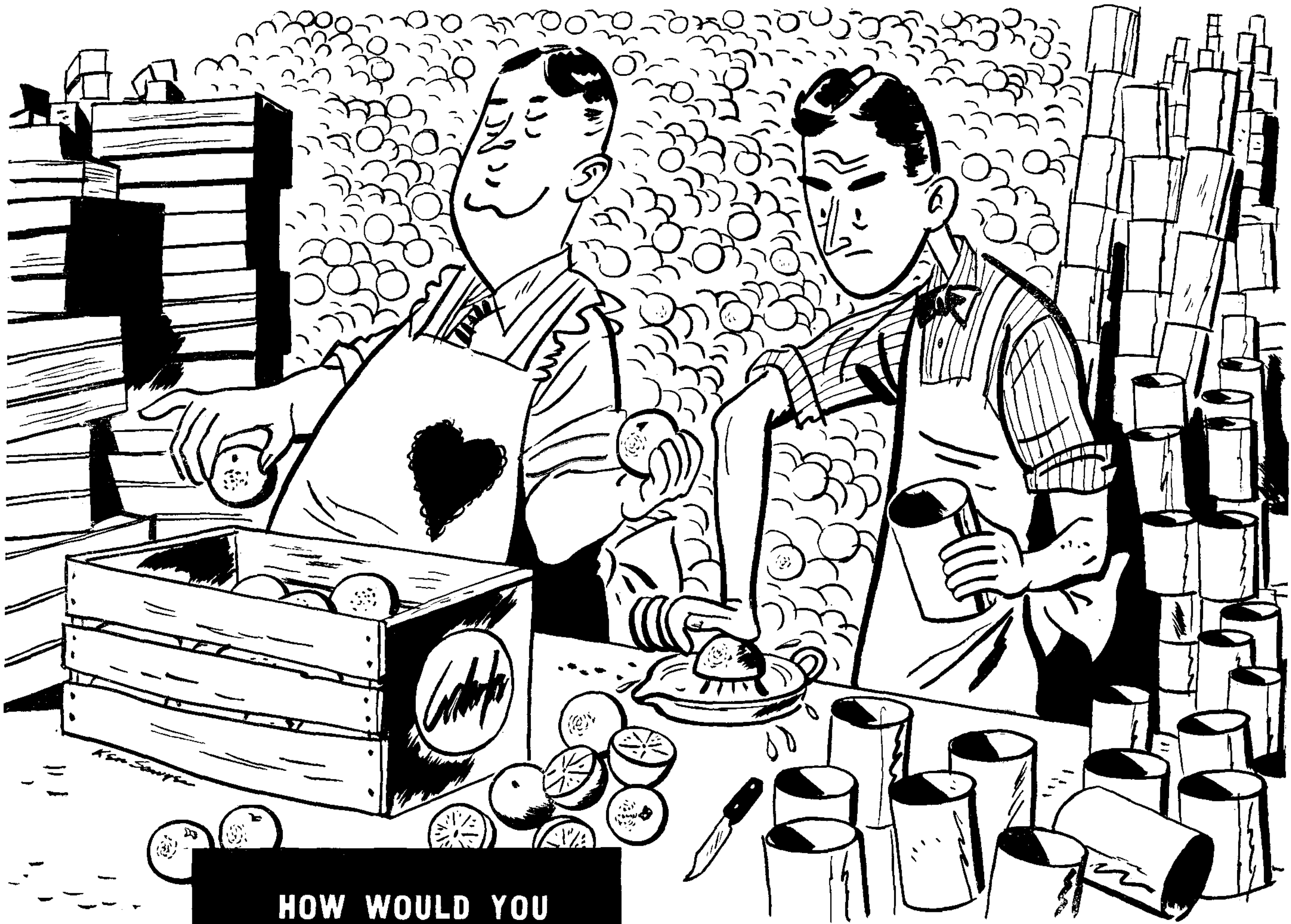
...And fares were never lower! For air reservations *anywhere*, call your city's PCA ticket office.

It costs less today to fly PCA

PCA THE CAPITAL AIRLINE

and Jock had begun to hope that he had given up the practice. Husband and wife quarrelled regularly and the seven children kept going through their usual routine of catastrophe and alarm, but the ominous scream for help was not heard. And then, on an otherwise quiet evening, it suddenly sounded again, and with a piercing shrillness that brought Jock up with a start. He had taken off his pants and got into bed, and was just preparing to relax and go to sleep. Leaping up, he reached for a match, but could not find one, and then began groping for his pants. A really humane man, I suppose, would have rushed downstairs without them, but Jock's humanity by this time had been definitely staled by custom. He made up his mind to find the pants though the heavens fell, and find them he did, eventually, but when he had got them on and lumbered down to the first floor, Mrs. Willie herself had cut Willie down and was dousing him with cold water as he lay on the floor. Alas, it was too late. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often. By the time Jock, still without shoes, had rushed out for help and returned with a doctor from the neighborhood, Mrs. Willie was a widow. So informed, she staged a faint, and then set up a caterwauling that brought all St. Christopher Street to the door. When the cops arrived, they insisted on hauling Willie to hospital in their hurry wagon, but the doctors there could only confirm the verdict of the local practitioner. Willie was really dead at last, and three days later the Red Men gave him a funeral fit for a great incohonee.

THE rest of the story oozed out only slowly, and perhaps it was somewhat embellished in transmission, but the substance of it was unanimously believed in West Baltimore. Mrs. Willie, it appeared, had had her eye upon Jock all the while, and once she was in her weeds, with seven children to care for, she proposed, without any maidenly fumbling, that he lead her to a pastor and swear himself into Willie's place. The idea was so shocking to him that he fled to his room and locked himself in. But the widow women of those days were not to be stayed by bolts and bars, and Mrs. Willie followed him to the door and had at him with an argument so powerful as to be downright appalling. If he continued to spurn her, she said, she would go to the cops and tell them that he had deliberately let Willie hang; more, that he had revealed his diabolic intent to her in advance and



HOW WOULD YOU HANDLE 9 BILLION ORANGES?*

Nine billion oranges are a thumping lot . . . yet that's only the number of fresh fruit *shipped out* of California in 1944. More than another billion oranges were processed or consumed in the state. This crop had an "on the tree" value of 155 million dollars.

You can't toss *this* one off as a war boom, for just the opposite is true. Today, the national average consumption is down to 115 oranges a year. Tomorrow, when labor and shipping space are available, the per capita consumption is sure to reach 200 annually.

That will nearly double the number of people required to handle the crop.

For this increase will mean more people employed in growing, packing and processing—in shipping and marketing, too. And if people with folding money in their jeans are the sort of customers you want, the citrus industry is going to help make some mighty good prospects for you out here.

We'd like to mail you our little booklet "An Eye to the Future." Just drop a postcard to the Los Angeles TIMES or to our representatives.

**Orange Administrative Committee figures.*

Los Angeles Times

REPRESENTED BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DETROIT • SAN FRANCISCO

"Everybody's Newspaper"
in Southern California

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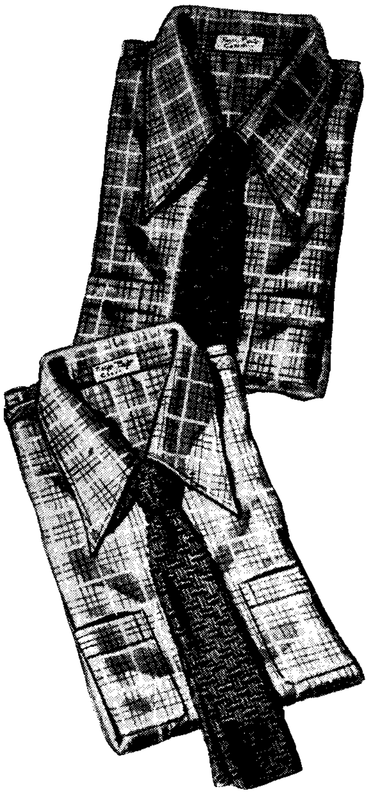
Rogers Peet . . Authentic Fashions



Fine Wool Shirts!

THEY look quality! They *are* quality! Not too heavy! Not too light! Just right!

Good-looking checks, plaids and overplaids! Featured at $12.

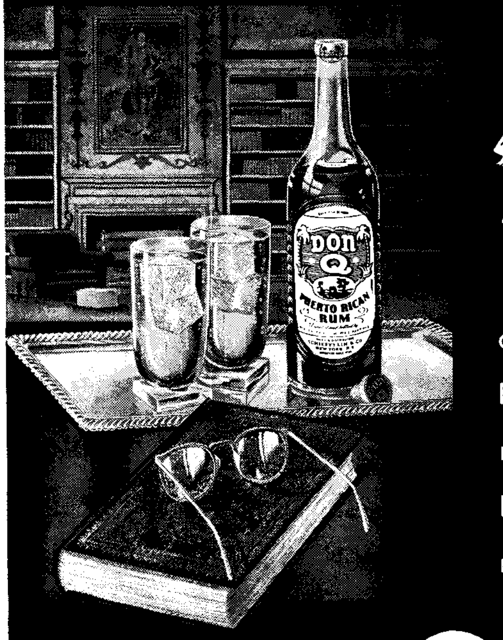
Made the generous Rogers Peet way—for comfort—the kind of comfort that only pure wool can give.

Rogers Peet Company

A label that spells character

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

"It's a matter of GOOD TASTE!"



It takes a fine binding to do justice to a fine book. And it takes Don Q to do justice to any rum drink. Enhance the flavor of your rum drinks . . . with Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum.

86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

carried it out despite her prayerful protest. Jock was so staggered by this threat that he trembled like a man with ague, and to get rid of her promised to meet her at the parsonage of the nearest Presbyterian church at eight-thirty the next morning. Then, stealthily and silently, he packed his lean wardrobe. By dawn he was in hiding in the railroad yards at Locust Point, and by noon he was bound down the Patapsco on the first leg of his last ocean voyage from Baltimore. He was never seen in the town again. —H. L. MENCKEN

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier*]

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

This is London by Edward R. Murrow,
A voice we can't forget,
William L. Shirer that Hitler ran out of
Berlin
On whom you could always bet.

There's Joe McCaffery at Washington,
D. C.
Allen Jackson at New York,
John W. Vandercook from N.B.C.
And Oh boy, how he can talk.

There's Douglas Edwards at Paris,
John Frier at old Chungking,
H. V. Kaltenborn from everywhere,
What a swan song he could sing.

There's John Adams at Manila
Farnsworth Fowles from old Moscow,
John B. Kennedy in the News of the Day
Who can let you have it and how!

There's W. W. Chaplin
A familiar voice to hear,
And old globe trotting Cecil Brown
Who covered most everywhere.

There was Leif Eade and Bob Trout
And old Bill Downs at Guam,
Major George Fielding Elliott
In the analysis he was always very calm.

There was Bill Henry and Morgan Beatty
George Johnson at old Cairo,
Edwin C. Hill and Charles Collingwood
Who were always on the go.

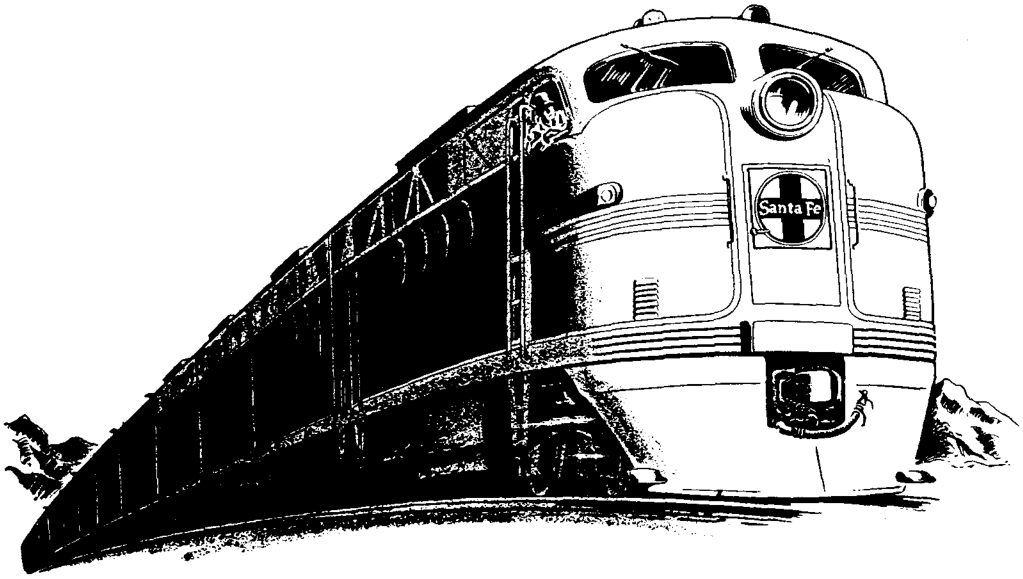
There was Grant Farr and Douglas
Edwards
Glen Statler speaking from Madrid,
Spain,
James Stevenson, Chris Coffin
And dear old John McVane.

There was Ned Calmer from London
Winston Burdette from Rome,
Don Elder at Chicago
Joseph C. Harsh familiar to every home.

There are John Dailey and Robert St.
John
Who can give you the news in style,
And far away on Ie Isle sleeps the hero
of them all
God bless you Ernie Pyle.

W. KENNETH POWERS

Doin' it with Diesels on the Santa Fe



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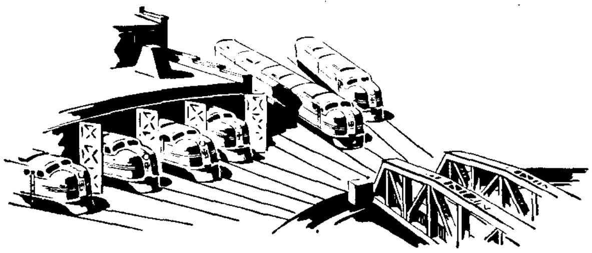

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THE RACE TRACK

Favorites and Others

THERE was something magnificent about the indifference of favorites, at Jamaica last week, to the laws of chance. Although thirty out of forty-two choices were beaten, the players kept on betting gaily, trying day after day to pull out even, or nearly even, on the seventh race. It is encouraging to report that their faith was rewarded: on four afternoons, the favorite did win the last race. This, I'd say, is a first-rate percentage for last-race favorites. Something named High Tint, who paid $208.90 in the mutuels, also brought a golden moment into a few lives. There are some racegoers, you know, who bet on every 100–1 shot just because it is a 100–1 shot. Some of them believe in Santa Claus, too.

After reading up on High Tint's inconspicuous past performances, I can't understand how she managed to win. Anyhow, Captain Pete Bostwick, who owns her, should be delighted when word of the victory reaches him in Japan, or wherever he is.

PUT Reply Paid down as our best marathon runner. He finished fourth in a Class D handicap at a mile and a sixteenth early last week simply because he doesn't really get down to business until he has run a mile. That effort was all he needed to polish off his training for the $50,000 mile-and-five-furlongs Gallant Fox Handicap last Saturday, in which he zipped through the field at the stretch turn and went on to win by lengths. His share of the purse was $39,200, which, added to his earnings in the New York Handicap at Belmont, brought his total for less than a fortnight to more than $60,000. Incidentally, he will be in all those long-distance events at Pimlico next month.

For a lot of people, the most interesting, and I may say the most disappointing, thing about the Gallant Fox Handicap was the performance of Stymie. He never looked livelier than he did during the parade to the post, but he finished out of the money. It was only the second time he had done that in fifteen starts this season. Permane, who rode him, was criticized for allowing the horse to drop so far behind in the early running, but I believe that the impost of 126 pounds was too

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much for him. The only time that Stymie has won under that weight was in the Saratoga Cup, in which he met his opposition on even terms.

Some of our fastest horses simply are not weight carriers. There was, for instance, Peanuts, who was around some twenty years ago. He was a runner, but 118 pounds was his limit. Under 120, he'd finish down the course. The last real weight carrier we've had (I'm not thinking of sprinters) was Discovery. Whirlaway, for reasons that escape me, never carried more than 132 pounds, and he carried 132 pounds only twice.

THE fastest race of the week at Jamaica was Greek Warrior's in the Interborough Handicap. Apparently without effort, he did the six furlongs over a sloppy track in 1:10 4/5, which is faster than some animals could have gone that afternoon with an outboard motor. There was also the Remsen Handicap, in which something unusual often happens. In the past half dozen years there have been two dead heats for first place, and once there were so many starters that the thing was run off in two divisions. This time, the Maine Chance Farm's Lord Boswell and They Say ran one, two—the first time an entry ever did that in the Remsen. On the whole, I wasn't as surprised to see Marine Victory, who beat Star Pilot so easily in the Champagne Stakes, come in a poor third in the Remsen as I was to see Enfilade, who has finished second to Beaugay so many times, run out of the money altogether.

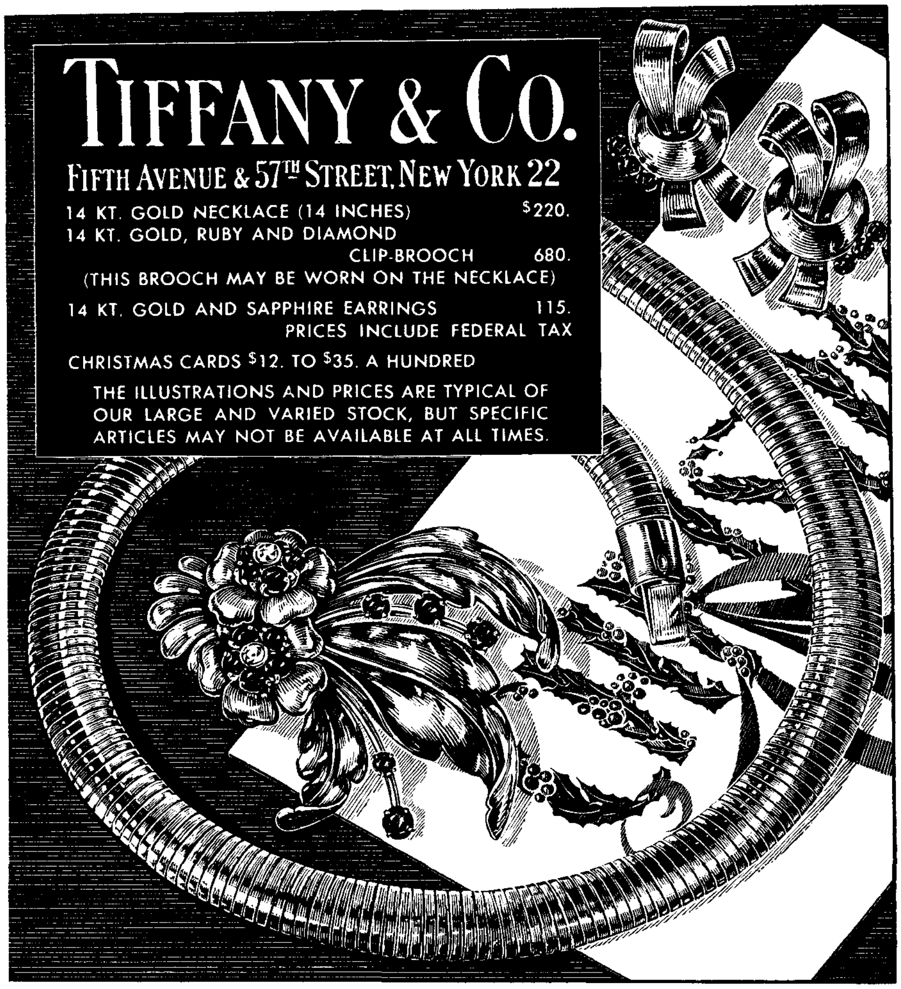
NOTHING the New York State Racing Commission has ever done has startled horsemen more than its recent attempt to reconstruct the language on what they consider rather arbitrary lines. I submit this singular (or perhaps I had better say plural) example from Article II of the Commission's new Rules and Regulations: "Words of the masculine gender include the feminine and the neuter and may refer to a partnership; and words in the singular number include the plural, and in the plural number include the singular." —AUDAX MINOR

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Northampton (Mass.) Hampshire Gazette*]

It appears to us that Mr. Dewey would have been wielding a double-edged sword in the shape of a boomerang that would have come home to plague him and beat him by a larger majority.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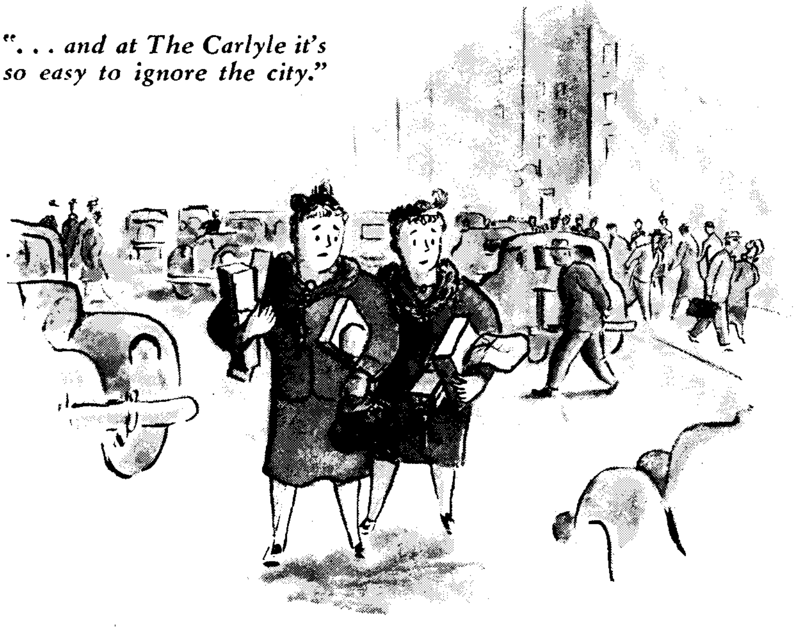
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LETTER FROM PARIS

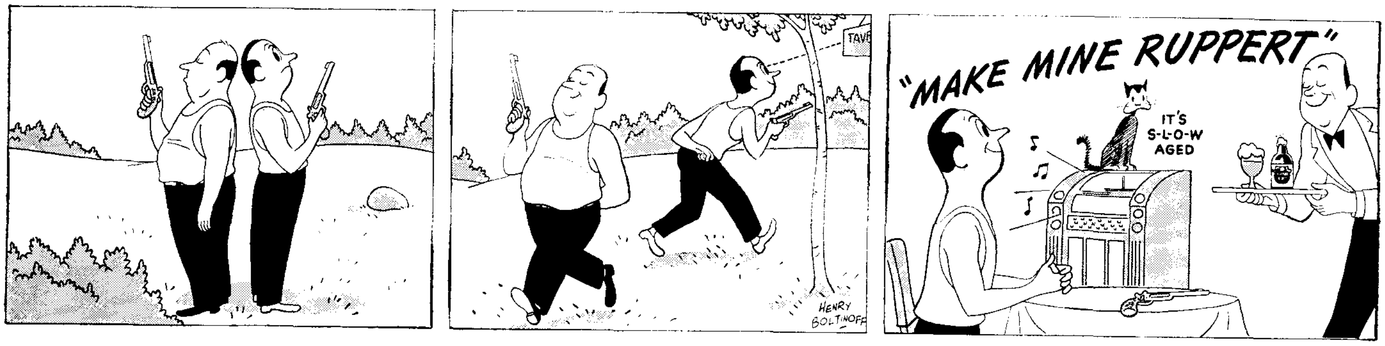
OCTOBER 11 (BY WIRELESS)

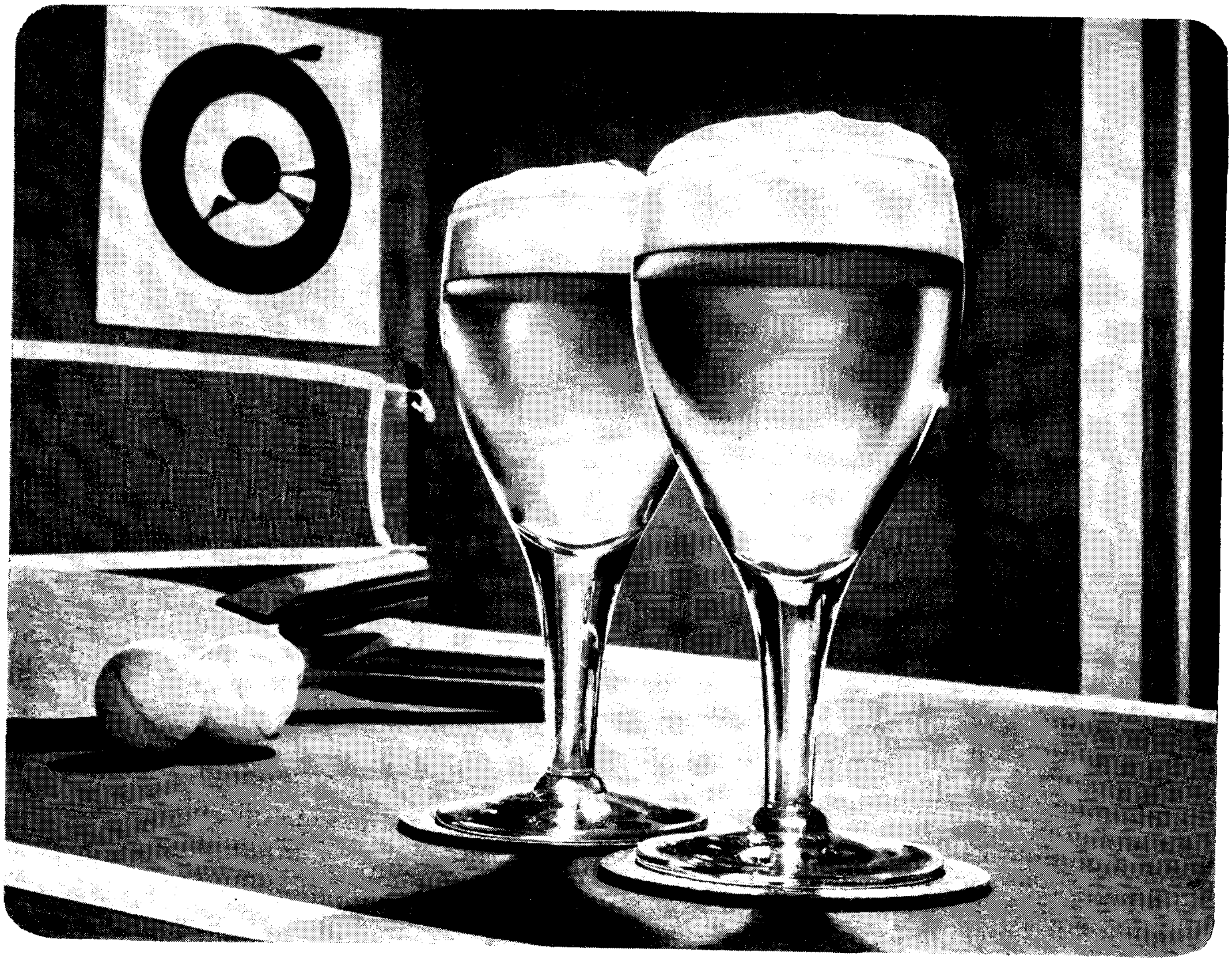
THE last of the four significant treason trials that the mass of the French had been looking forward to with eager bitterness ever since the liberation can now be looked back upon with regret. Three of these trials that aimed at the heights of justice were held down, at least in part, by the personal and the peculiar. The trial of Charles Maurras, witty old symbol of intellectual anti-republicanism, was dulled by his being stone deaf. The trial of the ancient former Marshal Pétain was deformed by his decision not to speak in court but to sit dignified and dumb. In the fourth and last trial, Pierre Laval not only heard the jeers but answered them—used not only his ears and his tongue but all his intelligent senses in provoking the pandemonium that for nearly three days let him hold at his mercy a high court which had assembled to sentence him to death. The third and least publicized of these trials was strange, too, in its smaller way. Trial No. 3 was that of Joseph Darnand, the Vichy killer who was responsible for the imprisoning, torturing, and shooting of French Maquis. Just before the brutal Darnand was himself sentenced to be shot, he offered the most illuminating remark made by any of the accused at any of the four trials. "Legality," he lucidly said, "has changed camp." If the Germans had won the war, Pétain, Laval, Maurras, and Darnand might have been trying General de Gaulle for treason about now, in the same Palais de Justice and conceivably with the same judges and prosecutor. It would have been the duty of the magistrates to try whoever was brought in by whichever government was then being recognized by them, and probably by us, as official.

Certainly the most demoralizing moment for justice during the Laval trial came when old Prosecutor Mornet accused Laval of having issued autocratic decrees during the occupation and Laval accused Mornet of having applied them. Since by this time answering back was a regular, noisy part of the high-court procedure, Mornet should have answered back that part of the Vichy guilt lay precisely in its insistence that, for the first time since Napoleon, French magistrates swear allegiance to the Chief of State instead of to their own consciences. Mornet should further have answered back, though doubtless Laval knew it (he seemed to know everything about everybody present), that he, Mornet, alone of all the Palais de Justice high court, had never sworn the Vichy oath. The main reason he hadn't, however, was that he was so old that he had retired from the magistracy. Admittedly, he had later emerged from this retirement to serve on a Vichy commission for denaturalizing naturalized French citizens, principally Jews. Certainly Laval knew, without its being pointed out to him, that the sinister, savage, antique Mornet had now once more come out of retirement for the treason trials because he was reputed to be an ace at his task of head-getting and had more blood to his credit than any other criminal prosecutor in the business. No one seems to know why, when there was available in Paris one high-ranking judge, named Didier, who had never sworn the Vichy oath, this uniquely serviceable official was passed over. Instead, the job of presiding judge at the anti-Vichy treason trials was vainly offered to a succession of prudent magistrates, all sworn to Vichy, and finally came down within reach of the weak, handsome Judge Mongibeaux. Such questions and facts are the tedious, complex paradoxes at the bottom of these disappointing Paris *épuration* trials, which may well addle the future historian and which even in advance seemed so odd to the French populace that it instinctively clamored for a people's tribunal and short shrift instead of a long line of red robes at the bar.

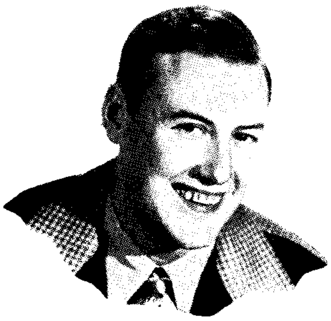
There is another mystery about the Laval trial: why was it the scene of such a loosing of passions? Judges, juries, lawyers, deputies, prosecution, a youthful visitor in the little gallery, and, above all, the accused himself, hemmed in in his narrow aisle on the crowded floor, all shouted as they undoubtedly never had before in public. It was probably sheer hatred of Laval, the physical as well as the symbolic *summum malum* of France's occupation, collaboration, and shame, that loosed the outcries against him. And there was something left in Laval that made him scream back. Physically and mentally, he completely dominated the court both when he was in it—sweating and thinking and swearing—and when he was out of it, when he took his victory with him to his cell and the Court dragged on, dull and defeated. He had his judges, prosecutor, and attackers beaten three ways; he, the single traitor, was more intelligent, wise, and intuitive than all of them rolled together. His superior brain guided even his cheapest gibes. As a former lawyer and Minister of Justice, he knew the law better than the Bench seemed to. As a former deputy, he was on to the deputies who made up the vituperative parliamentary jury. As a

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS...





"Tastes wonderful after work or play"



• Yes! After a hard day's work or after a round of sport what a grand and glorious feeling to call out "Make Mine Ruppert" and treat your throat to really delicious refreshment.

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politician with an amazing memory, he knew the policies he had made and recalled them verbatim while the politically ignorant Court scuffled through its reference papers for information. When he started to talk, he was like quicksilver: no one could control him; his phrases, flashy or weighty, rolled in all directions through the court, separating, then coagulating, but always slipping through the fingers.

THROUGHOUT Laval's trial, the whole Paris press demanded his death, deplored the scandalous fashion in which it was being led up to, and noted each paradoxical pickle his maneuvers got the Court into. The best cartoon on the trial was run in the disrespectful weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*. It showed two troubled lawyers talking, and the caption was "Do you think he will be able to pull himself out of all this?" "Who?" "Mongibeaux." The same gazette also ran a blistering satire on the trial headlined "High Court Now Appearing in the Prisoners' Dock Before Judge Pierre Laval." The opening paragraph started off, "When Judge Pierre Laval, flanked on the bench by his two official assistants, Pierre Laval and Pierre Laval, announced this morning that the court was in session, prosecuting attorney Pierre Laval was ready and waiting, his papers all prepared, for the trial."

For five full days the French press, from Left to Right, groaned when it thought about what the foreign press bench at the trial was going to say about the affair. The evening paper *Libé-Soir* wrote hypersensitively, "Already the foreign press, so little inclined to tenderness toward our institutions and ways, is gazing upon these lamentable court proceedings with a severe eye." Yet the French press was harsher toward its own countrymen than any of the four English-language Paris papers. As angry a French sample as any was a *Voix de Paris* editorial which summed up, "The astuteness of Pierre Laval, that old war horse quick to exploit any situation; the feminine nervousness of a judge inclined to the vapors and attacks of nerves; the senile peevishness of a prosecuting attorney already discredited for his part in those other trials; the unimaginable lack of propriety of the jurors, who have forgotten what the most elementary decency is like—these are the elements of the scandal that is dishonoring our high court. It is enormously painful to speak in these terms of the highest magistrates in France. However, it must be said, because it is true." The *Franc-Tireur's*

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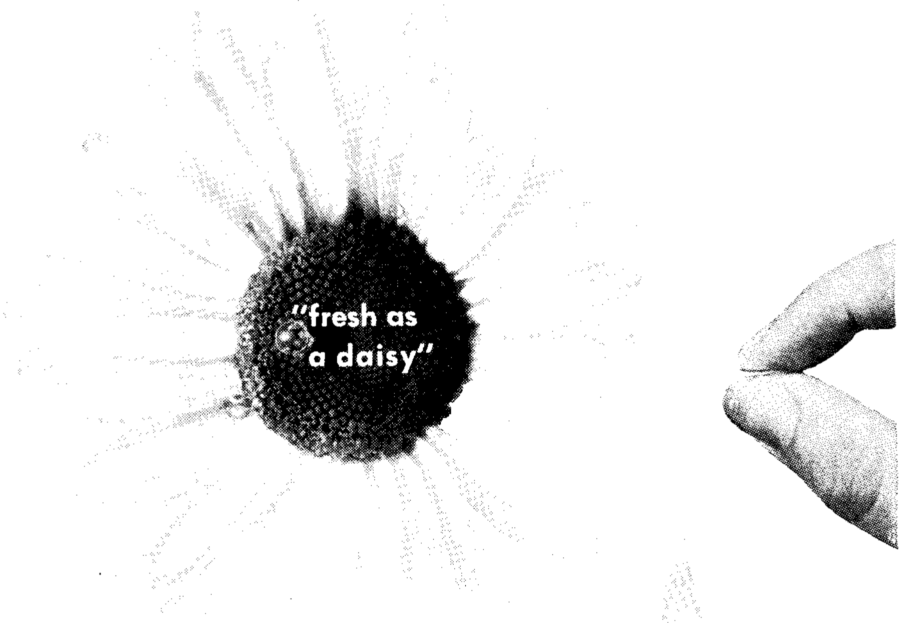
Madeleine Jacob, now replacing Georges London and Pierre Benard as the town's favorite court commentator, wrote of the hurlyburly in court, "One was slightly shamed by the lamentable spectacle. It was a general melee of infinite indecency. The cacophony was indescribable. The judge, whom emotion, fury, and indignation were strangling . . . pounced upon his velvet hat, clapped it upon his head, and cried, 'The court is adjourned!'" The judge's covering himself with his picturesque black-and-gold toque is the medieval sign still used in France to indicate that a session is ended.

The pessimists' morning paper, *Combat*, which rejoices in a gloomy view of things, croaked as its contribution, "The Laval trial has the prospect of turning France's stomach. Yesterday's séance was even more odious than the two before. This time it was sordidness and mediocrity at loggerheads in the midst of incoherence. How could it be otherwise when we are watching magistrates who not only cannot control the prisoner but cannot even control themselves? For four years people have dreamed of the Laval trial. We too dreamed of it. Dreamed of settling an account. But we never imagined that Laval's trial could be as comic as it was the day before yesterday, as odious as it was yesterday, and as ridiculous as it will be tomorrow. On our manner of judging Laval, we ourselves are being judged."

There were also moments of wit and sheer fun in the trial, as when Laval coolly replied to the judge, whose question he refused to answer because the judge had already imprudently answered it himself, "As the victim of a judiciary crime, Monsieur le Premier Président, I do not aspire to be also the accomplice." And there was a roar of laughter when the nervous judge, making an elegant attempt at regaining lost authority, requested the sheriff to bring in a string of witnesses and the underling returned with nothing but the explanation "There aren't any witnesses anywhere, Monsieur le Premier Président. Perhaps we forgot to order any." There was also some fretful gaiety over the occasional tardiness of the Resistance jurors in turning up for duty; many of them were busy running for deputy in the forthcoming elections. They were and are literally running—on five new tires, three new inner tubes, and three thousand liters of gasoline allotted by the government to each of the dozen or more contending political parties, while country doctors and priests often have to walk miles to save men's lives and



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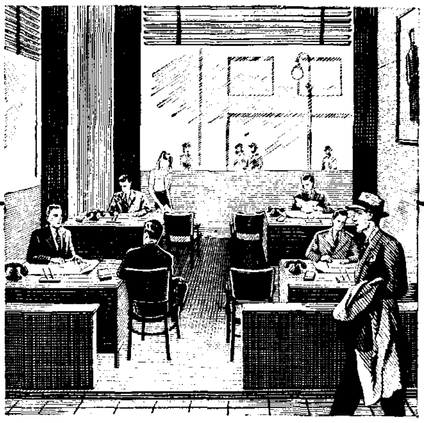

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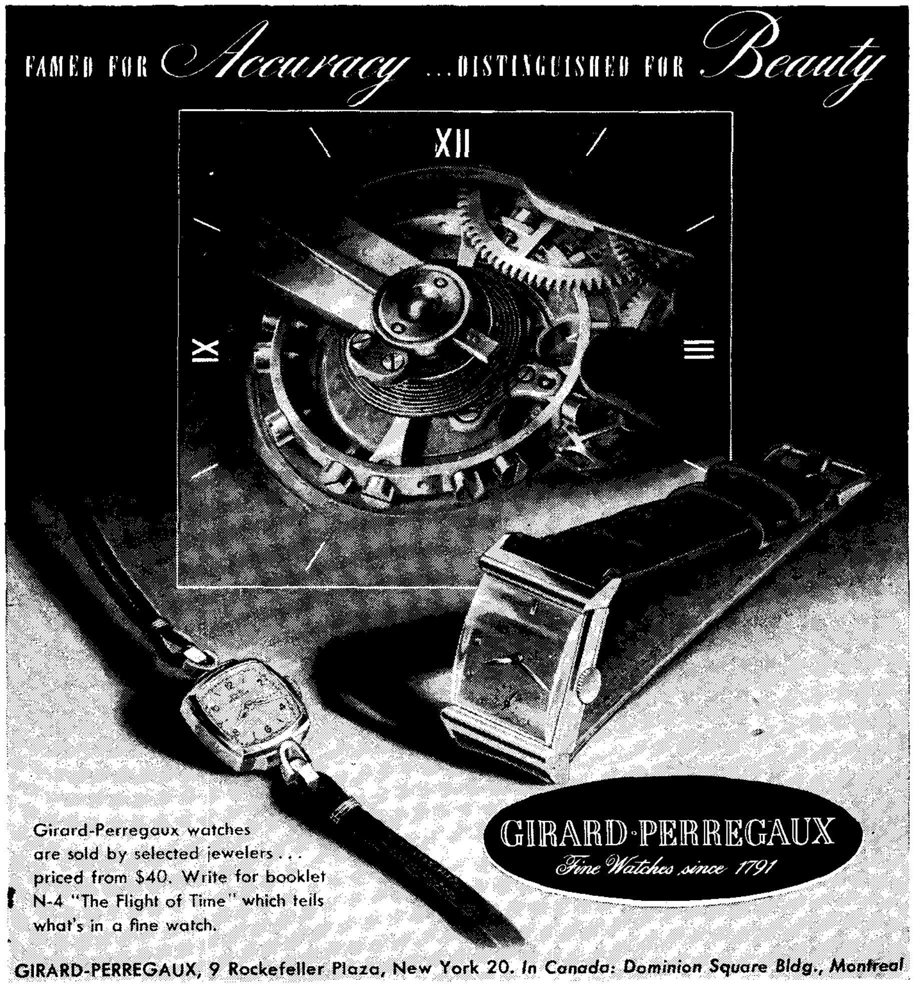

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shrive men's souls. There were three women jurors among the Resistants, all of whom were widowed by the Laval-Pétain-Darnand-Maurras militia. The best known of the trio was Madame Gabriel-Péri, whose dark beauty was like an allegorical portrait of Grief waiting upon Justice. And it must be noted, finally, that it was the parliamentarians, not the Resistance jurors, who conducted themselves with so experienced a lack of public dignity.

LATE on the third turbulent afternoon of his trial, Laval refused to return to court after some parliamentary jurors had called him foul names and promised him "twelve balls in the skin"—or execution before the dozen rifles of the firing squad—and after the judge, as Laval put it, had given him "outrageous treatment," so the prisoner was forced by legal etiquette to send a formal written declaration, announcing his refusal, by a sheriff, who carried it from the prisoner's cell in the basement of the Palais to the court, upstairs. According to *Le Monde*, when the note was received by the judge, it bore, legally enough, not only Laval's signature but the sheriff's postscript, "Cost—nine francs." The next morning, Laval was reported by Palais gossip to have said to his guard, "Anyhow, I wager I slept better last night than Mongibeaux." It was this sort of realistic insouciance which for two and a half afternoons drove the high court crazy.

Laval's refusal to return to the court, even to hear his sentence on the fifth day, made it necessary for his defense lawyers to go down to his cell at dusk to announce the fatal news. They arrived beside his cot during one of the shutdowns of electrical current that are a daily occurrence in Paris because of the coal shortage. His cell was lighted by a small flare. When he saw their sad and shadowed faces, he gently said, or so they later declared, "Am I the one who should try to cheer you up?" Twenty-four hours later the Paris press, no longer querulous, grimly announced that Pierre Laval was installed in one of the death cells in the suburban prison of Fresnes. He was already dressed in a drill suit, his head had been shaved, and he was wearing leg chains.

—GENÊT

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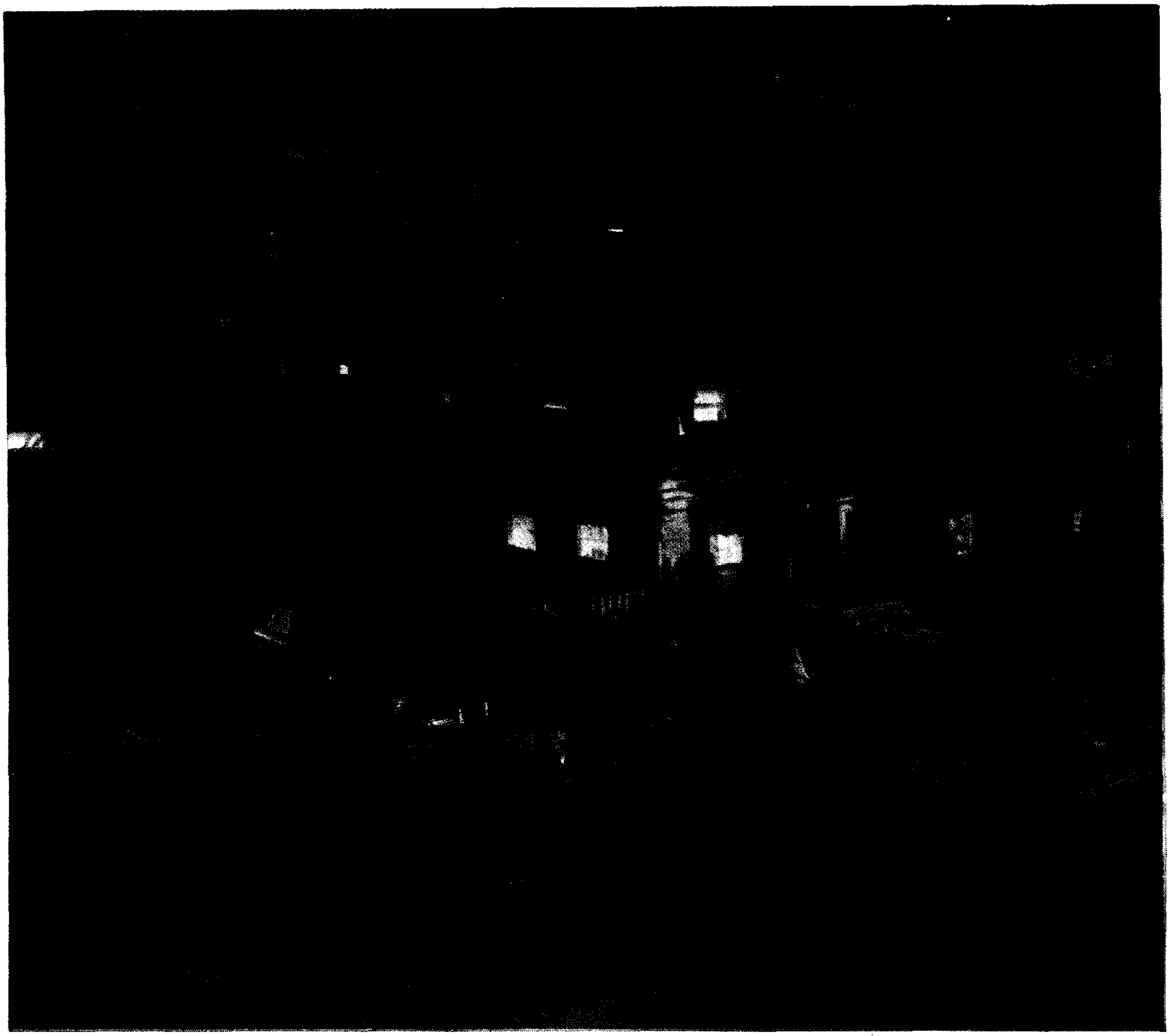
LOVE DEMONSTRATORS
HAVE ALL-DAY MEET
AT HERRING HOME
—*Headline in the Tulia (Tex.) Herald.*

And far into the night?



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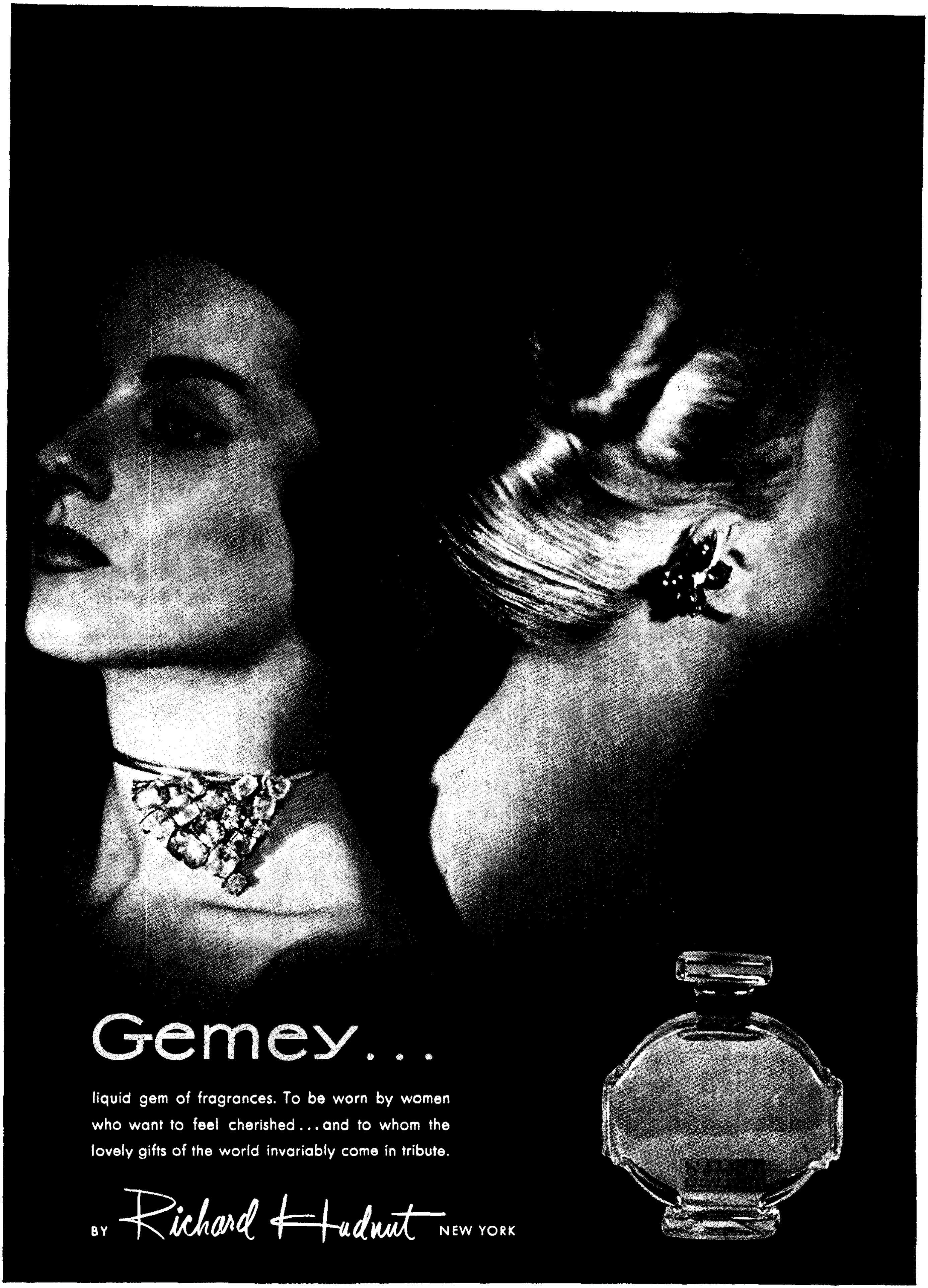

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[*From the Sutherland (Iowa) Courier*]

Mrs. Emil Kamradt and her sister, Miss Flora Mae Warnke have returned from a 9-day vacation trip through the East. They report their trip interesting and educational. Leaving Cleghorn via the Illinois Central Railroad in the morning they arrived in Chicago that evening. Here they boarded a train which took them through Ft. Wayne, Pittsburgh, Johnstown to Harrisburg, where they transferred to another train for Baltimore and finally reached Washington, D.C., on Wednesday, where they spent the night at The Plaza Hotel. For the next couple of days they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith, brother-in-law and sister-in-law of Mrs. Kamradt.

While in Washington they visited Mt. Vernon, Arlington cemetery, Lee's Mansion, the Pentagon Building, the National Capitol, where Mrs. Griffith was their hostess for dinner, served by southern negroes. They also enjoyed a train ride to the base of the building. They visited the Senate Chambers and received passes to attend a legislative session. They also viewed the White House. By elevator they went up 890 feet in the Washington Monument and could view the city in all directions. They found the city very clean from recent rains (which was practically every day.)

In Philadelphia they visited the Independence Hall. Congress Hall, the first capitol of our country, the resting place of Benjamin Franklin; First Christ Church, and Betsy Ross Home. They took out a few minutes for shopping before leaving for New York City which took about two hours.

On a tour on Sunday they visited Wall Street (former business center) Chinatown, the second largest in the U.S. (San Francisco ranks first); the Italian district, Statue of Liberty and Eddie Cantor's birthplace. They were amazed to learn that the Chinese have as much meat as before the war, which includes roast chickens, hams, plenty of vegetables etc. After the tour they walked for an hour through Times Square and the Theater Center, which is on the way to Grand Central Station.

From Grand Central Station they entrained for Niagara Falls, between trains there taking a three hour tour with team and surrey. The regular surreys accommodate 12 passenger and single surreys for honeymooners are available. The conveyance stopped at many points of interest with the passengers being permitted to alight for closer observation. They went down 175 feet into Wind cave, donning rubberized rainproof clothing to enable them to walk under part of the falls. The Canadian view gives a better impression of Horseshoe Bend, and this was, incidentally, their first step into Canada.

The young ladies found living expenses rather high, for instance one flapjack cost 45 cents, and a glass of milk 25 cents. In Chicago they visited the Broadcast of the Farm and Home Hour, the Merchandising Mart; Marshall Fields, largest department store in the world; the Planetarium, Lincoln Park and Zoo, and the Aquarium. They saw the Reinhard Caster family which wished them to say "Hello Friends."

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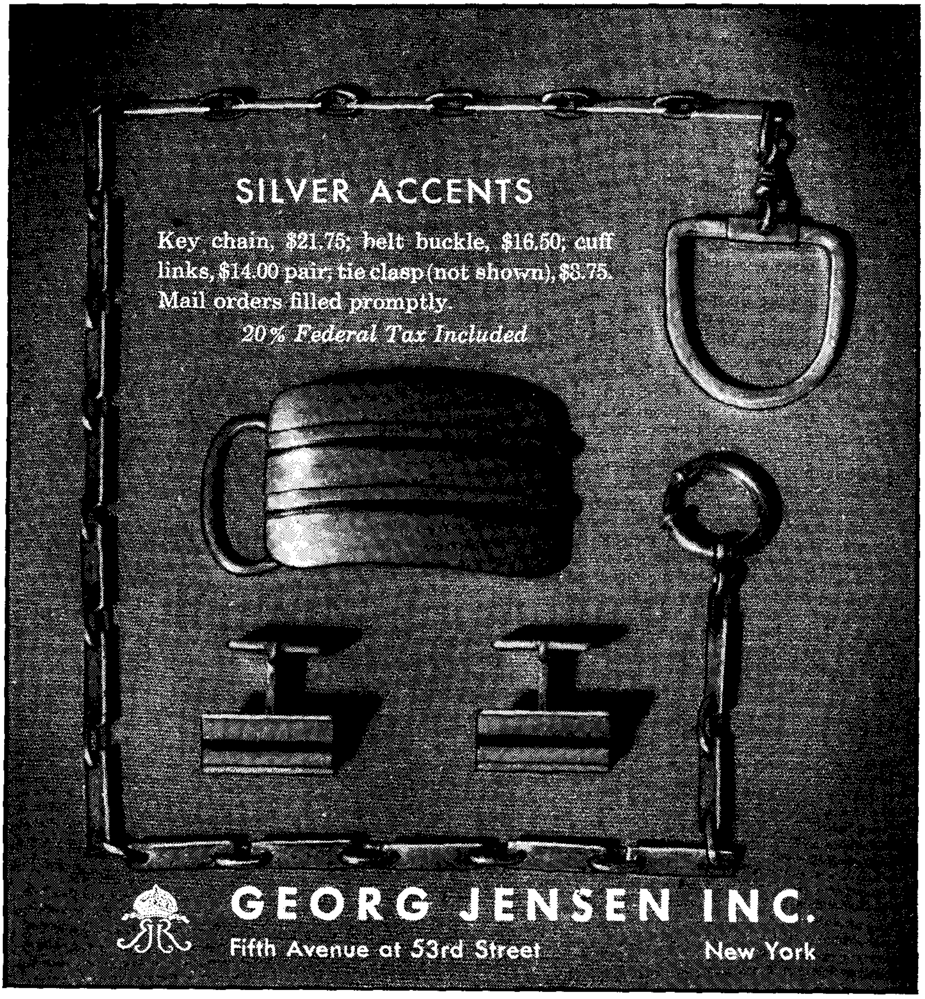

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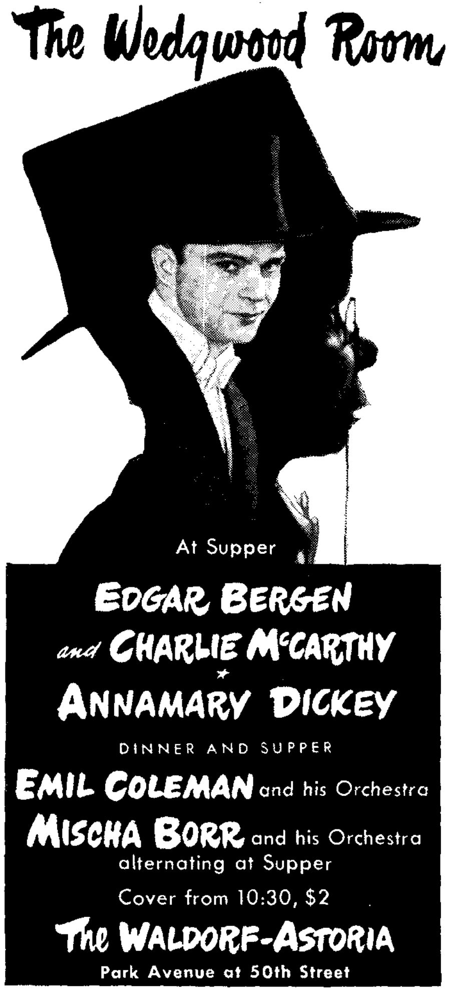

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OF ALL THINGS

MANY Frenchmen did not approve the way Pierre Laval's trial was conducted. On the other hand, everybody heartily approved the ending.

•

The wife of Josef Kramer, of the Belsen prison camp, testified at his trial that he did not enjoy his work. It seems that the sensitive fellow used to come home rather depressed after a particularly hard day of slaughtering.

•

Those stories about starving Poland may have been somewhat exaggerated. A *Times* correspondent tells us that anybody can buy a splendid dinner in Warsaw for $100.

•

The decline in registration suggests that there is a regrettable lack of public interest in New York's municipal campaign. That is what comes of depriving free citizens of the right to vote for or against LaGuardia.

•

The National Safety Council has announced that there were more casualties among American civilians during the war years than among our service men. If you want to live dangerously, there is no place like home.

•

The D.A.R. still refuses to alter its policy of permitting only white artists to appear at Constitution Hall. No one, apparently, can persuade those embattled ladies to change their color scheme.

•

Our hotelmen give warning that there will be no room for transients during the time the fleet is here. New York and the Navy hope to have these three weeks alone together.

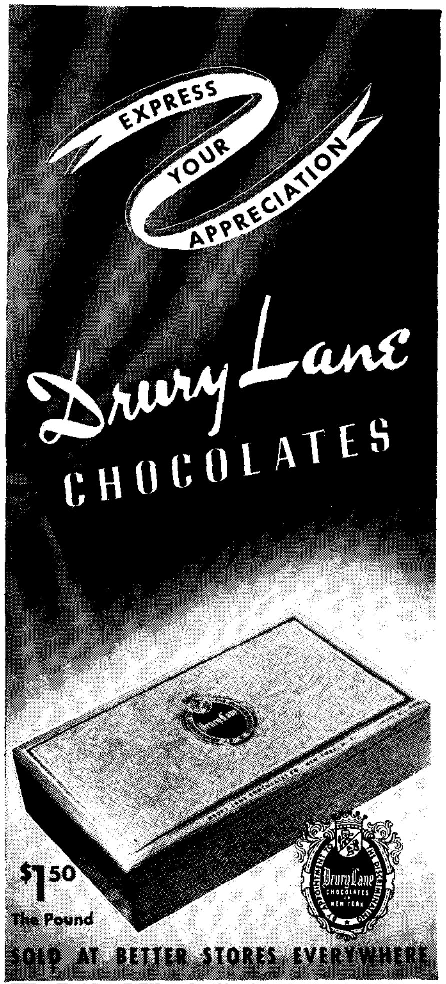
•

Sportswriters complain that the World Series was entertaining rather than expert. It provided entirely too much amusement for the customers, these caustic critics feel.

•

Owners of the big-league baseball clubs want to keep Happy Chandler as czar of the industry, but they intend to hire a man to tell him what to do. Chandler and Hirohito are going to have a lot in common.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Looking Backward

NEXT
'RDAY
MANTIC
OY

THE grim whisper of despair that you will hear in "Love on the Dole," an English production with Deborah Kerr and Clifford Evans, is a more impressive sound than all the tumult and the shouting that have assailed your ears in the past half decade. In the squalor and gloom of an English mill town, the film finds, and takes a good look at, the consequences of wholesale and persistent unemployment on the life of a community already bogged down in poverty, and it listens with proper appreciation to the mutterings of men bewildered, hopeless, and threadbare. There isn't any burning torch of revolution here, and the preachments are few. But this unostentatious little picture manages to pose a mighty big problem.

There is nothing very original about the plot of "Love on the Dole." Certainly there have been plenty of stories before that have told the sad tale of the daughter of a poor family who tries to help the folks out by giving in to a Fancy Dan, only to find herself tossed out of the house by a father of a conventional turn of mind. But filling out this old-fashioned pattern are scenes with a very real wallop—the unemployed marching against a phalanx of cops, the unemployed being refused any help at the dole office, an adolescent and his girl viewing in wonderment the equipment of a seedy bathroom in a second-rate seaside rooming house, a group of furtive old harridans swigging a bottle in a musty parlor. The talk of these crones is good and gamy. Consoling the mother of the girl who fell from virtue, one of them, an undertaker by trade, points out brightly that, if she had to lead her life over again, she'd "never turn me nose up at a fat belly as long as it had a gold chain on it." Yet another, hearing that the labor leader of the piece has left instructions to have his body cremated, declares hoarsely, "If that's what them Socialists believe in, they're not getting *my* vote."

"Love on the Dole" has been a long

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time getting here. When the film was produced in England, in 1941, the government suppressed it on the ground that its indictment of conditions under the Tory Government of the early thirties was ill-timed. It was similarly unlucky in the United States, since the Hays Office professed to be horrified at the outspokenness of its dialogue. Now, with all the naughty words removed, it stacks up as "the most effective proletarian drama of the year," which was what Robert Benchley said in 1936 about the play it stems from.

THROUGHOUT the course of "Shady Lady," I kept wondering why Charles Coburn, in the rôle of a dubious gentleman from Georgia, wore a monocle. This distracted me somewhat from the film, but not as much as I would have liked. I do hope that Mr. Coburn will not continue to turn up as that lovable old gambler whose daughter is trying to reform him. It was fine stuff, of course, in "The Lady Eve," back in 1941, but Preston Sturges got everything there was to get out of the character at that time. Besides Mr. Coburn, the cast of "Shady Lady" includes Ginny Simms, who has the brightest teeth I ever saw in a woman's head, and Robert Paige, who looks as though he might need to have his tonsils out.

IN "George White's Scandals," Jack Haley always lifts Joan Davis's nose out of the way before he kisses her. Most of the humor is pitched on this level. Consider yourself warned.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

◆

I have to be disagreeable again, my dear, and point out that it would not "make you happier" to rob another woman, disgrace two children and betray your own good husband's devotion by indulging in a shoddy romance.

For shoddy it is to take what belongs to someone else, and to hurl a knife into the back of the man who conferred on you his name, his love and his marriage vows.

Have an honest, firm talk with yolk mixture. Sift together remaining ingredients and fold into egg mixture. Bake in shallow pan, the bottom (not sides) of which is lined with waxed paper, at 325 degrees for 20 minutes. Turn out on a towel, roll up cake and towel together, Cool. Unroll from towel, spread with jelly filling and reroll. yourself—the Self you have to live with—and make up your mind it shall be your best Self. Count your blessings.—*Danbury (Conn.) News-Times.*

And take that knife out.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

JUNGLE JUICE

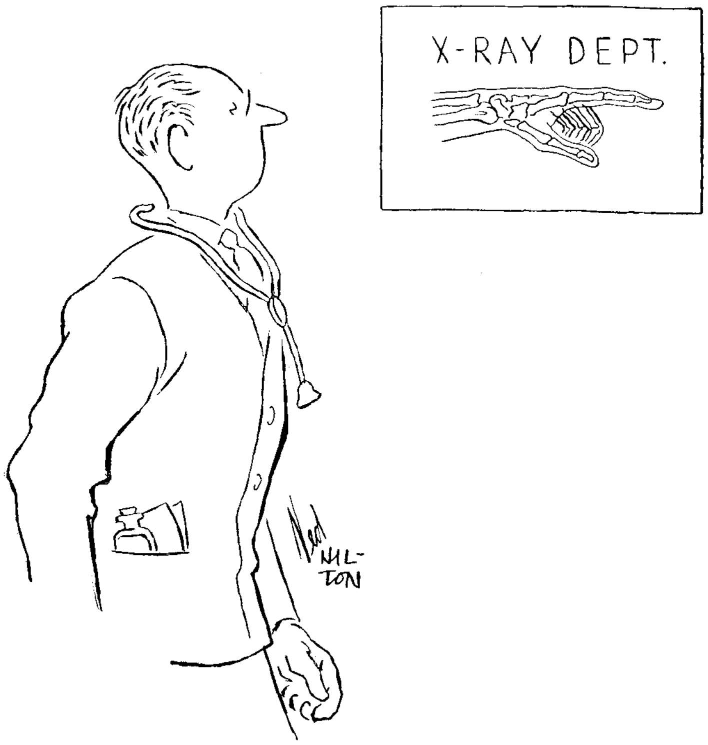
JUNGLE JUICE was a name loosely applied to any of the spirituous beverages that were concocted by American soldiers in the Southwest Pacific area. It was made in a number of ways and of a variety of ingredients, and in quality it ranged from a golden-green fermented brew with a strength of about twenty-five proof to a pale distillate of four times that potency. It was a product of the lethargy of the natives of the region, American ingenuity, and the fact that the United States Army doesn't—or didn't while I was in it—feel that enlisted men need any sort of alcoholic beverage. Jungle juice was not Government Issue, but it fully deserved to be called G.I., for every man responsible for its invention, production, and consumption was G.I. himself. Furthermore, it was the American service man's greatest contribution toward better living in a land where only a Jap could be as vile as the prospect.

After the fighter squadron I was in reached New Guinea, at a time when the war was a long way from over, the men used to look unhappily at occasional pictures in *Yank* that showed G.I.s on other fronts—Tunisia, Sicily, Italy—with bottles of the "wine of the region" in their hands and expressions of delight on their faces. The accompanying text usually intimated that the stuff the men were drinking was pretty terrible, but we always felt sure that the correspondent was a liar and, as we ran dry tongues over sunburned lips, we wished we had been sent to a country whose inhabitants were sufficiently enterprising to produce something more palatable than the weird-looking yams and tasteless beans that seemed to represent the extent of the imagination of the natives in our part of the Southwest Pacific.

The New Guinea "Fuzzy," although reasonably amiable, is a slothful fellow with a limited horizon, who works only because the Australian government imposes a tax that he must pay in cash. The finer things of life seem to have passed him by, and vice versa. He could and did show G.I.s how to catch and eat a certain type of worm that he considers a great delicacy, but he has never heard of a cocktail. Unlike his cousins on the islands further north, he has never even learned to brew palm toddy. He drank sake left behind by the retreating Japs or spirits brought in by Aussies or Yanks, if he could steal them (selling liquor to natives is forbidden by law), but when he had drunk up whatever he was able to get, he would return placidly to his bean fields, much as a cow driven out of an apple orchard cheerfully returns to eating grass. When I speak of spirits brought in by Yanks, I mean, of course, spirits brought in by officers, who were permitted by Army regulations to import liquor from Australia. Army regulations did not give any such privilege to the enlisted men, who were officially expected to drink chlorinated water, G.I. coffee (which, being made with chlorinated water, merely substituted two bad tastes for one), and a fearful lemonade which came in bottles and had to be diluted with water—chlorinated water, naturally.

To be sure, there were occasional oases in that forlorn land. Men in outfits stationed in or near Moresby, Buna, Oro Bay, or some such port were occasionally able to bribe an Australian dock worker to smuggle in a bottle of raw Australian gin or Australian Navy rum in return for a few cartons of American cigarettes. The rum had, as the Aussies put it, a "rale naice tyste," wholly different from that of the blackstrap rum that was sold over the bars in Brisbane, which tasted like paregoric but had no such soothing effect. Also, sometimes an American sailor on shore leave could be persuaded to part with a bottle he'd picked up in Australia. The sailors were never interested in barter, though; they always demanded cash. Since the price of a fifth was from eight to ten pounds Australian, roughly the equivalent of twenty-five to thirty-two dollars, such deals were considered too expensive by the average G.I., who, although he had little opportunity to spend money, usually found it more diverting to throw his pay away in a crap game than to turn it over to an extortionist.

It is not surprising, therefore, that men marooned on such an uncongenial island (if New Guinea can be described by so euphemistic a term) and occasionally with quite a bit of time on their hands should begin to experiment with recipes of their own for the manufacture of stimulants. Some of the men were old enough to remember the creations of the prohibition era, and a number came from the Southern states, where they had been raised in the tradition of moonshine. A few had actually been operating stills when they were drafted. The lack of potable beverages created a problem that was not only a challenge to the service man's resourcefulness but also promised great rewards to anyone who could solve it. Men fell to the task with the same spirit the old Greeks may have felt when they discovered the real reason for the existence of grapes, but the G.I.s in New Guinea had no Bacchus to guide them, and the quality of the products turned out naturally varied according to the skill of the inventors. The recipes were numerous, but I shall deal here with only three types of jungle juice—the ones with which I happened to come into close, or even very close, contact.



THE simplest of these three varieties, and probably the earliest form of drink produced by G.I.s in New Guinea, was made by merely punching in the three little dark eyes at one end of a coconut, dropping in some raisins and sugar, and inserting plugs in the holes. Thus spiked, the coconut's milk fermented so rapidly that after about a week one or two of the plugs would

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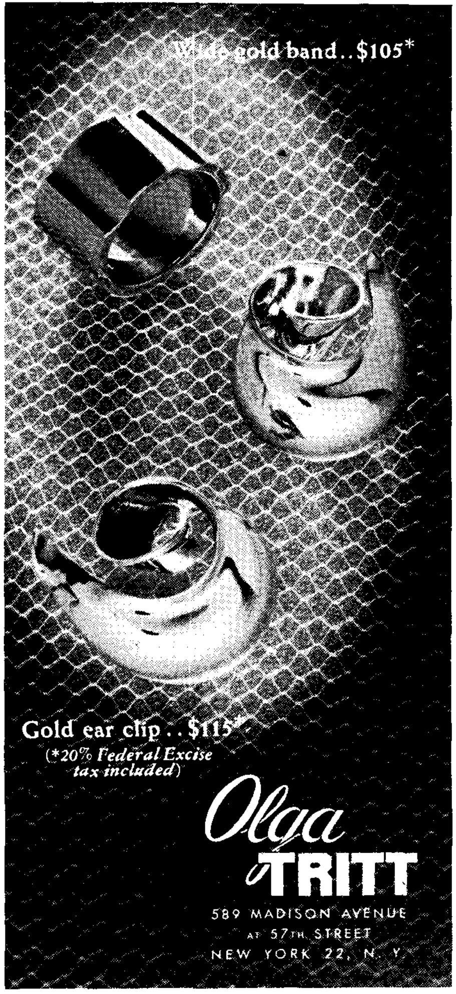
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pop out, at which point the brew was deemed ready to drink. It tasted not unlike Mexican pulque, and more than a very moderate amount of the stuff would induce an appalling hangover. An added disadvantage was that there is so little milk in a coconut that it was impossible to conduct large-scale manufacture in secrecy, and every man who liked the product practically had to become his own brewmaster. However, for outfits that did not have the time or the patience to set up any more elaborate paraphernalia, the method sufficed.

The second form of juice with which I became familiar was a distillate produced in much the same manner, I imagine, as any homemade whiskey. A mash of corn meal (potatoes would do if no meal was available), sugar, and yeast was placed in an empty gasoline drum and left to ferment. At the end of five or six days the mash usually stopped bubbling. The drum was then hoisted up onto four stones, a fire was built beneath it, and the fermented mash was brought to a boil. The vapors entered a coiled copper pipe, or "worm," stuck in the top of the drum, where they liquefied, and the fluid dribbled into a waiting receptacle. The resulting product, which was considered aged by the time it had cooled, was a colorless, oily liqueur that tasted like creosote and, soon after consumption, made you feel as if the top of your head had suddenly been jerked up several inches, or even yards.

"Worms" were hard to get, since they were not a part of standard Army equipment. They could, however, be made from the gasoline feed lines of planes, and for this reason, if for no other, guards were always placed over planes that had crash-landed or were otherwise disabled, and anyone found wandering about service-squadron shops where damaged planes were being repaired was told to state his business or get the hell out of there. The distilled juice was highly remunerative to the owner of the still. The stuff sold for from two to four pounds a fifth ($6.40 to $13), but it was generally frowned upon as a steady beverage by all but the hardiest drinkers, because it made its consumers run completely amok after a few belts.

By far the best of the local brews, and the one with which I became most thoroughly acquainted, was an opalescent, golden-green drink made from dried peaches or apricots mixed with raisins. The reason I came to know this drink so well was that two men in my squad-

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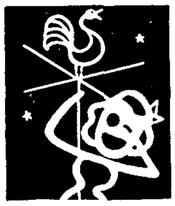
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BETHPAGE, L. I.

ron made a brand of it that was grudgingly admitted by outsiders to be superior to anything produced by any other outfit for miles around. In fact, so great was the fame of this juice that whenever word was carried by the grapevine that a new batch of it had "come in," our camp had a sudden visitation of men from other areas, who would slip in after dark, bringing bottles, jugs, or anything else that would hold liquid. A certain amount of precaution was necessary since the military authorities, although they did not seem to care what or how much the men drank (unless one behaved too outrageously), forbade the making or sale of intoxicants. The Army's attitude, in fact, was much the same as that of the government during prohibition. However, as was also true of prohibition, the profits were such that they clearly outweighed the danger of discovery, and it was an unusual month when my squadron's two brewers didn't divide a hundred pounds, or more than three hundred dollars, between them.

These two dispensers of witch broth were a tall, gangling sergeant, whom we called Drainpipe because, as someone suggested, he looked as though he had grown up in one, and a corporal, whom we called Iggie, for no particular reason —a short, bandy-legged fellow as red and hairy as an orangutan. The recipe for the juice these two prepared had been compounded by Drainpipe, but Iggie, too, had made an important contribution, for he had mysteriously come into possession of two wooden barrels, which must have had something to do with the superior quality of their finished product. Other and less fortunate G.I.s had to use discarded gasoline drums for brewing vats. Into these barrels, which Drainpipe and Iggie kept in a dismal swamp half a mile from our camp, they would put several pounds of dried peaches or apricots and about half as many pounds of raisins. (A coöperative mess sergeant was obviously an ex-officio ingredient of this juice.) Then they'd pour in a gallon or so of water and let the mess soak for twenty-four hours, after which they'd add three pounds of sugar and a couple of cakes of yeast and fill the barrels to within six inches of the top with water. Chlorinated water was impossible, because the chlorine would have prevented fermentation, so the gray, fungus-filled water of the swamp was used. The alcohol produced by the fermentation was supposed to kill any bacilli in the water, and it very probably did.

After a week, during which time the

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two men periodically skimmed off the foam, or scum, that rose to its surface, all visible signs of fermentation would cease. The juice was about the color of Rhine wine, though not nearly so transparent, with a slightly sweetish taste and a kick so negligible that anyone sampling it for the first time wondered why men would go to so much trouble to create anything so vapid. During the next two days, however, some sleeping enzyme would come to life and the stuff would acquire a musty, enticing flavor and considerable potency. For the next five days it would continue to get mustier, tangier, and more desirable, and then, even more swiftly than it had ripened, it would go sour and become as unpalatable as vinegar. There were rarely more than a few cupfuls left by the time this deplorable anticlimax came about. When it did, Drainpipe and Iggie would scrub out the barrels, divide the package of pound and half-pound notes they had garnered, and start a new batch going, strong in the knowledge that they had brought cheer and sunshine into the lives of a few dozen of their fellow-men.

THE effects of jungle juice were almost as varied as the characters of the men who drank it. Some men became exhilarated; some felt that they were floating on air, impervious to the ravages of mosquitoes, chiggers, and the other local pests; others dreamed of home. Drainpipe, when he was in his cups, would whinny like a horse and, given space, roll on the ground; Iggie, on the other hand, would become overly serious and extremely solicitous of the welfare of his clients. Occasionally this worked to his disadvantage. Two of his best customers, waist gunners from a nearby bomber group, were full-blooded American Indians, and as laconic as any wooden ones. Their capacity was prodigious. They would sit in Iggie's tent for hours, solemnly drinking, and finally rise, pay their score, and vanish sure-footedly into the night. Whenever they turned up, Iggie seemed to feel that he had to sit and drink with them, but he always insisted that he didn't like to. "There's them goddam Indians again," he would say gloomily when they appeared. "Now I'll never get to bed." Asked why he didn't leave the Indians to themselves, he would reply, "I *can't* leave them. They look so goddam lonesome."

One evening Iggie's Indians let him down. At a late hour he discovered that they could barely walk, so he

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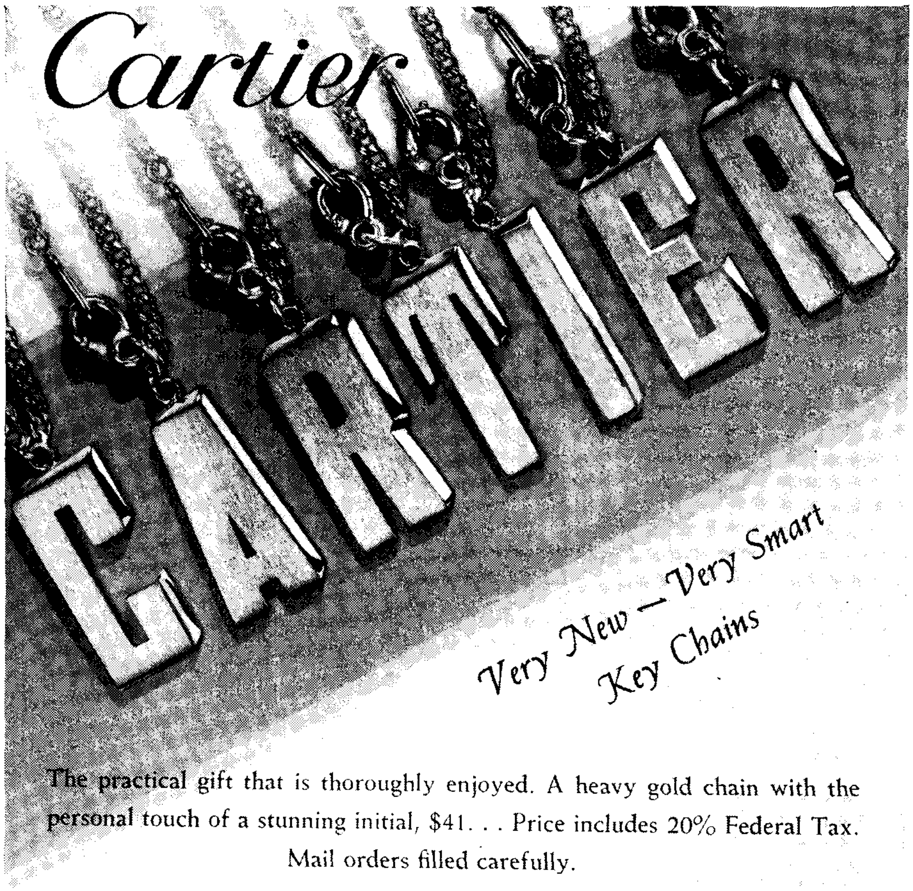
dumped them into a weapons carrier he borrowed from our motor pool and started off for their outfit. Unfortunately, someone had left a truck parked without lights by the side of the road and Iggie ran into it. As soon as he had pulled himself together, he realized that he was in a spot, for his weapons carrier was a wreck and, to make matters worse, he had casually told the sergeant in charge of the motor pool that he had permission to drive the machine. He decided, therefore, to confess to the lieutenant in charge of transportation, and ran back to our camp, where he dragged that long-suffering officer out of bed and insisted that he go to the scene of the accident to see for himself that it had not been caused by any negligence on Iggie's part. The road was a winding one, and the two took a short cut across a stream, over which two trees had been felled to serve as a bridge. Iggie managed to get halfway over before he fell in. "What in hell's the matter with you?" demanded the lieutenant as he hauled Iggie out of the water. "Why, can't you see?" mumbled Iggie aggrievedly. "I'm nervous."

Iggie's case of nerves cost him a hundred and eighty-five dollars, for the C.O. decided that because he had taken the carrier without getting permission, he must pay for the damage. The sale of jungle juice, however, had made Iggie such a wealthy man that the punishment wasn't staggering. "Hell, I lose more'n that every time I shoot craps," he said in reporting the news to me. The two Indians, incidentally, were discovered the next morning asleep on tables in our mess shack. No one, not even the Indians themselves, ever found



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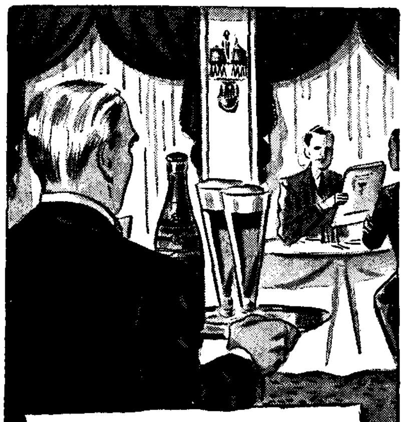
out how they had managed to get there.

IF jungle juice made Iggie nervous, it had quite the opposite effect on the floater, or lighter-than-air, type of drinker. The best example of this phenomenon was a grizzled old fellow in the squadron known as Poopdeck Pappy. Probably he didn't actually float, although in New Guinea nothing seemed really improbable, but during his second bottle he invariably remarked that he felt as if his legs didn't quite reach the ground, and eventually people just began to take it for granted that he had been levitated. Whatever the truth of it, though Poopdeck was plainly plodding whenever he went to Iggie's tent of an evening, his departure from that haven some hours later was as airy and unpedestrian as that of any wraith.

An excellent demonstration of the soothing effect of jungle juice on Poopdeck's nerves was given one night in the course of a particularly nasty air raid, at the start of which the Japs set fire to a gasoline dump. The conflagration lit up the country for miles around and made us feel as naked as Poopdeck looked when, having sampled some juice earlier in the evening, he floated from his tent in the midst of the excitement wearing only a pair of shoes and announcing to all that some bastard had pinched his tin hat. There were a number of visitors from other outfits in our camp that night, and naturally they piled into the slit trenches with us when the raid began, so when Poopdeck arrived at his trench he found it pretty crowded. This seemed to annoy him, and he refused to get into the trench, on the ground that it was "full of queers" and that he felt safer where he was. One of the visitors remonstrated with him, but he remained adamant. "When are you going to start getting better-looking, fellah?" he shouted genially above the uproar. "Damned if you ain't the ugliest-looking son of a bitch I ever seen."

The Japs were giving us a good going over that night, and the ack-ack boys were throwing everything but their shoes at them, so there was all sorts of stuff coming down or whizzing around, but Poopdeck stood there during the whole raid. "You bomb-happy bastards sure missed a great show," he said when we came out of the trenches. With that, he floated off to bed.

I DON'T know where Iggie and Drainpipe are now. I lost track of them when I was sent back to the States.



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Perhaps they, too, have returned to this country, or perhaps, on some now peaceful island in the Pacific, they are still engaged in their highly specialized enterprise. Wherever they are, I'm sure that if they have left the squadron they have turned over their barrels and their formula to eager hands, for as long as Americans are forced to live in uncivilized lands the making of jungle juice will flourish. Even the news that beer for enlisted men is now being shipped to the Pacific doesn't shake my faith in Iggie's and Drainpipe's witch broth. It is hard to imagine G.I.s who have experienced the rapturous exhilaration produced by juice becoming excited over anything as insipid as 3.2.

I don't suppose I'll ever taste jungle juice again. Nobody in this country would have the patience to make it—or the conscience, probably—and even if anyone tried, I'm sure the water here would be different or something else would go wrong. I imagine the flavor could be achieved artificially, but it seems blasphemous even to suggest such a thing. If you could combine the bite of vodka, the mellowness of musty port, the potency of grain alcohol, the tang of fresh lemon juice—but then, to appreciate its true worth, you'd probably have to be in New Guinea, God forbid!

—Malcolm E. Anderson

•

The bride is a graduate of Byrd high school and was one of the most popular girls on Centenary campus last year.... She is descended on the material side from Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Harris of Lewisville, Ark.—*Shreveport (La.) Times.*

Well, this is a dollar civilization.

•

Alvin Hotard, parish surveyor who has been surveying the area between Metairie Road and Canal St., reported to the jury that the old survey has houses where streets should be and vice versa. He recommended that the old survey be accepted.—*New Orleans Item.*

Saves time all around.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From a story by Paul Ernst in Redbook*]

When a foreign substance pierces the armor of the body, the tissues try at once to seal it off before it can kill. Similarly, when impossible knowledge jams through the less tangible armor of the brain, the mind attempts to seal this off, too. These things must happen, or we'd die more often than we do.

EMPIRE Races at Jamaica

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BY TRAIN: Regular scheduled trains from Penna. Station, N.Y. and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn to track.

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Saturday, October 27
THE SCARSDALE HANDICAP
$10,000 added

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DAILY DOUBLE CLOSES 12:55 P.M.
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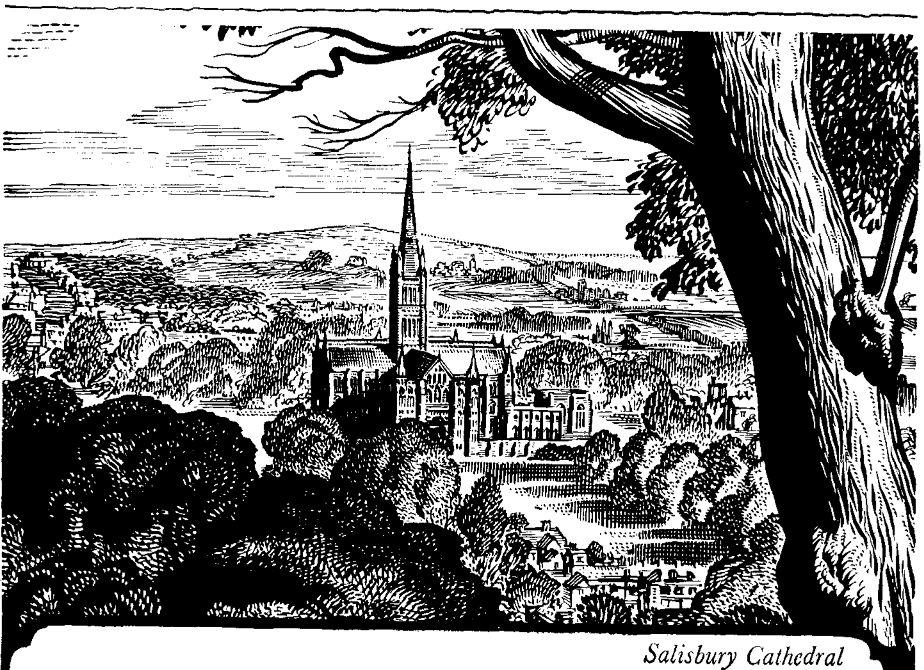

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BISCUITS
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Rich with the flavour of England—
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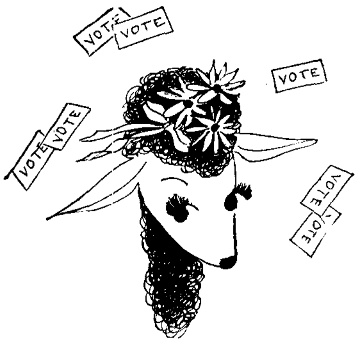

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

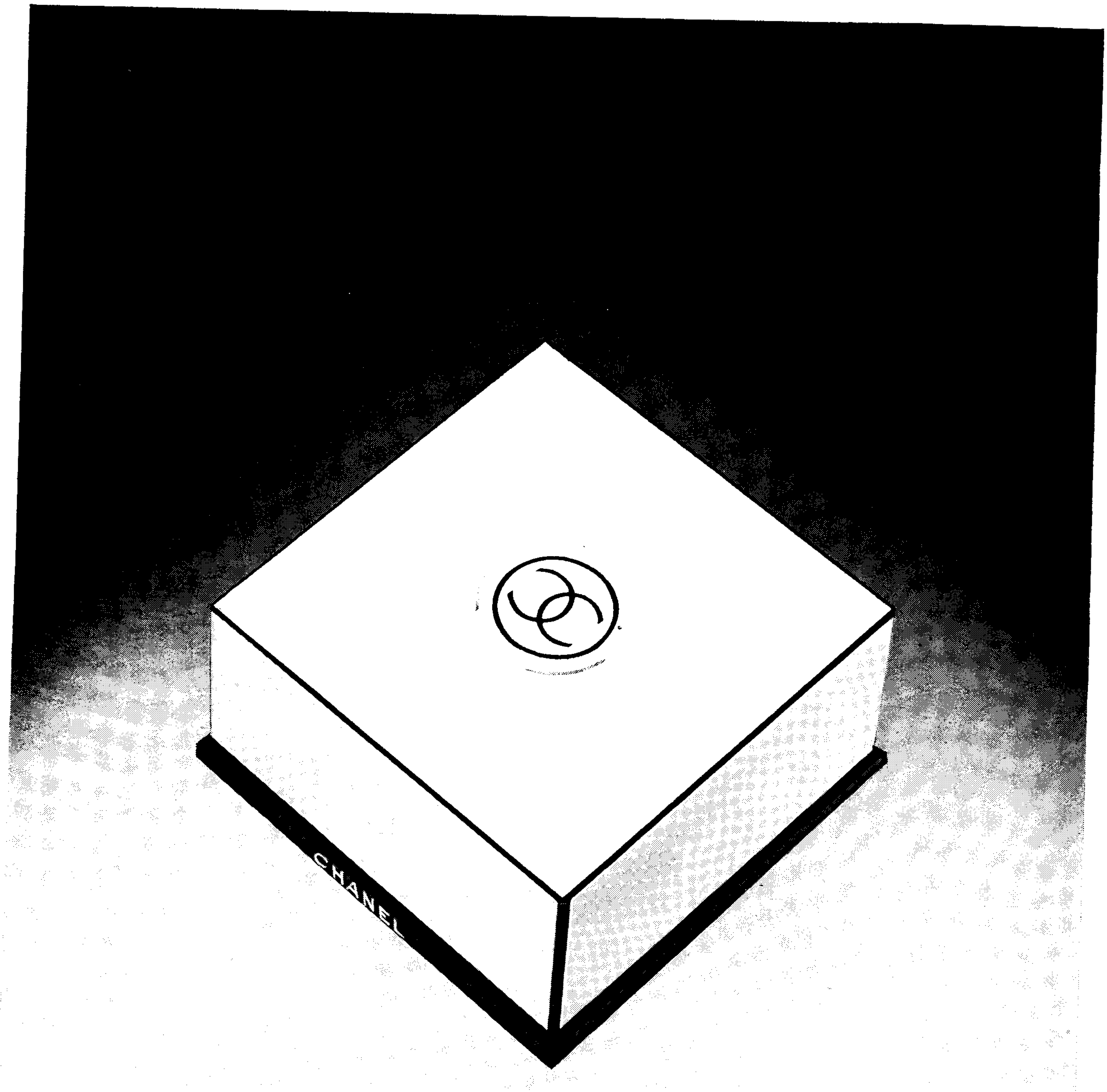
THE open mind which, with a brilliant display of determination, I carried to Macy's House of (Libbey-Owens-Ford) Glass closed up again when confronted with that glittering display, despite the fact that it is one of the more stunning sights in the stores this fall. A tour through it failed utterly to convince me that a House of Glass (i.e., roughly, a house that has a few glass walls and lots of glass furniture and accessories) has any advantages whatever over a House of Anything Else. Unless, of course, you happen to be just plain crazy for glass. I doubt whether even the fanatics would actually care for a glass wall which, like one in this show, is all that separates a dressing room and a bathroom, so that someone using the dressing-room washbowl can see right into the bathtub next door. No doubt you could hang a blind of some sort on the bathroom side and get a certain amount of privacy, but look at all the trouble you'd save by stringing along with the stodgy old opaque wall.

Of the glass furniture—an engineering achievement, but I'm unhappy in its magnificently icy presence—only one item got into my notebook. That was a mirror-paved screen, the mirror laid in herringbone strips that have been smoked to tone down the dazzle. And even then, what really won me was not the glass but a magazine-and-newspaper rack built against one of the panels of the screen, which you can order in three-fold style, for $239, or four-fold style, for $289. Or you can just snitch the magazine-rack idea and apply it to any old screen, with or without mirrors.

AT Bloomingdale there is another show of glass-furnished rooms, but if I were you I'd skip it in favor of a much less glittering new department nearby on the same floor. This is the Home Planning Center, a rather staggering venture. Bloomingdale has undertaken to gather here samples of every imaginable kind of new building material (roofing, flooring, walling, whatever) and mechanical household equipment, along with selected lists of firms that can handle the building or remodelling job you have in mind. Advisers are on hand to consult with you about your project, and if it's a complicated thing requiring plans, such as the installation or revision of a laundry or kitchen, a staff draftsman will draw them up for you. The Center makes no charge for the service, and it has no merchandise on sale. This is simply a good-will proposition, a clearing house of information on modern construction methods and materials, and heaven help the brave little band of workers who staff it. I wouldn't be in *their* shoes.

MERCHANDISE, on the other hand, is all over Bergdorf Goodman's Gift Shop, which is a useful spot for those who are about ready to give up trying to think of presents for their friends. This place always manages to corral an assortment of stuff people want and can't find. In the present collection, which, as is the custom, is agreeably helter-skelter, there are some notable table lighters—especially one that is done in sterling (monogrammed, if you like) and looks like a pocket one blown up to giant size. It is supposed to hold enough fluid to last for months and it costs $60, plus the customary tax. Somewhat less grandiose are lighters in polished wood, for $11, and in leather, for $12. A cocktail tray of black metal, painted with floral decorations in the old tôle-tray style that no one ever seems to tire of, is in the traditional long and narrow shape but just enough larger than most to make it remarkable for the $14.25 it costs. The return of unrationed cheese to American tables gives some point to a new round wooden cheese-and-crackers tray with a hand-painted tile countersunk. The wood is finished in red or a creditable ebony, and you can also have it in blond mahogany. The tile can be removed for scrubbing. The price is $11.50.

The Gift Shop has crib blankets—white, soft, hand-bound, and appliquéd in pastel satins; $10 and $12. It has saffian leather jewel boxes, velvet-lined and equipped with Sesame locks, the ones that have the set-it-yourself combination; $50, with monogram. It has a desk dictionary, probably the handsomest Funk & Wagnall's you ever saw, all done up in tooled leather and with gilt-edged pages; $42.50. And it has Lucite trays, at $15, as well as a new Lucite picture frame, a real beauty, made from a big chunk of the stuff and looking like rock crystal. The



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Second Floor

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edges are bevelled, the back and easel are velvet, the price is $45, it weighs a ton, and it ought to earn its designer some kind of award, if anyone's giving out awards to picture-frame designers.

PROBABLY everyone knows that no more spectacularly beautiful marble wallpapers have ever been turned out in this country (if pressed, I'll go so far as to say in this country or anywhere else) than the handmade ones of Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street. Now, for the first time, the patterns are being reproduced by lithography as well. This variety is $4.50 for a roll of eight twenty-by-thirty-inch sheets. There's a choice of ten color combinations, among them olive with chartreuse, white with jade, and a lush, swirling, strawberries-and-cream blend of pink with rose. This should put a gleam in all the eyes that for years have admired the splendid and costly handmade Katzenbach papers only from afar.

THIS fall, the books for homebodies seem better than usual. Here are a few I can recommend:

"Pay Dirt," by J. I. Rodale (Devin-Adair). This will give a good case of the jitters to all backyard gardeners, as well as to all farmers, who have been playing it the easy way by using chemical fertilizers, and it will very likely send them back to the compost heap. It also proves that what you and I don't know about the art of composting not only would fill but has filled a book. The author, furthermore, can keep you up till all hours reading about the life and works of the earthworm, and that is a neat trick.

"Garden Easily," by H. K. Morse (Scribner). Mrs. Morse, a sensible

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Blue Sapphire Perfume $2 to $17.50
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LYNETTE PERFUMES

1 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

woman and an entertaining writer, is opposed to the enslavement of gardeners by their gardens, and she knows the remedies. Easily and simply, she shows you how to have your garden and enjoy it, too, without working yourself to pieces at it. I find her theories about the whole thing fine and practical.

"The Gardener's Almanac," by Edward I. Farrington (Oxford University Press). The Secretary of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society blocks off the year's garden chores in monthly lots, and he makes it plain that, short cuts in the Morse manner or no, a thoroughgoing gardener has plenty to do from January clear through December. This garden calendar needn't—and possibly shouldn't, if you confuse easily—be consumed in one dose. Perhaps you'd do better to keep it on hand to check on your timing now and then through the year.

"The Handy Household Manual," by Jack B. Creamer (Ziff-Davis). An almost overwhelming collection of household hints by the conductor of a radio handy-man program, and the first volume of its kind that I ever sat down and read straight through, like a novel. It's a seething mass of miscellaneous information, but it is decently indexed, so if you finish it with no more than a dizzy recollection that, for instance, Mason jars are handy for preserving something very odd and wonderful, you can check back and see exactly what it was. (You'll never guess—it's wool bathing suits.) Nobody is going to get hold of *my* copy of this book.—B. B.

•

While the authors of this book were correcting the galley proofs, in March 1945, General Charles De Gaulle appointed an eight-man commission to add 12,000,000 babies to the population of France within the next decade.—*From an editorial note by Walter B. Pitkin in "Population Roads to Peace or War," by Guy Irving Burch and Elmer Pendell.*

That's the trouble with literary men—life is always passing them by.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

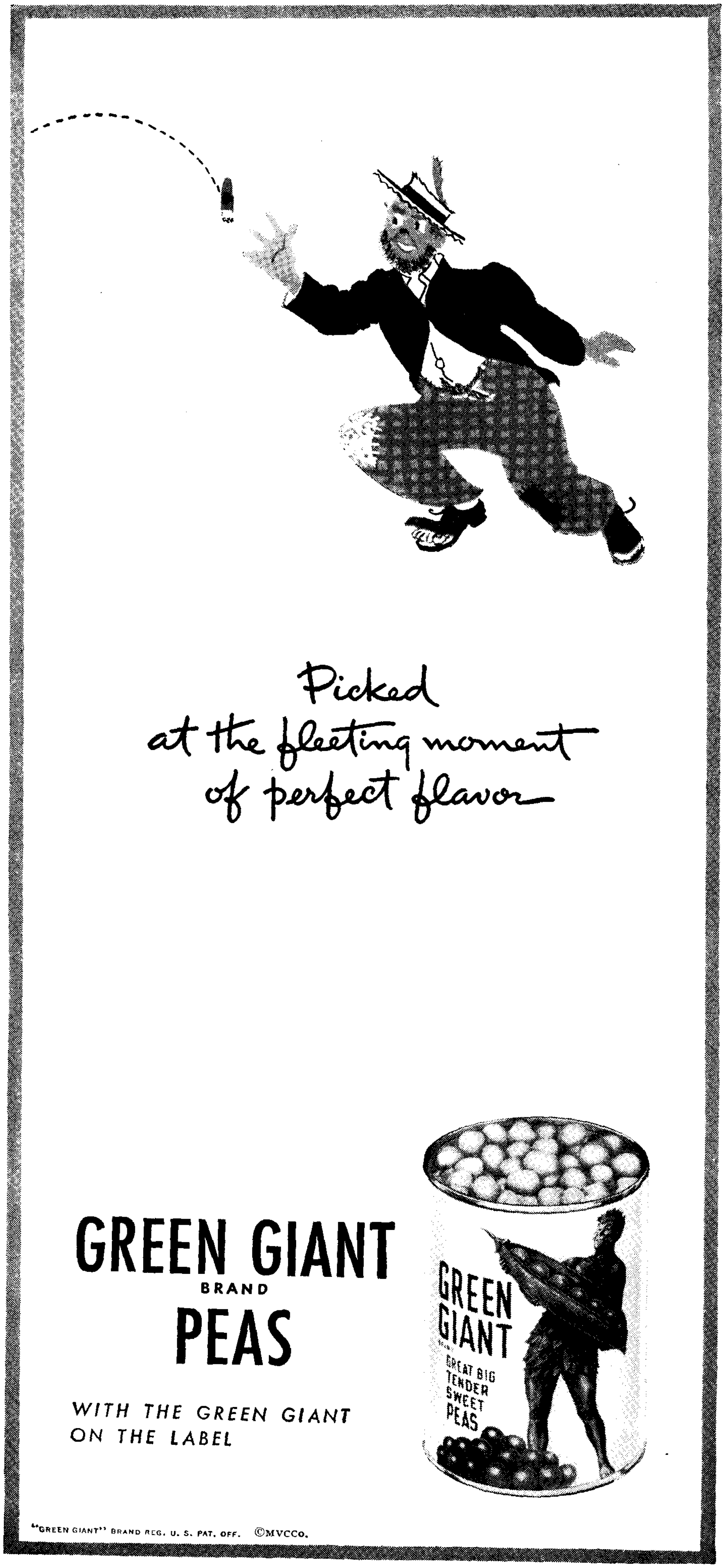
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen*]

A bicycle was parked in front of the Central Police Station today.

A couple of feet away was a sign reading: "No Parking."

The bicycle was locked and it had a flat tire.

The cops muttered and watched closely. But nobody came for the bike.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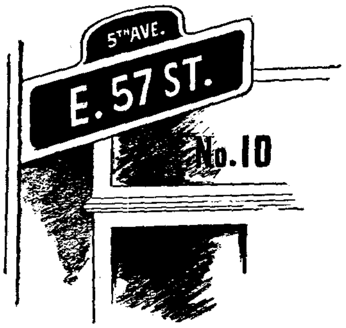
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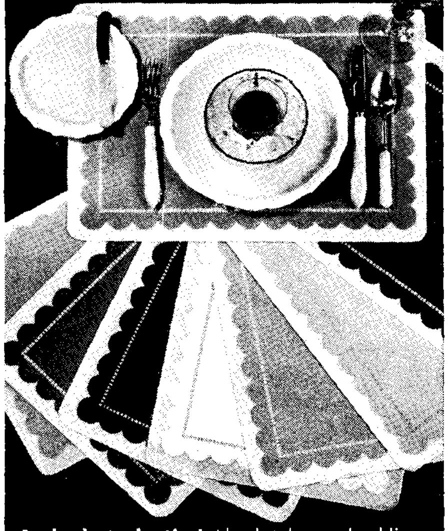

And what plastics! *Absolutely non-buckling, heat-resistant, alcohol-proof. Put them under the faucet if you want. These really take it! Striking colors with transparent border: Chinese red, chartreuse, grey, leaf green, burgundy, yellow, aqua, royal blue. . . In assorted colors or any one color. . .* **Grand, practical gift! Look ahead to Christmas.**

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MOSSE

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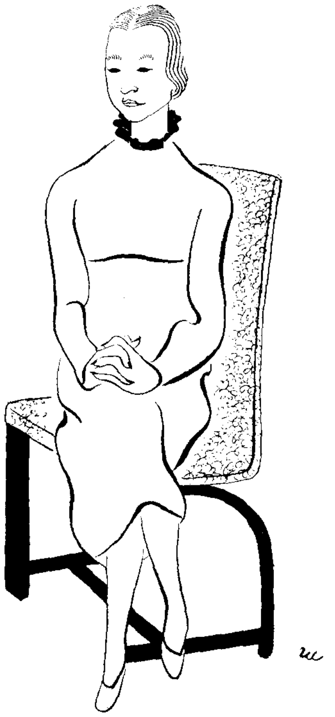
JUDAS ON A FLAGPOLE

THE village of Pingamosa, where I taught English in the public school for several months, a few years ago, is one of Puerto Rico's smallest and poorest communities, yet its plaza could be almost any plaza on the island. Around it are ranged the principal buildings of the village, including the Catholic church, the mayor's office, the public dispensary, and the police station. The only object of note in Pingamosa is a steel flagpole set in an octagonal block of cement in the center of the plaza. The Pingamosans' boast that it is the tallest flagpole in Puerto Rico is an exaggeration, but it rises to a giddy height, and it must have eaten a great hole in the slender municipal budget.

In the evening the crowds strolling through the plaza were required to follow numerous signs reading "TRAFICO ☞," which traced out an intricate pattern among the beds of neglected crotons and dove-of-heaven flowers. But during the drowsy afternoons, the plaza was usually deserted except for a stray goat or two and one small, thin *limpiabotas*, or bootblack. He used to sit by the hour, swinging his bare feet, on a concrete bench under a *tulipán* tree. At the approach of a possible customer he would suddenly become active, thumping his wooden shoe-shining box and droning "*Limpiabotas! Limpiabo-o-otas!*"



The bootblack may have been christened Jaime or Jesús or some other customary name, but nobody ever called him anything but Bizco. This nickname was an allusion to a divergent squint, which made his eyes gleam white at the inner corners. Bizco's usual costume was a pair of ragged trousers and a faded blue shirt, which was open and revealed his thin, bony chest. With his black hair tumbling into his eyes, the gaps between his teeth, and his freckled snub nose, he looked like a dark edition of Huckleberry Finn.

One afternoon, when my English classes were done, I wandered into the plaza and saw Paco Velázquez, the village chief of police, seated on the bench under the *tulipán* tree and having his high black boots polished. At his invitation I sat beside him and listened to his complaints about the boredom of being stationed in Pingamosa. Paco and his lieutenant had only three duties to perform: to keep their uniforms in order, to raise and lower the American flag, and to submit daily reports to the Police Commissioner in San Juan.

"But, *caray!*" he said scornfully. "Here in Pingamosa there is nothing whatever to report. Just wait, though, till this one is a little older." He gestured with the toe of his boot toward the boy kneeling on the pavement before him. "He will soon be making plenty of mischief for our reports to the Commissioner. Won't you, Bizco?"

The boy shot a resentful glance up at Paco but made no reply. He continued to rub polish into the sides of the boots.

"*Sí, señor!*" the chief of police went on, nudging me so that I would not miss his heavy humor. "Bizco is already well on the way to becoming a bad boy. His mother was a—"

"Finished, *señor jefe!*" Bizco interrupted sharply, lifting Paco's foot from the box and slamming it down hard on the pavement. Then he held out his hand, stained with polish.

Velázquez offered him a nickel. "Here is a *búfalo* for you, boy."

The boy drew his hand back indignantly. "No, man, no! For ordinary shoes, a *búfalo*, but for high boots, ten cents."

"Take it or leave it, Bizco—one *búfalo* or nothing." Paco started to return the coin to his pocket.

"O. K., *señor*, give me the *búfalo*," Bizco said sullenly, and caught it when Paco flipped it to him. The chief of police said good afternoon to me and sauntered to the door of the police station, where Bizco's hostile eyes followed him. Then the boy stooped over and traced his finger in the dust on my shoes. "*Limpiabotas*, Mi'ter?" he asked. "Good-American-shoe-shine-five-cents!"

While he was earnestly giving me a

shine, I asked him why he didn't go to school like other boys his age. He shrugged.

"The eschool is for the estupid boys," he said. "Three years I go to eschool too, but now—" He slapped the soles of his feet, which were as thick and horny as the pads of a dog. "No shoes, Mi'ter," he said, "and even if I have them—" He resumed his polishing.

I asked where he lived. He waved his hand casually in the direction of the squatters' shanties huddled in a ravine beyond the village. "Over there," he said, "somewhere, anywhere—what does it matter?"

When he had finished his work he jingled the nickel I gave him against Paco's. "Now I have two *búfalos*," he said, "and can make my *matrimonio*."

"Your *matrimonio!*" I exclaimed. "Why, you can't be more than eleven!"

"Not eleven, Mi'ter—this!" and he held up first ten fingers and then three. "But you do not understand. To make a *matrimonio* is only a Spanish saying. My stomach has fallen madly in love with a plateful of rice and beans, and they must be married tonight. First I had to get ten cents for the marriage license." Grinning, he rubbed his stomach and went off with his shoeshine box toward the café.

Bizco did not spend all his daytime hours in the plaza. Frequently after that I saw him leaning against the fence between the dusty street and the schoolyard, which he had been forbidden to enter. With his box tucked between his feet, he would watch the schoolboys at their volleyball, commenting sarcastically on their play or commiserating with them when the school bell summoned them to classes.

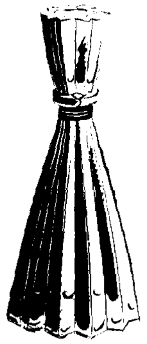
My classroom overlooked an alley where a breadfruit tree grew, a limb of which stretched close to the windows. Bizco sometimes spent an entire morning crouched on the limb, peering through the glossy foliage and making hideous faces at the girls seated near the windows. But at my approach his grimaces turned into bland smiles and he would touch his forehead in a courteous salute and say "Goodbye, Mi'ter!"—the greeting persistently used by the pupils instead of "Hello" or "Good morning."

Bizco was involved in the only instance of Nacionalista sentiment ever actually directed against me. The Nacionalistas are a small party of the extreme left which exploits the anti-

Did the sky really turn turquoise? Or was it you . . .

and Paris by night . . . and that pulse-stirring fragrance . . .

Intoxication by d'Orsay



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. . . .
. . . .

American sentiment that has existed in varying forms and degrees ever since the American occupation of the island. This sentiment was particularly strong during my stay in Pingamosa, shortly before the outbreak of the war made the protection of the island by a larger nation more palatable. But I never knew which, if any, of my Pingamosa acquaintances were Nacionalistas and was apparently on good terms with all of them.

One morning when I entered my classroom, I found it in an uproar. Felipe Martínez, an undersized boy with a talent for being annoying, was trying to slip into his seat before I should notice him. Bizco, shouting angrily, was so far out on the limb of the breadfruit tree that his head was in the room. As soon as he saw me he pointed at Felipe accusingly. “Felipe Martínez write it, Mi’ter Hopkins!” he cried. “On the blackboard, see, Mi’ter?”

There I saw, written in large capitals: “MR. HOPKÍNEZ, BAD AMERICAN GO OUT FROM HERE!” I felt sure that Felipe had written it, because he always called me “Hopkínez.” But Felipe, flushing through his coffee brown, waggled his forefinger from side to side in vigorous denial. “*Yo no*, Mi’ter!” he said. “Bizco come in the window and write it. Everybody know that Bizco is a very bahd boy, Mi’ter. His mother was a bahd ’ooman.”

“Mi’ter, Mi’ter, it is a lie!” Bizco screamed, and then he shouted at Felipe the island’s supreme insult: “*Tu madre!*”

The girls in the class blushed and covered their ears, and Felipe yelled back, “No, no, not my mother but your mother!”

Bizco turned his attention to me again. “The father of Felipe is Nacionalista,” he asserted, “and want to keel every Americans. Yesterday he say in plaza that every Americans not is good.”

Felipe tried to shout Bizco down with a volley of *tu-madres* until I put an end to the tumult by closing the shutters of the windows and sending Felipe out of the room.

THAT afternoon, when school was over, I walked, as I had often done before, out of the village and down a lane which led past an ancient and neglected cemetery. When a familiar voice called “Goodbye, Mi’ter!” from behind a tombstone, I pushed through a tangle of wild lantana shrub to where Bizco was seated on the ground, trying to keep a writhing mass of lizards from

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escaping from his pants pocket. *"Muy bien, señor!"* he said, his squint eyes lighting with pleasure. "This is just the spot for us to have a race with the lizards I have caught."

I did not know how a lizard race was to be managed, but I helped Bizco brush the leaves from a large, smooth tombstone lying on the ground. With a sharp stone he scratched two concentric circles on the slab, one about five inches in diameter and the other about four feet. Then he drew a handful of lizards out of his pocket and told me to take one. I chose a large, dark-brown one. After much consideration Bizco picked a smaller and lighter-colored lizard for himself and let the others go free.

"We will set our lizards loose in the little circle in the center," he said, "and the first one to cross the outer circle wins the race. If your lizard wins, I will shine your shoes for nothing, but if mine wins, you must give me five of your *cigarillos americanos.*"

"But you are too small for cigarettes, Bizco," I said.

"Sí, sí," he said, "and I suppose I am too small to work for my living, too. Look, Mi'ter, if I win the *cigarillos* I shall throw away all these I found in the plaza, but if I lose I shall smoke them." He pulled out of his pocket a dozen or more butts of the Puerto Rican cigarettes which the islanders call "chest-breakers."

I agreed to take his bet, and we released our lizards simultaneously within the smaller circle. For a moment they seemed dazed. Then mine cocked an eye at the smaller one, swelled, darkened, and sprang at the smaller lizard, which darted away. In an instant the pair of them were off in a wild scramble across the slab. Bizco's lizard streaked across the outer circle first, mine still after it.

"I've won, I've won!" Bizco

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shrieked, kicking his bare heels against the tombstone. "I was sure she wouldn't let him catch her."

"Why do you say 'him' and 'her'?" I asked.

"Because it is true. I felt sure yours was a *macho* because it was so big and had a crest on its back, so for mine I picked a small one, without any crest. She was an *hembra*, just as I thought, so she ran when your *macho* chased her, and crossed the line first."

He lit one of the cigarettes I gave him, and smoked it happily as we walked back to the village. As we passed the school I remembered his quarrel with Felipe, and asked what he thought of the Nacionalistas. He shrugged contemptuously and expressed himself with the vigor characteristic of political opinions in Puerto Rico, where even half-naked toddlers hold decided views on government. "*Los Nacionalistas son locos!*" he declared. "They say that when Puerto Rico is free there will be enough for everybody to eat, but I think there will never be enough rice and beans for one like Bizco. Still, it doesn't matter to me what the Nacionalistas do, for I won't be here."

As soon as he had saved a few more dollars, he said, he intended to go to San Juan and stow away on a ship bound for New York. "When I am in Nueva York, Mi'ter, I will learn to drive a taxicab and earn a mountain of money—one hundred *búfalos* a day, even. But someday I will come back to Puerto Rico with my own Chevrolito, and then you will see how I drive like hell down this street and make everybody in Pingamosa eat my dust. But as for fat Paco Velázquez and that miserable Felipe, I will make them eat most of all."

ONE morning a few days later, as I was on my way to the school, I saw numbers of people, including several of my fellow-teachers, hurrying toward the plaza. I joined my colleagues and learned that there had been demonstrations for independence all over the island the night before and Nacionalista banners had been raised in many public places, including the plaza of Pingamosa.

Bizco, carrying his wooden shoeshine box, was in the midst of a crowd gathered around the flagpole, at the top of which the Nacionalista flag was flying instead of the Stars and Stripes. The onlookers seemed not so much concerned at the change of flags as amused by the obvious discomfiture of the chief of police. Poor Paco Velázquez,

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a folded American flag over his arm, was gnawing his underlip nervously as he looked at the top of the flagpole, swaying gently in the trade wind. Someone had removed the hoisting rope, so it was impossible either to lower the insurgent banner or hoist the American flag in its place without climbing the pole.

"Today you are in your glory. Up, Paco, up with you!" said a man in the crowd. Another held up a copy of the island's tabloid newspaper. "Have you read this morning's *Imparcial*, Don Paco?" he asked. "The Commissioner of Police in San Juan says he will discharge any local police chief who fails to take down the Nacionalista banner by ten o'clock and put up the American flag instead."

Paco smiled weakly at this chaffing and mopped his fat neck. He looked desperately about until his eyes fell upon some small boys in the crowd; then he pulled a quarter from his pocket and held it up for them to see. "Here are twenty-five *centavos*," he announced, "a magnificent prize for the boy who climbs the flagpole."

Several of the boys looked longingly at the coin, but while they hesitated Bizco spoke. "I will climb the pole, *señor jefe*," he said.

"You?" Paco grunted, looking at him with surprise and distaste.

"Certainly!" Bizco said. "I am an *americano completo*." He strutted around the base of the pole, thumping his ribs vaingloriously, his squint eyes gleaming.

"Wait then," the chief of police commanded, and hurried across the plaza to the police station. He returned quickly with a pocket knife and a coil of rope, which he wound about the bootblack's waist.

Bizco bit the coin Paco handed him before he put it in his pocket. Then he spat on his hands, opened the knife, put it between his teeth, and began to shinny up the flagpole, rapidly at first, then more slowly and cautiously as he neared the top. It seemed a long while before he reached the brass ball at the summit. There he paused a moment, then cut away the flag.

"Now, *amigo mío*, run the rope through the pulley and lower the end to me," the chief of police called.

"Patience, patience, *señor jefe!*" Bizco called back. "How much did you promise to pay me?"

"Twenty-five *centavos*, and the coin is already in your pocket."

"But that was merely for climbing the pole, Don Paco," Bizco said. "The

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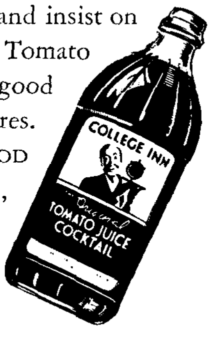

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terms were your own. Already I have cut down the Nacionalista flag for you for nothing, but I cannot allow myself to fix the rope too unless you give me another *peso*."

"A *peso!*" bellowed Paco. "Little rascal, put the rope through the pulley and come down before I climb after you myself!"

"Alas," said Bizco, "I do not think there would be room for the two of us at the top of this pole, and I am too tired to cling here any longer." He relaxed his hold and slid down a couple of feet. Then he looked inquiringly at Paco.

Paco shook a fist above his head. "You scoundrel!" he roared. "Son of a whore!" Then, as Bizco slid down a little lower, Paco said hastily, "Very well, then, you shall have your *peso*."

"Excellent," Bizco said, nodding. "Give then the *peso* to Mi'ter Hopkins to keep for me."

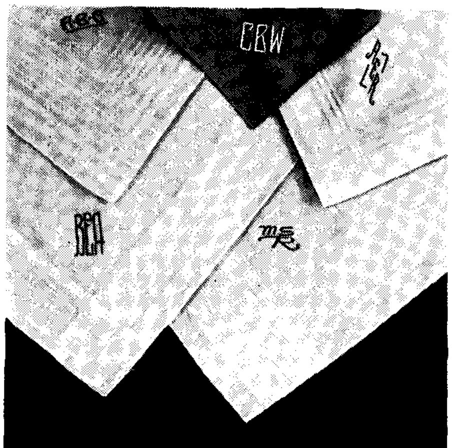
The crowd snickered as Paco reluctantly drew a dollar bill from his pocket. With some embarrassment I stepped forward and took the money while Bizco watched intently. Then, mounting to the top again, he put the rope through the pulley, lowered its free end to the pavement, and slipped quickly down.

"Thank you, Mi'ter Hopkins," he said to me, looking reverently at the dollar bill I handed him. As he pinned the money inside his waistband, several of the onlookers booed and someone shouted "Judas!" Bizco glanced apprehensively at the crowd and then at Paco, who was standing a few feet away, glaring, picked up his shoeshine box, and darted through the crowd and toward the edge of the plaza.

As Bizco ran, several of the spectators cried "Judas!" at him. When he disappeared into an alley leading to the squatters' ravine, the shouting ceased, but the voices were still hostile: "Judas Iscariot. . . . The Judas of Puerto Rico. . . . What infamy, to sell one's country's flag to the Colossus of the North for a dollar and twenty-five cents!"

Paco Velázquez hurriedly hoisted the American flag to the top of the pole and went off to the police station. Talking excitedly, the crowd dispersed, and I accompanied the other teachers to the school.

THAT was my last sight of Bizco. After that morning he was no longer to be seen leaning on the schoolyard fence or peering into my classroom from among the dark leaves of



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the breadfruit tree, and in the torpid afternoons the foraging goats were the only occupants of the plaza. As the weeks passed I inquired about Bizco several times, but nobody seemed to know or care what had become of him. I remembered the plans he had told me on the afternoon of our lizard race, and asked myself if he could have gone to San Juan and slipped aboard a ship to New York. And if he had, I wondered, would he indeed return some day with his own "Chevrolito," to drive down the village streets like hell, and make everybody in Pingamosa eat dust?

—CHARLES HOPKINS

•

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[*Synopsis of a play given recently in the vicinity of Marburg, Germany.*]

1 Act.

In the family of the honorable merchant Lokalow a guarrel is beginning From a short acguaintance 24 years ago with a coffersinger girl a child has been the result and it is to fear that this will come to the knowledge of the public. out of this, people inform him that his daughter is loved in the Rjuschkin who is the Advocate in matters against Mr. Sokolow The parents forbid, and to marry the daughter with a junk man coming from Moskow tody. But nobody of the family has ever seen this young man. Uabja asks her friend Luba to receive the young man at her place in order to keep him far from the house. Luba receives him and both fall in love although the young man believes that he has to do with the daughter of Mr. Sokolow.

2 Act.

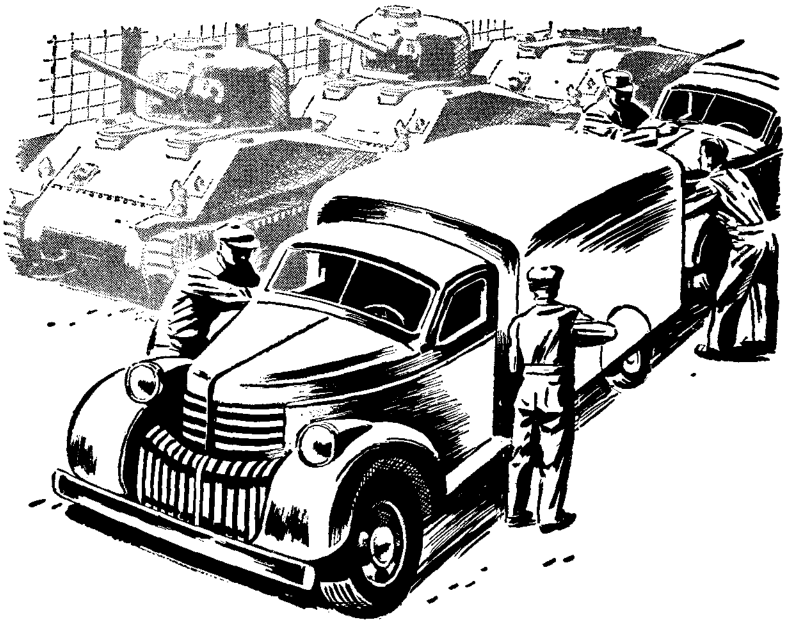
The adovate gives lessons to the young man how to and in the hope take a young girl's hand and in the hope of/ frightening Herr Sokolow, he learns him to say at the first meeting: "Hello papa I am here." This expression was written on the photo of the child (see first act). Grischa fellows the adice of the advokacate and in this moment Mr. Sokolow thinks he sees his child. If will now be fixed that a parent of Mr. Sokolow had in the same time, 24 years ago, relations with the samecaffee-singing girl. He received the same photo with the same inscription and both have the intention to speed Grish away as far as possible.

In the meantime Grisha was informed that Socolow is not the father of Luba, but Mr. Rasov. Grisha falls on his chest with the words "Hello Papa. Here I am." And with these words he causes a general trouble.

3 Act.

Now comes from Moscow the mother of Grisha which is to be understood as the former singing girl by Mr. Sokolov and Pugatschow.

These two men many bad things to her husband of her younth. Finally all these these mistakes are cleared and Grischa marries Luba and advocate.



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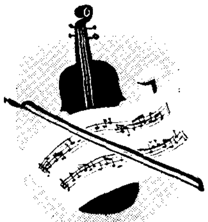
Singing and Dancing



THE New York City Opera Company, now at the City Center, has nine productions in its repertory, counting the inevitable double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" as a unit. The most recent addition to the company's presentations is Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," done in an English version that was first presented at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, in 1938. In this translation, spoken dialogue is used instead of the recitative that is generally offered at performances of this opera hereabouts. There is sound precedent for having the dialogue spoken, as you may learn from a little essay printed in the City Opera program. However, the singers don't seem as comfortable in conversation as they are when they are allowed to sing. At the first "Bartered Bride" showing, some of them didn't seem too comfortable when they sang, either. It sounded as if there were a few colds in the cast that night.

The personnel at the Center includes all sorts of singers, ranging from thoroughly experienced veterans to youngsters who are taking their first important flings at a paying public. The casts are generally well balanced, and although there are moments when intonation takes a beating or when the conductor has to do some fast thinking to keep everybody moving in the same direction, the productions have a pleasant musical unity. They are shows rather than a collection of individual efforts.

This sense of unity extends to the staging, too. Leopold Sachse has directed crisp editions of "Tosca" and "Carmen." Eugene S. Bryden's doings with "Pagliacci" are refreshing departures from the kind of thing that you usually get at "Pagliacci." His management of "The Bartered Bride" has many bright touches, but I think there's still some more polishing to be done on it. In addition, I saw "Faust," directed by Sally Stanfield, who made a clean, businesslike production of it despite a few wonderfully inept props in the tavern scene.

The City Center also is the home of the New York City Symphony. Its music director is now Leonard Bern-

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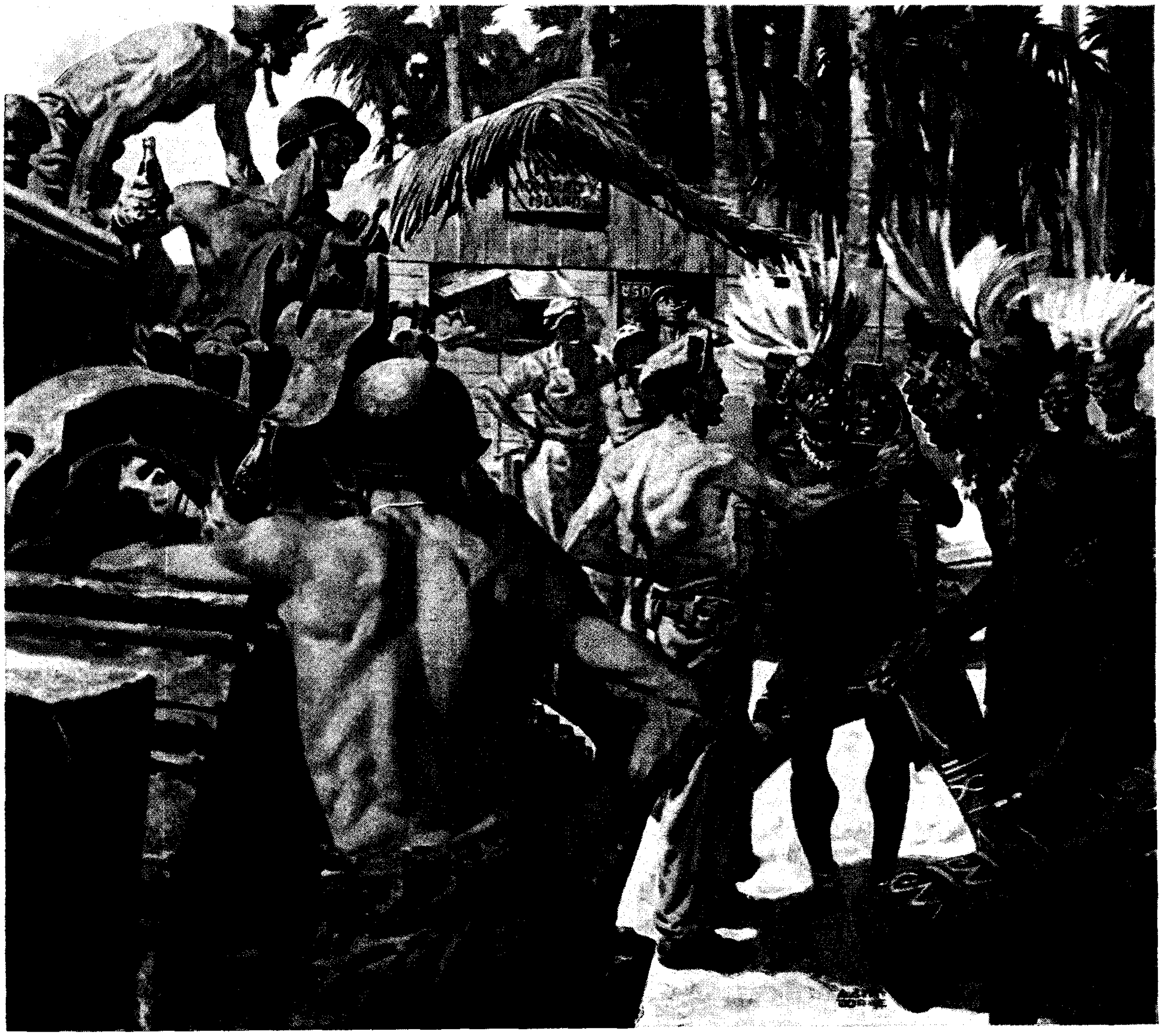

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stein, who serves, as his predecessor, Leopold Stokowski, did, without remuneration. I saw Mr. Bernstein and his group at the first of the Six O'Clock Symphonies, which are Tuesday-afternoon repetitions of Monday-night concerts, and it was obvious that the gifted and versatile young maestro had excellent command of a capable orchestral unit. The program included Copland's "Outdoor Overture," Shostakovich's first symphony, and Brahms' second symphony. The Copland and Shostakovich offerings were played convincingly, smoothly, and with as much brilliance as the acoustics permitted. The orchestra seemed a bit tired at the beginning of the Brahms symphony, but not Mr. Bernstein, who conducted the work with great enthusiasm and considerable originality. It wasn't exactly mellow Brahms, but it was interesting.

OF the various novelties that will be presented by the Ballet Theatre in its season at the Metropolitan Opera House, the first is "On Stage!," an entertainment devised by Michael Kidd to music by Norman Dello Joio. It is a ballet about a ballet company, its handyman, and a girl who balls up her audition. The handyman, who has visions of his own about becoming a dancer, encourages the girl. She gets the job and the handyman goes back to his work. Mr. Kidd has told his simple, wistful story with such lucid choreography that you don't need to scramble through the program notes to find out who's doing what to whom. However, I think that "On Stage!" would be even more effective if the action were pointed up even more sharply. At the première, Mr. Kidd contributed a winning performance as the handyman, Janet Reed was a fetching applicant for ballet work, and Nora Kaye was athletically satirical as a super-ballerina. It all went well, and the audience was most responsive. Mr. Dello Joio's score is neat and fluent but not as individual as some of this able young composer's other music. Daniel Saidenberg, who was guest conductor for "On Stage!," took charge of the orchestra and imparted just the right sizzle to the music. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Tears glistened in the eyes of Gen. George S. Patton Jr., and his voice faltered today as he turned over command of his beloved U.S. 3d Army to Lieut. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott Jr.—*The News.*

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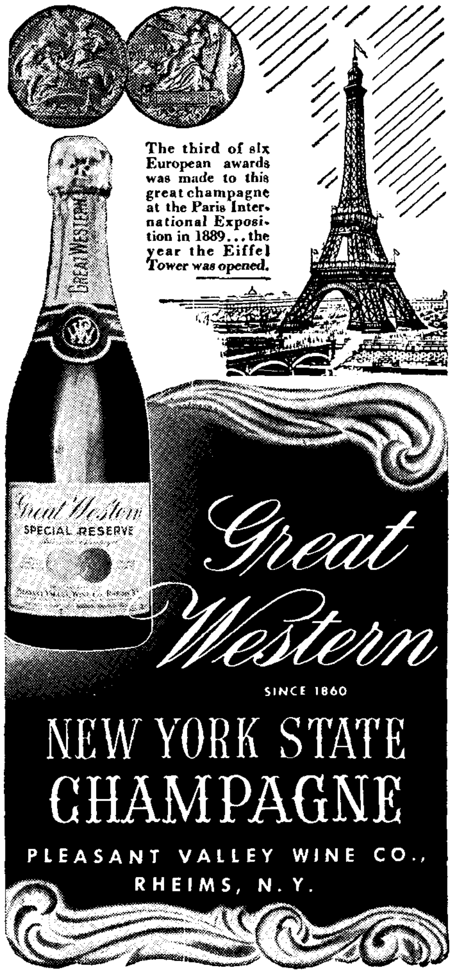
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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 13 (BY CABLE)

PARLIAMENT, which has just reassembled at Westminster after a break of almost seven weeks, is in somewhat the position of a woman returning home from a long vacation and finding herself up to the ears in accumulated household cares the moment she steps through the door. The first question the new members, many of whom are far from rich, will have to try to solve is where they are going to live while they are settling the affairs of the nation. The problem of finding any kind of place, let alone an inexpensive one, is as hopeless for an M.P. as it is for any Londoner. One of the more serious matters facing the House is the strike the dock workers have embarrassingly presented to the Government they helped to elect three months ago. The walkout, unless it is quickly settled, may mean that the already meagre British parcel of rations will have to be even smaller next week. Moreover, the long-troublesome housing program, which will become even more troublesome if the threatened building strike is called, will come under the Opposition's first severe fire next Wednesday, when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, among others, plan to challenge the Government.

There are plenty of other stiff domestic and foreign problems ahead of the new Ministers, but one nevertheless gets the impression that during the past two months Labour has settled down comfortably and firmly in the saddle. A bill which gives the Government the power to control prices and industry for the next five years was carried the other day, for example, with no more Conservative opposition than a mild suggestion that it might be better to make it two years. And Mr. Bevin's report on the unhappy procedural snarls that were encountered by the Council of Foreign Ministers seems to have made him almost as popular as he would have been if he had brought a success story back to the House. People who three months ago were horror-stricken at the thought of Ernest Bevin negotiating England's foreign policy are now admitting, handsomely and unexpectedly, that they admire him. The public's confidence in the Government's ability to pull the country triumphantly through the trials of the peace was clearly shown in the recent by-elections, in which many new Labour members were sent to Parliament by large majorities. The first London municipal elections in six years, which will be held on November 1st, will put thirteen hundred and fifty Labour candidates into the fight, and most of them will probably be elected. There are, of course, many disgruntled Tories who complain that they as a class will be squeezed out of existence by high taxes and given none of the assistance that the wage earner can expect, but most sensible Conservatives seem to have decided, like the nervous old lady, that there is no burglar under their bed after all.

THE appalling plight of the displaced persons, especially children, in eastern Europe recently led a number of widely known men and women, including Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., Professor Gilbert Murray, and Victor Gollancz, the publisher, to form a relief organization called Save Europe Now and make a public appeal for people to turn over some of their food-ration coupons to the group, so that supplies of food could be sent abroad. The youngest person among the thousands who answered the appeal was six and the oldest was ninety-six. The volunteers included British subjects from the Channel Islands, which were occupied by the Nazis for five years, returned P.W.s, Germans recently released from Nazi concentration camps, and working-class mothers with families of four or five children to bring up. The appeal was followed by a mass meeting in Holborn, at which it was voted that a motion be put before Parliament asking the Government to do something about the possibility that millions will die from starvation and cold in Europe this winter. There is opposition to the movement among some British who point out that it might give the impression that England's own food situation is easy (which, of course, it is not) and that, anyway, the ration here is now just about as tight as the average Briton can stand. Those who are sponsoring Save Europe Now, however, say that the appeals are directed mainly to people who eat most of their meals in restaurants and to others who could spare a few points without too much discomfort. It is interesting that there is little criticism of the idea of sending British food to feed German children. The five-year-old feeling of being compartmented off from the rest of Europe is dissolving and once more there are few intelligent English who can fool themselves that he for whom the bell tolls is none of their business.

LONDON, at the moment, abounds in good exhibitions. One of them is the Théâtre de la Mode show of Parisian fashion puppets in settings by Bérard, Jean Cocteau, and others, who demonstrate that French ingenuity, wit, and elegance can still beat the world at their particular games. All these qualities are also present in a wonderful collection of over a hundred and fifty Max Beerbohm drawings, the property of the late Philip Guedalla, which have recently been put on display. They will make a magnificent chronicle of a century of civilized social history for future students to brood over. There is in Beerbohm, one would say, little liking for the new order; his is the world of the old diplomacy, ribboned with the Garter and leaning negligently against a pillar. There is not much reverence, though, in his malicious and delicious pictures of Teutonic English royalty at Balmoral, ringed to the knuckles and clad in loud tartans. One wonders what Beerbohm would have made of last week's somewhat pathetic scene outside Marlborough House, when yet another job-hunting Englishman came home, unnoticed by most Londoners but cheered by the patiently waiting elderly women who clustered round his car and shrilled a welcome to "Teddy," a name that must have sounded strange to him after all these years.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

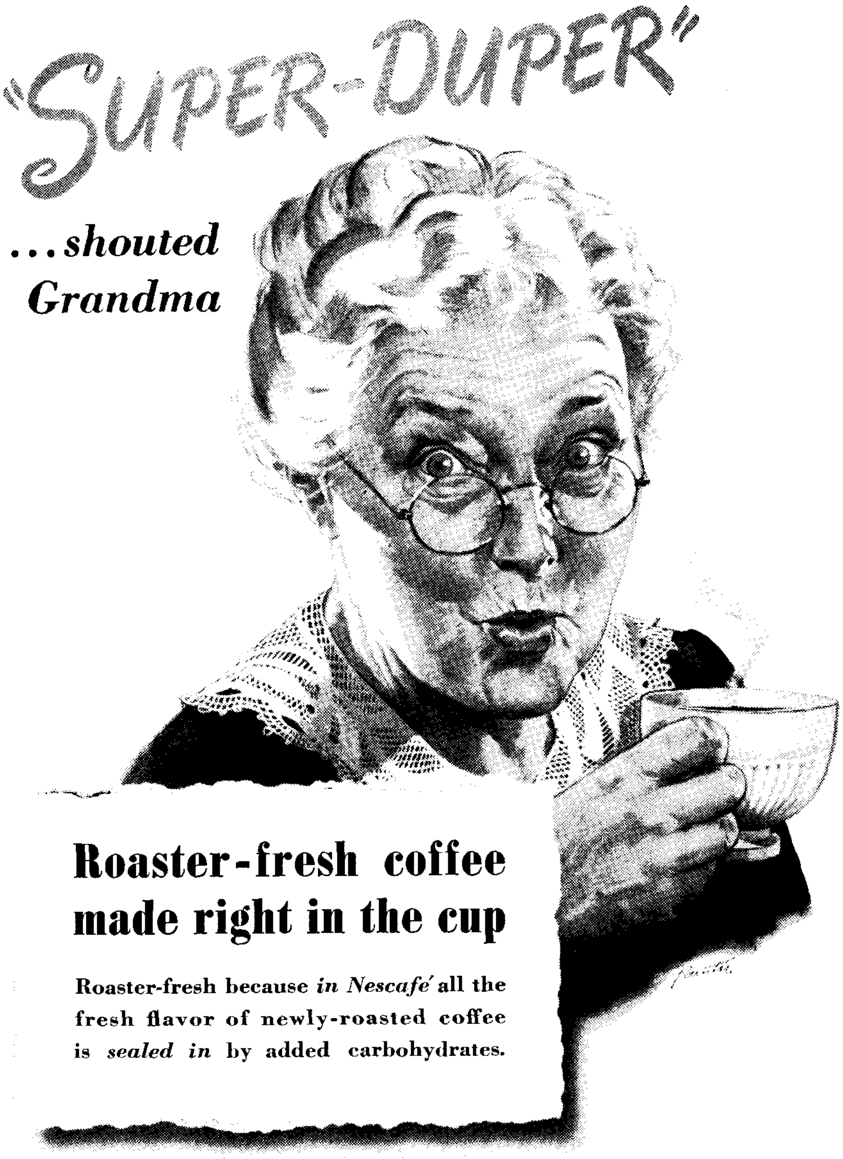
AUTUMN SONG

To the wind belongs
What I possess,
My fragile songs,
My youthfulness.

To the wind belongs
What I acquire,
My silver tongs,
My hearth and fire.

Sweet is the having,
Sure to me.
And the having not
Is certainty.

—HELEN BEVINGTON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BOOKS

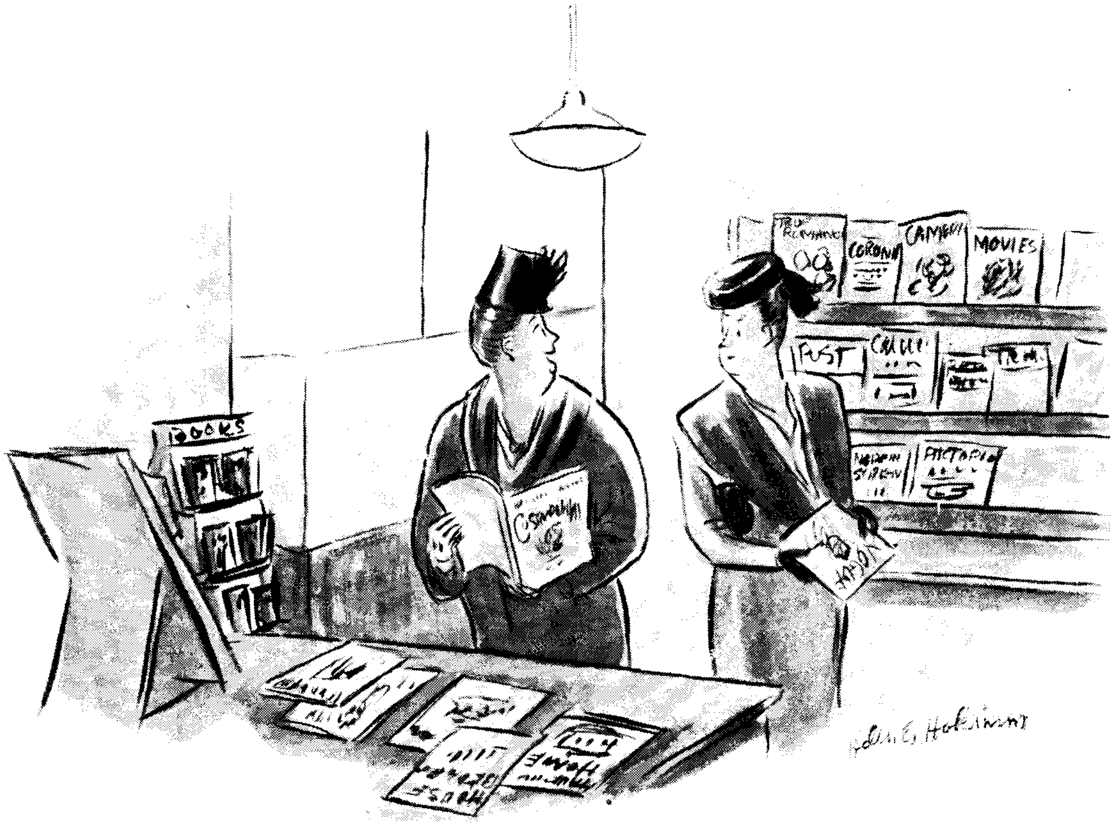
Wisdom Week

ANY day now, judging from some of the books that have appeared lately, somebody is going to sit down and write a history of Western civilization as it is related to the habits, life cycle, and spread of the Mexican bean beetle. I haven't read all these books, for I still cling to my primitive belief that it's better to be ignorant than daffy, but in the past year I have looked into a history of the world told in terms of bread, another told in terms of weather, a third told in terms of geology, a fourth told in terms of armament, and a fifth (which was *really* something) told in terms of sunspots. Now, to swell the list further, there has been published "A History of Western Philosophy," by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster), a big, fat volume that tells the story of the Western world, from Homer to John Dewey, in terms of philosophical systems and ideas.

My first impulse, after having wrestled with this erudite leviathan, was to call Mr. Russell the rich man's Will Durant and let it go at that. For what he is doing, on a much more intelligent plane, is not altogether unlike what Mr. Durant did in "The Story of Philosophy," one of the more ambitious contributions to the literature of self-improvement, which started in this country with the publication of Captain John Smith's "Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters," moved several steps forward with P. T. Barnum's "The Art of Money Getting," and reached its fine, full flowering in the yoga exercises of Dale Carnegie. Mr. Russell's venture into popularization is not a cheap or distasteful one, however. (Nor was Mr. Durant's, for that matter.) His seventy-six chapters, beginning with the rise of Greek civilization and ending with the philosophy of logical analysis, are written as simply as it is possible to write about such matters, but I can't imagine his book being advertised under the slogan "Don't Blush When She Asks You about Leibnitz." There is a lot of philosophy that can't be made simple (simple enough for me to understand it, anyway), and when Mr. Russell comes to the difficult places he forgets all about popularization and goes about his business like an honest man. I found myself reading him with much more interest than I had anticipated, and I think that readers who are not particularly anxious to master philosophy in ten easy lessons, if at all, will find him interesting, too.

It should be said, in fairness to Mr. Russell, that his book is not just another history of philosophy. His basic purpose is to show that philosophy is more than the isolated speculations of certain individuals, and that it is also an integral part of history, being both an effect and a cause of the various communities in which the various philosophical systems flourished. In order to carry out his purpose, he has had to go much deeper into history than do most historians of philosophy, and it is these forays, and the relationships he establishes between history and philosophy, that give his book a rather substantial value. What I especially like is the way he has shown the influence of certain men who are not philosophers in the formal sense of the word—Machiavelli, Rousseau, and Byron, for example—upon philosophical thought as well as upon literature, taste, manners, and politics. I also like his short biographies of the philosophers, which establish a relation between their lives, times, and ideas. And some of his chapters on general history, such as those devoted to the Papacy, the Italian Renaissance, and the romantic movement, seemed to me good enough to serve as models of their kind.

Mr. Russell divides his book into three parts: Ancient Philosophy, Catholic Philosophy, and Modern Philosophy. In the first, which takes us from the pre-Socratic Milesian school to Plotinus, the founder of Neo-Platonism, he discusses such early thinkers as Heraclitus, Parmenides, Anaxagoras, and, of course, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The part devoted to Catholic philosophy contains some of Mr. Russell's most



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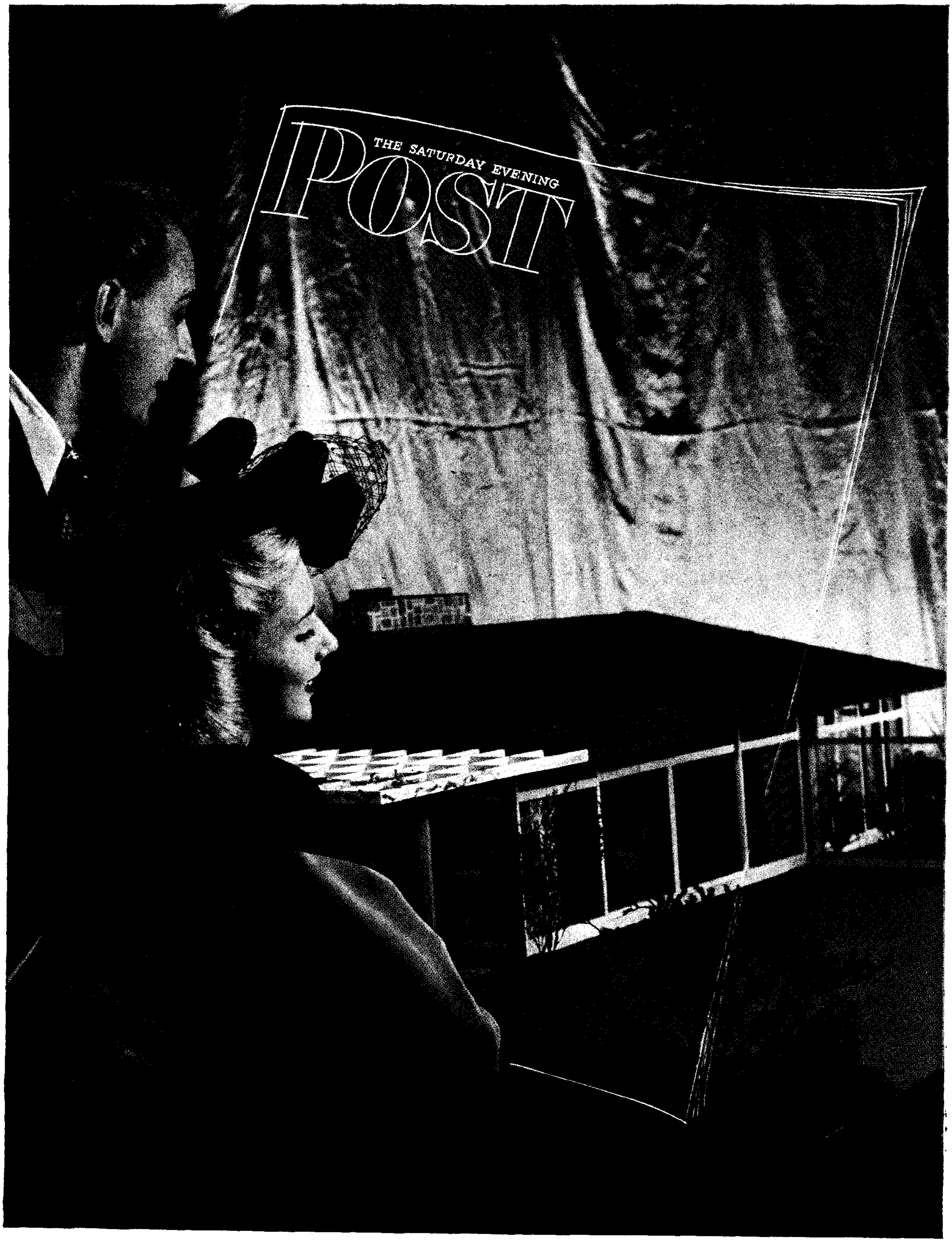

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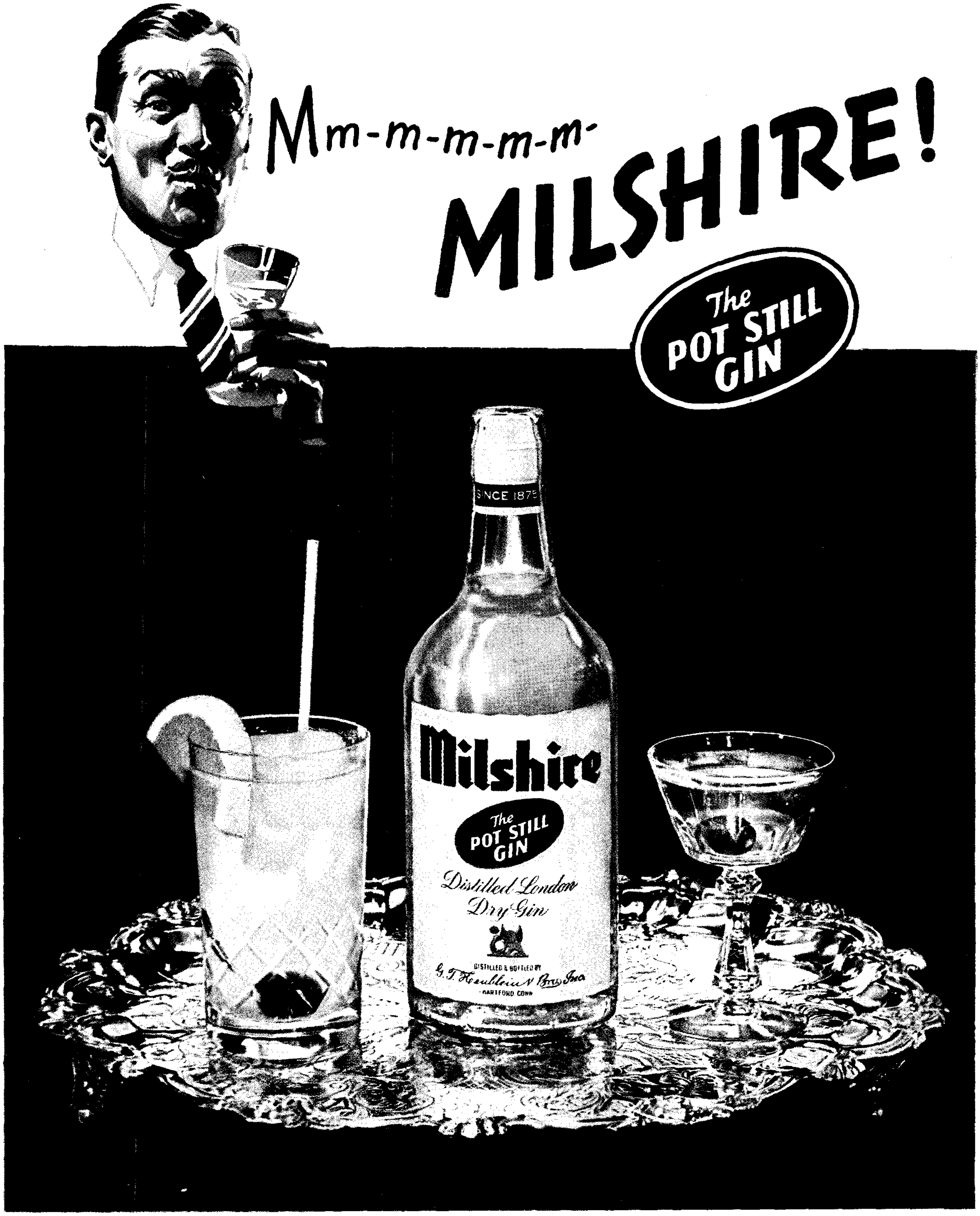
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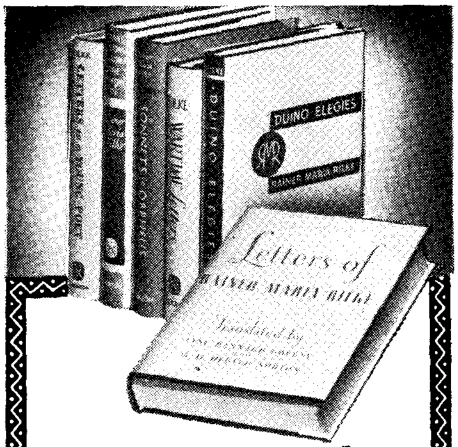

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astute pages. It opens with the religious development of the Jews, takes in St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and the Franciscan schoolmen, and concludes with a chapter on the decline of the Papacy. The part treating with modern philosophy is in two sections—the Italian Renaissance to Hume, in which there is a consideration of Francis Bacon, Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, and others; and Rousseau to the present day, dealing with philosophers such as Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche, Karl Marx, Bergson, and William James. I am not well enough acquainted with most of these men to say how much justice, or injustice, Mr. Russell has done them, but I feel sure that many professional philosophers will want to quarrel with him on almost every page—in particular the Neo-Thomists and the modern subjective philosophers. I don't think, however, that this need make any difference to the rest of us. Nor can I think, although my prejudice against books of this kind hasn't been lessened any, that Mr. Russell, or anybody else, could have done a more thorough, careful, or better job. But I doubt whether his publishers are doing him a favor by saying, on the jacket of his book, that there is nothing in it too abstruse for the novice. I don't know what their idea of a novice is, but if the word still means a "new convert, inexperienced person, or beginner," they are talking through their hats. I think they know it, too.

THE second session of the seminar this department seems to be conducting this week will be concerned with "The Wisdom Tree," by Emma Hawkridge (Houghton Mifflin), which is something in the nature of a history of the world told in terms of its religious systems. Beginning with primitive man and his magic-making, Miss Hawkridge moves on to the Sumerians, Egyptians, and Persians; investigates the religious patterns of the Hebrews, Greeks, Christians, and Moslems; and then considers the Hindus, the Buddhists, and the Chinese. Her book is not nearly so well organized as Mr. Russell's, it is written in what might be called a motherly sociological style, and there appears to be nothing in it that those who have interested themselves in the evolution of the various religious systems do not already know about. But as a refresher course, or as a book for those who have not looked into the matter before (novices, in other words), it is as good as anything I know. Miss

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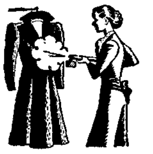

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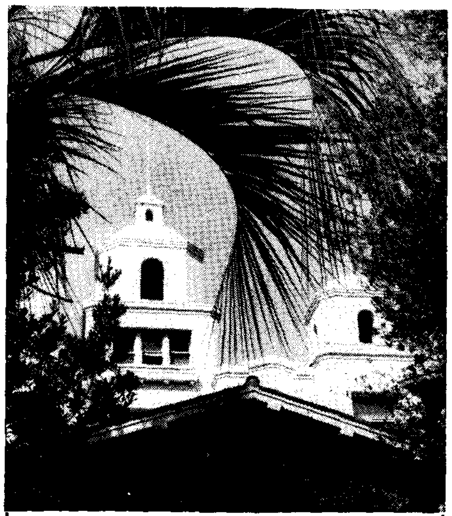
Hawkridge's book is more factual than theoretical. She is interested not so much in metaphysics and religious thinking (St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Assisi are mentioned only three times apiece) as in how the religious systems developed. The story of this development has such a fascination, though, being made up of some of the most wonderful stories in the world, that even when it is told sketchily, as it is in this book, much of the fascination manages to come through. The line drawings by Theresa Garrett Eliot are helpful and decorative, and there are many other illustrations.

"THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR," edited by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet (Houghton Mifflin), is subtitled "The Thinker's Anthology." The editors, in their introduction, take pains to explain that their book is "primarily for the extrovert thinker." That's all right with me, if they want it that way, but since an extrovert is a "person not given to introspection" (you just can't get along in this business without a dictionary these days), I can't help wondering whom they've gone to all the trouble for. That old scholar Gene Tunney, perhaps. But once you are beyond the introduction, there are no further bewilderments. Raking the world's literature from Confucius and the Old Testament down to our own times, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Greenslet have heaped up every nugget of wisdom they were presumably able to find. All the great thinkers are represented, as well as many others, including Gertrude Stein, but just now, knocking off for the week, I am inclined to feel that the sagest piece of wisdom contained in this or any other anthology is an outburst by John Adams. "I am weary," said he, "of contemplating nations from the lowest and most beastly degradations of human life to the highest refinement of civilization. I am weary of philosophers, theologians, politicians, and historians. . . . Montesquieu had sense enough to say, in jest, that all our knowledge might be comprehended in twelve pages in duodecimo; and I believe him in earnest." I understand, Mr. Adams, just how it is. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIND IS RISING, by Jules Romains, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Knopf). The twelfth double-barrelled volume in



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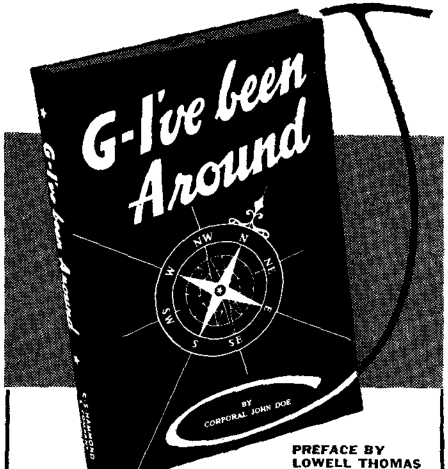

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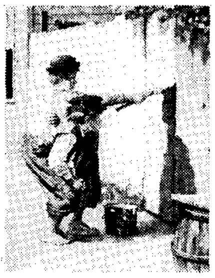
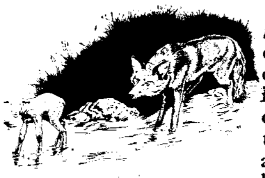


WHITEWASHING THE FENCE
a painting for *Tom Sawyer*
by NORMAN ROCKWELL

But it is *important* that a girl or boy should own these books in editions which contain fine illustrations, which are printed and bound with excellent typographic taste, which are possessions that a child can profitably grow up with.



THE FOX & THE CALF
an illustration for *Aesop's Fables*
by ROBERT LAWSON

BECAUSE SUCH BOOKS do not now seem available the people who have, for nearly twenty years, been issuing beautiful books to the members of The Limited Editions Club, are undertaking the establishment of The Junior Heritage Club.

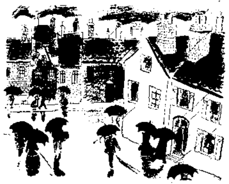
Once each month, a book will be delivered through the mails to the members of The Junior Heritage Club.

THE PUBLICATIONS for the first year, with the first book to be distributed in time for Christmas 1945, are described in a handsome illustrated Prospectus which you should send for at this time.

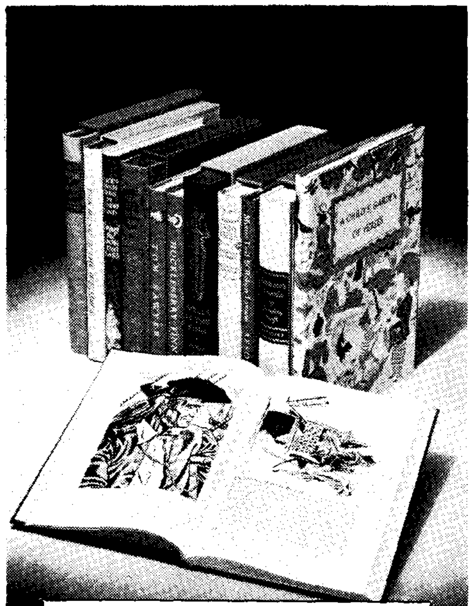
In it you will find Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn,* both illustrated with oil paintings by Norman Rockwell; and *Treasure Island,* with beautiful water-colors by Edward A. Wilson; and *Andersen's Fairy Tales,* in the highly-praised new translation by Jean Hersholt with the illustrations by Fritz Kredel; and *Alice in Wonderland* in one volume together with *Through the Looking-Glass,* a colorful edition designed by W. A. Dwiggins and containing the illustrations by John Tenniel; and those *Five Christmas Novels* by Charles Dickens, which include *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth,* illustrated with watercolors by Reginald Birch; and *Aesop's Fables,* the text written for modern children by Munro Leaf and the illustrations drawn by Robert Lawson, those two men who created that aesopian fable *Ferdinand;* and other great classics, all illustrated by great artists.

Because of the cooperative nature of this enterprise, the price becomes wonderfully low. Although the books are illustrated, usually in color; although they are printed on fine papers, and staunchly bound; the price for each book, when delivered to a member of the Club, will be $1.75—a price which is less than any parent is now called upon to pay for many unimportant, unlovely books.

TO EACH BOY OR GIRL who acquires a membership in The Junior Heritage Club at this time, a Certificate of Membership will be mailed testifying to the fact that he or she is a Charter Member of the Club. The members will be sent insignia to wear; they will receive a monthly magazine. So you see that you are now in a position to bring a great deal of pleasurable excitement twelve times during the coming year to your own child, or to some boy or girl in whom you have a special interest. You are invited to send now for a Prospectus which is completely descriptive; and one of the Charter Memberships will be reserved for you, if you mail the coupon promptly.



RAIN, a drawing by ROGER DUVOISIN for *A Child's Garden of Verses*



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[please print the prospective member's name here]

and send me a copy of the descriptive Prospectus which will give us complete details. I understand that you will reserve this Charter Membership until we can have had time to study the Prospectus and then advise you whether we want to have these books.

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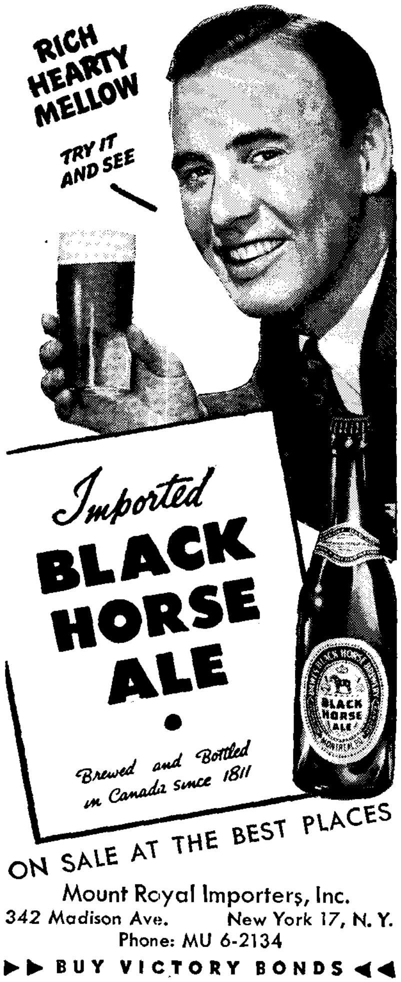
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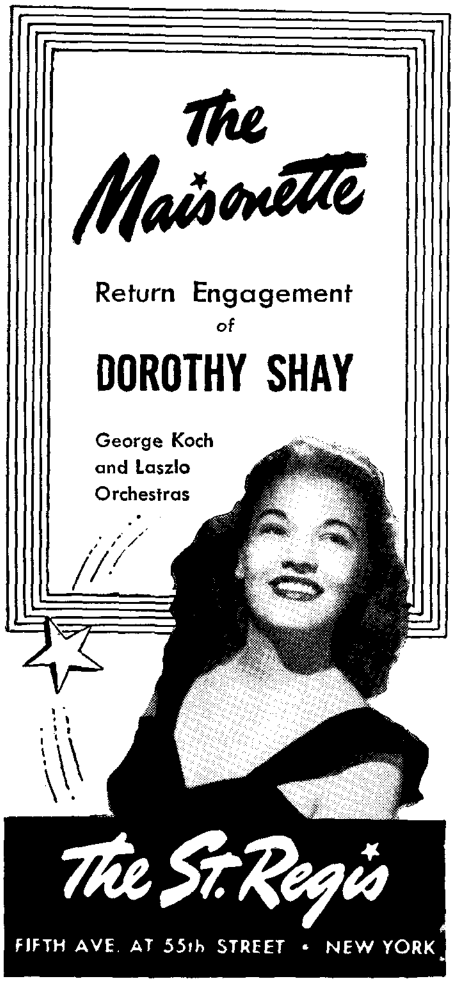
the "Men of Good Will" series, M. Romains' interminable but far from tedious novel of twentieth-century France. While it is not quite up to some of its predecessors in the cavalcade, it is certainly something that you won't want to miss if you are, as you should be, among the author's persevering followers.

ONCE IN EVERY LIFETIME, by Tom Hanlin (Viking). A love story, set against the background of the Scotch coal mines, by a man who began working in the pits himself when he was fourteen and gave it up only recently, when he was thirty-eight. It was while convalescing from a mine accident that Mr. Hanlin took to writing—with respectable results, judging by this novel, which is the first of his work to be published in this country. In the opening chapters he illuminates his central character's youthful and groping self-awareness in a way that recalls Sherwood Anderson's similar projection of adolescence in America, and the love story is told with skill and quiet warmth, but in an apparent effort to heighten the emotional impact of what is already a sufficiently touching tale, he ends up, as they say in the theatre, by chewing the scenery.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY, by Edward Harris Heth (Harper). The handsome proprietor of an honest gambling house, his patient and adoring wife, their moody son, a democratic millionaire, and a genial prostitute are among the old friends with whom you may renew acquaintance in this short, glum, and generally unremarkable novel. The relationship between the gambler and the boy, who is ashamed of his father's occupation, provides the author with a theme that is not without a certain emotional interest, but it is one that he seems to have neither the inclination nor the ability to develop. Mr. Heth does, at least, have a talent for atmosphere, and he manages to present very vividly indeed the controlled hysteria of a no-limit crap game and the frigid passion that distinguishes the professional gambler from the amateur. Unfortunately, this is hardly enough to compensate for his evident willingness to take most of his characters at second hand.

MOST SECRET, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). This unusual and exceptionally skillful adventure-and-espionage story has to do with the efforts of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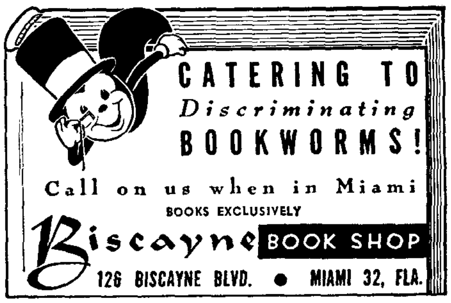
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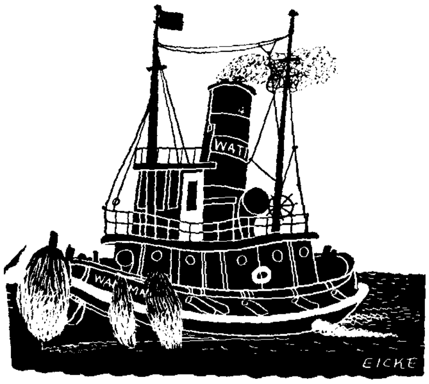
four British officers, each of whom has his own reasons for disliking the Nazis, to bolster up the rapidly sinking morale of the Bretons in the gloomy summer of 1941. It is the grim pleasure of these men to sneak down the coast by night in a fishing boat, mingle with the Breton fishing fleet, and then spray the German guard ships with liquid fire. The Germans finally figure out why so many of their ships are catching fire and plant a destroyer in the neighborhood, which naturally places Mr. Shute's bloodthirsty heroes at something of a disadvantage on their next expedition. The author, a sterner realist than most workers in the genre, extricates only two of his men from this predicament. Probably as good a thing of its kind as you're likely to come across in some time.

All Summer Long, by Wilder Hobson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). One of those flip novels, all bright talk and no story, of which there was a spate in the twenties and which seem something of an anachronism now. A well-written and occasionally entertaining trifle, though the author's tireless conversationalists are seldom out of their cups and seldom quite as good company as their creator seemingly thinks.

Country Mouse, by Louise Andrews Kent (Houghton Mifflin). Light-comedy popover about an art center in Vermont written in the following style: "The unloading of the cargo was complicated by the assistance of pretty nearly everyone, especially Sarah Hunter's Chesapeake Bay retriever, Woolworth—a dog of sudden enthusiasms. He had earned his name because of a conscientious attempt to retrieve a cat from the cosmetic counter of the Five and Ten. Woolworth was a large dog with a fine permanently waved coat of rich gingerbread brown, amber eyes, ears of curled silk, and a tail that could —and did—knock over potted gera-



FLIGHT FORUM

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

Luckily, English is now the first language of the world. Formerly, tourists picked up "French Self-Taught" on the way to the pier and had a 14-day crossing to memorize such phrases as "How much?" and "What is there to do in this town?" Now, you leave New York in a Lockheed Constellation and reach Europe in 11 hours or Asia in 20. Scant time for study but even the fakirs fake in English nowadays.

• • •

Seven airlines are now putting Wright Cyclone-powered Constellations on world routes. This transport, on its first public flight, breezed from Los Angeles to Washington in 6 hours, 58 minutes. An engineer aboard swears such record speed really saves cash. He lost $18 at poker en route but says a slide rule proves the loss would have dragged out to $63 on a smaller plane and $217 via surface means.

• • •

That record was a non-stop flight. Regular transcontinental Constellation schedules, with descents and climbs to make two or three stops, will be about ten hours. You can leave Manhattan at noon, however, and arrive in San Francisco at 7:00 P.M., due to picking up three time zones. Time zones work against you coming East, but this ancient planet spins with a motion that usually sets up helping westerly winds, so most eastbound flights are faster in true air speed.

• • •

Describing Constellation flight, to a man who hasn't flown, is like explaining to a fog-bound Londoner how you can see 200 miles in Arizona's clear air on a dull day. For this is the plane that changed the Air Age from fantasy to fact. It cruises at 300 miles per hour with 55 passengers. It has luxury, in food and comfort. It sails high above ground storms. With all its performance, it is economical.

In the Constellation, you'll fly world routes long predicted. From Eastern cities, you can roll down to Rio in about 20 hours. You could paste a Raffles Hotel sticker to your luggage in Singapore 48 hours after leaving New York. Or cross the Orient to sample a twenty-boy curry while still feeling the arrak of Iraq.

• • •

It's a mighty plane, this Constellation. That's why seven lines, to date, have picked it as their choice of a world traveler. And seven lines power these planes with Wright Cyclones, the engines designed specifically for low-cost travel in the Air Age.

You take the trouble out of travel when you go by air

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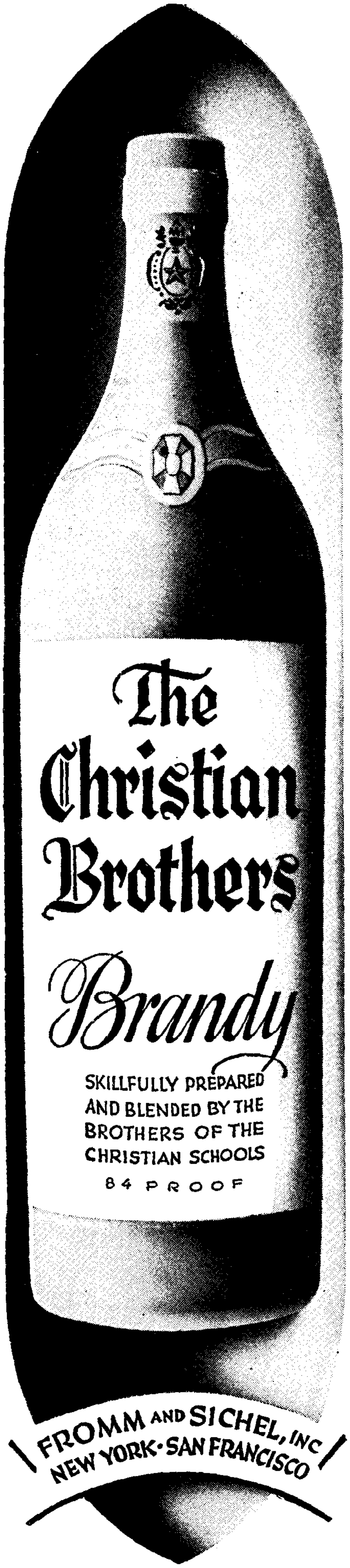
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niums at one stroke. Begonias too, for that matter."

AND THE FIELD IS THE WORLD, by Dola de Jong (Scribner). A group of war refugees from Germany, France, Belgium, and Poland encounter, on their way to North Africa, a Dutch couple and settle on their farm on the outskirts of Tangier, in Morocco. The interwoven stories of the refugees' struggles—with the grudging soil, with local menaces (including the long arm of the Gestapo), and with each other—are warmly and on the whole well told by a competent and thoughtful writer.

GENERAL

THE HUMAN LIFE OF JESUS, by John Erskine (Morrow). A biography of Jesus, done with care, discrimination, and unobtrusive reverence. Since over two thousand biographies have been written about Jesus, and since practically all the important information about Him is in the Bible, this volume could hardly be expected to add to our knowledge of Him. Mr. Erskine has made a careful study of the four Gospels, extracting all the facts about Jesus's life, and has arranged them in a quiet, easy-flowing, chronological book that tells one of the great, moving stories in man's history, and one that can never grow old.

ECHO OF A CRY, by Mai-mai Sze (Harcourt, Brace). The author, one of those rare people who had a happy childhood (rare in print, at least), has written a very happy book about it. Although she was born in China, she has lived most of her life in other countries, not because she was restless but because her father was a diplomat. Toward the end of her book, she decides that memories of childhood, however cheerful, are each in their way the echo of a cry. A more cheerful set of echoes than these, however, readers are not likely soon to encounter. The author, who is also a painter, has done her own illustrations. They're cheerful, too.

ITALY AND THE COMING WORLD, by Don Luigi Sturzo, introduction by Sumner Welles (Roy). The founder of the Christian Democratic Party, one of the six parties represented in the present Italian government, puts forward his faith in democracy in general and in Italian democracy in particular. Father Sturzo, a Catholic priest, cautions us not to mistrust Russian influence in Europe and assails the Italian

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monarchy and Pétain. He also urges the United States and England to develop a stable, long-range policy in Europe. The book reads as though t had been written in a hurry, and it ld have been better translated, those who aren't completely out reath from trying to keep up the European situation will bly want to hear what he has y.

U. S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA, Technical Sergeant Alvin M. hy, Jr., Technical Sergeant 1 K. Dempsey, Technical Ser- W. Keyes Beach, Lieutenant . Lucas, and Captain Ray- Henri (Dial). The story of ve took Iwo Jima, and what ing cost, told by three Marine combat correspondents and arine Corps public-relations all of whom were there. One est of the war books, written and straightforwardly, with ctical detail, maps, and aphs. Included is an honor he dead and missing Marines Jima, and many drawings oral Tom Dunn.

ollection of cartoons by Chon s been published by McBride he title "I Could Be Dream- Most of the drawings have en- the pages of this magazine.

VERSE

AMONG THE TRUMPETS, by ewis, with a foreword by Graves (Macmillan). The ns, posthumously published, g Welshman killed in In- larch of 1944. This book most entirely the sentimen- is first collection, "Raider's which appeared in 1942. poems in transit," many of itten when the author was service in India, project ound and emotion with a vigor and a tragic tone, prov- t Lewis was already in full mmand of his powers at the age of nty-eight.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EATH OF A SWAGMAN, by Arthur W. Upfield (Doubleday, Doran). In- pector Napoleon Bonaparte, the detective whose specialty, ght to know by this time, is criminals across the Aus- bush, takes on a particularly ugh assignment in New South Wales, where a swagman, or itiner- nt worker, has been knocked off by

5

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By American standards of health and well-being, virtually *every one* of the 400,000,000 Chinese needs expert medical care—*now*. Yet in all of China there are only 10,000 doctors—*one for every 40,000 people!*

Something should be done about it?

Something *is being* done about it, through the National War Fund.

United China Relief, an organization supported by the Fund, is training medical units in China as fast as its resources allow. Thanks to this heroic work, an estimated 1,000,000 Chinese who would otherwise have died *are living today* . . .

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You give only once a year—so make *your* contribution to the National War Fund as large as you possibly can. *Dollars never did so much before.*

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Representing the National War Fund

a chap who wears sacking on his feet. Bonaparte comes through with a solution that is based on one of the most curious motives you're apt to meet up with in or out of a detective story. This flaw will probably be overlooked by Bonaparte fans.

Appointment in Manila, by Elinor Chamberlain (Dodd, Mead). Olivia Brander, who was brought up in Manila, returns to that city in 1941, a widow, to do a portrait of Don Julian Menendez. Menendez, who controls a number of industries there, asks the young lady to help him find out which of his associates is trying to double-cross him. When he is murdered, Olivia and a friend with Secret Service connections decide to track down the guilty party, a job considerably complicated by the arrival of the Japs. A Red Badge Prize mystery, notable more for the interest of its background than for any great skill in plotting.

The Whistling Legs, by Roman McDougald (Simon & Schuster). Philip Cabot, one of our more expensively tailored private ops, is hired by a munitions manufacturer to prevent a very elaborate murder and suicide in his New York house. In spite of Cabot's efforts, there is mayhem just the same, so neatly planned that there are no less than three fairly logical explanations of its source available to the reader. For those who like their crime fast, intricate, and reasonably funny.

•

Why don't you make a lunch of yellow linen or spun rayon and applique a design of leaves in gray linen?—*San Antonio Evening News.*

Simply because it hasn't come to that yet.

•

For Rent—Two completely modernized 5-room apartments. Good location, opposite prison gate at Dannemora, N.Y. Inquire Sam Palmer, Cook St., Dannemora.—*Adv. in the Plattsburgh Daily Press.*

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[*From the World-Telegram*]

Jewelry made from "atomsite," the substance formed when the earth was fused in New Mexico by the first test of the atomic bomb, will be shown by models Oct. 4 at the "Night in Paradise" show, E. 37th St., between Madison and Park Aves.

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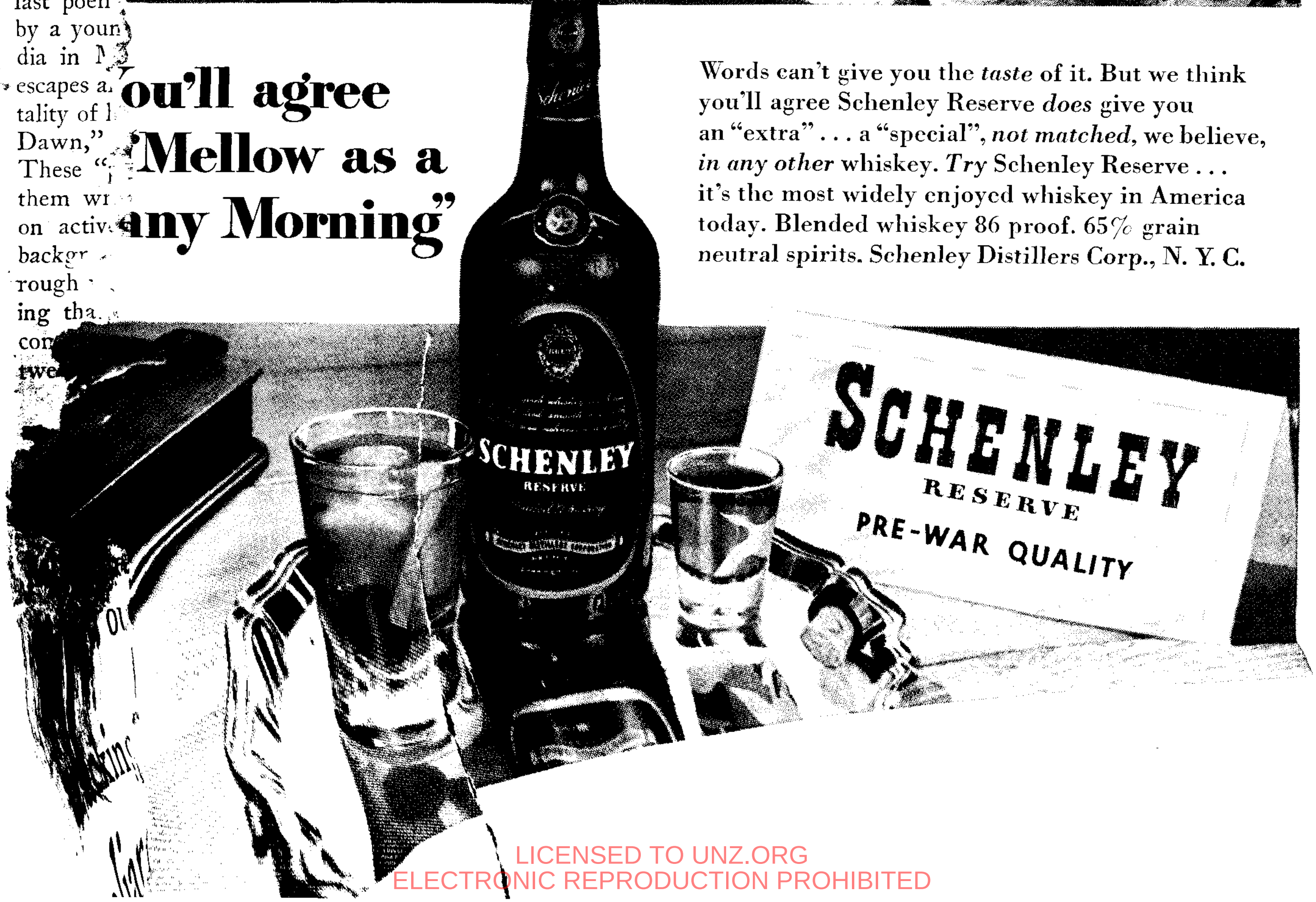
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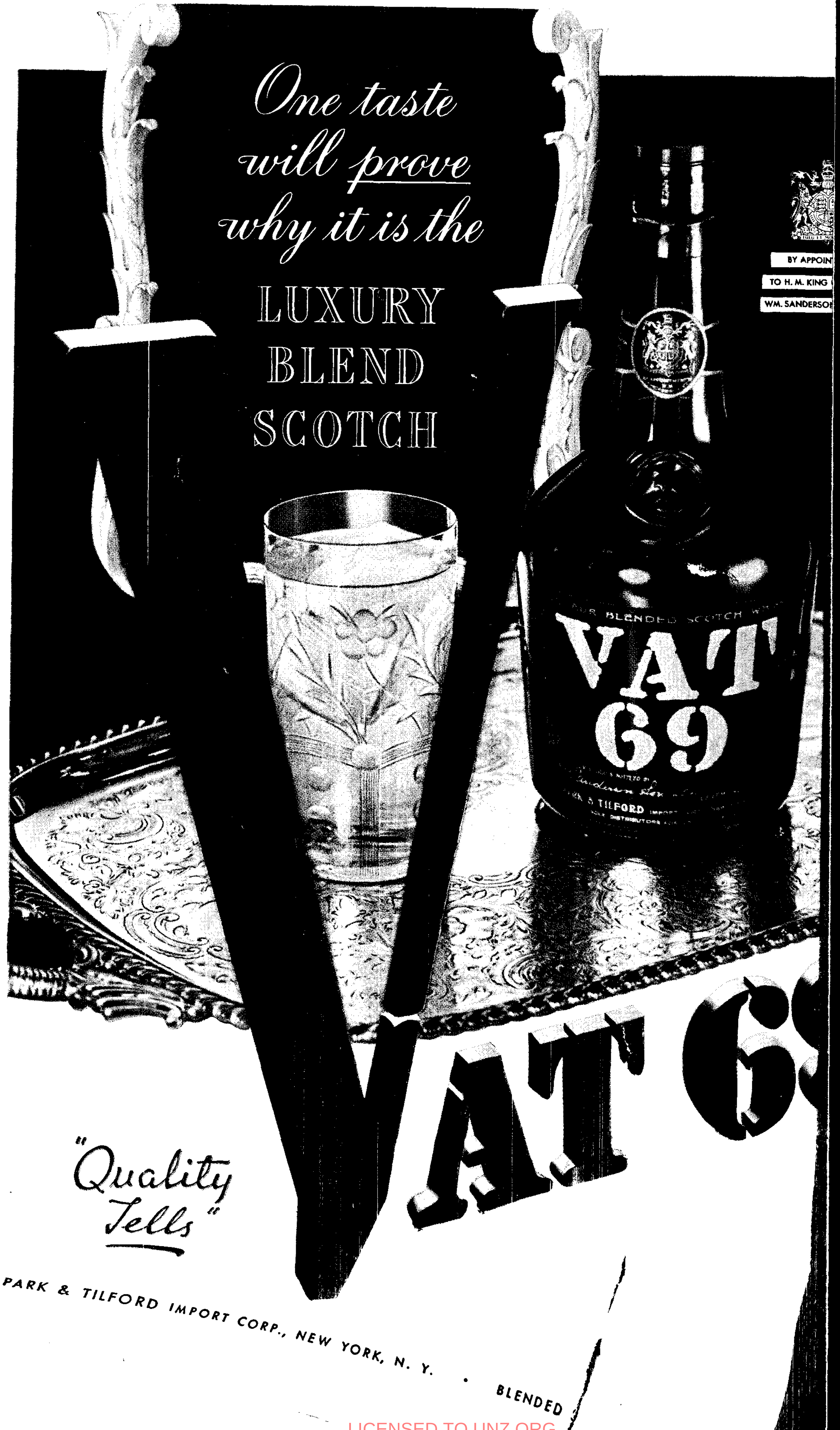
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